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BIG JOBS FOR BAD TIMES
By William Hard

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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER TWO AUGUST 1916 VOLUME XXXV.

BIG JOBS for BAD TIMES

Get Ready Now to Fight and Conquer the Miseries of Unemployment during our Next Great Business Depression

by William Hard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. DAUGHERTY, J. G. SOMMER, AND EMIL HERING

WE BELIEVE that the idea developed by Mr. Hard in this article is big and simple and practicable. We have tested it by the judgment of men who are authorities on unemployment and on "big jobs." We submitted this article to each of them and asked him to express his opinion, for publication, on the soundness of its central idea. You know these men, and you will read the article more appreciatively because of their comments.—THE EDITOR.

JOHN MITCHELL, Labor Leader: "I have read with care and interest Mr. Hard's article, 'Big Jobs for Bad Times.' The plan he proposes for minimizing and reducing the hardships and evils of unemployment is thoroughly practicable and should receive the earnest consideration of Federal, state, and municipal authorities having control of public improvements."

FRANKLIN K. LANE, Secretary of the Interior: "I have looked over Mr. Hard's article. His idea is not impracticable. A little thought and a little money, and we need have no more long periods of unemployment."

OSCAR STRAUS, Chairman of the Public Service Commission: "I thoroughly approve of this idea. I think it may even be carried to the extent of building great public highways from coast to coast in periods of great unemployment."

HENRY R. SEAGER, Professor of Political Economy, Columbia University: "I have read with great interest Mr. Hard's article. The plan he advocates in his usual striking and effective way seems to me entirely practicable if we have at Washington the machinery for a continuing policy of such high statesmanship. It is a big 'if,' but I believe the President and Congress who inaugurate such a plan would not find other presidents and congresses backward in carrying it forward."

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JACOB SCHIFF, Banker, Director National Employment Exchange, etc.: "I am in accord with this proposition to remedy unemployment by hastening work on state and municipal public undertakings, and to increase or diminish this according to necessity and the general material condition of the people."

WILLIAM C. BREED, Member of the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment, and an eminent New York Lawyer: "Movements of this sort in times of depression are along the right line."

G. W. ALGER, Member of the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment, and the man who drafted the present New York Employers' Liability Act; and many amendments to Labor and Child Labor Laws: "This is a splendid idea. It is sheer common sense."

NEWCOMB CARLTON, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company: "I think this is an eminently practical plan for states and municipalities."

WILLIAM FUNK, Editor of the *Engineering Magazine:* "This is a wholly excellent and feasible plan."

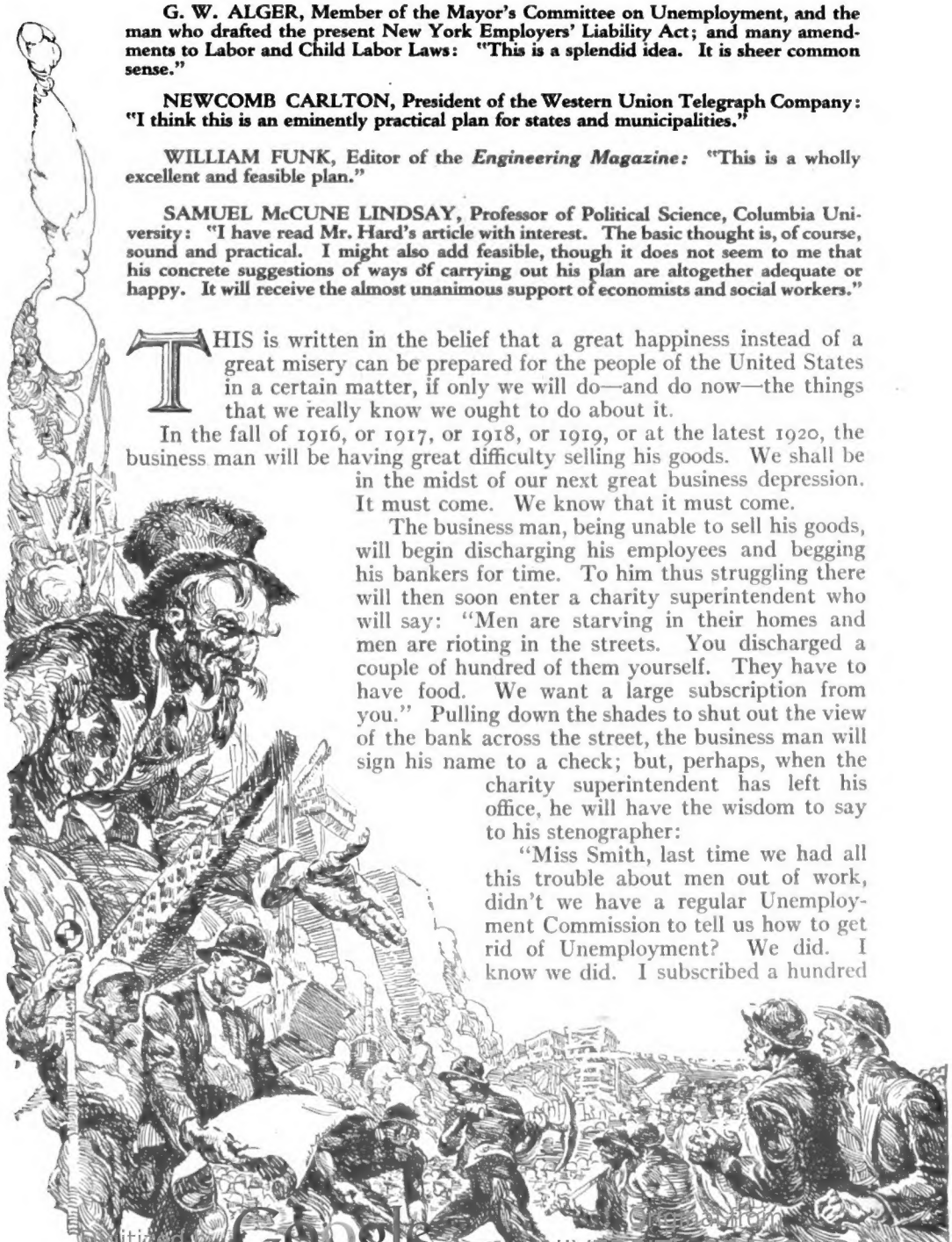
SAMUEL McCUNE LINDSAY, Professor of Political Science, Columbia University: "I have read Mr. Hard's article with interest. The basic thought is, of course, sound and practical. I might also add feasible, though it does not seem to me that his concrete suggestions of ways of carrying out his plan are altogether adequate or happy. It will receive the almost unanimous support of economists and social workers."

THIS is written in the belief that a great happiness instead of a great misery can be prepared for the people of the United States in a certain matter, if only we will do—and do now—the things that we really know we ought to do about it.

In the fall of 1916, or 1917, or 1918, or 1919, or at the latest 1920, the business man will be having great difficulty selling his goods. We shall be in the midst of our next great business depression. It must come. We know that it must come.

The business man, being unable to sell his goods, will begin discharging his employees and begging his bankers for time. To him thus struggling there will then soon enter a charity superintendent who will say: "Men are starving in their homes and men are rioting in the streets. You discharged a couple of hundred of them yourself. They have to have food. We want a large subscription from you." Pulling down the shades to shut out the view of the bank across the street, the business man will sign his name to a check; but, perhaps, when the charity superintendent has left his office, he will have the wisdom to say to his stenographer:

"Miss Smith, last time we had all this trouble about men out of work, didn't we have a regular Unemployment Commission to tell us how to get rid of Unemployment? We did. I know we did. I subscribed a hundred



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dollars to it myself. And they made a report. I remember it very clearly. It had a green cover. As soon as it came in, I tossed it right over to you. See if you can find it. Now that I have time, I think I'll read it."

If the office files of the business men of the United States were examined, they would reveal about a million unread reports on Unemployment. Yet those reports, virtually every one of them, contain a proposition which would save the United States billions of dollars during the next generation. They contain a proposition which would not only break the back of the unemployment crisis which comes with every great depression but would also help to break the back of the depression itself.

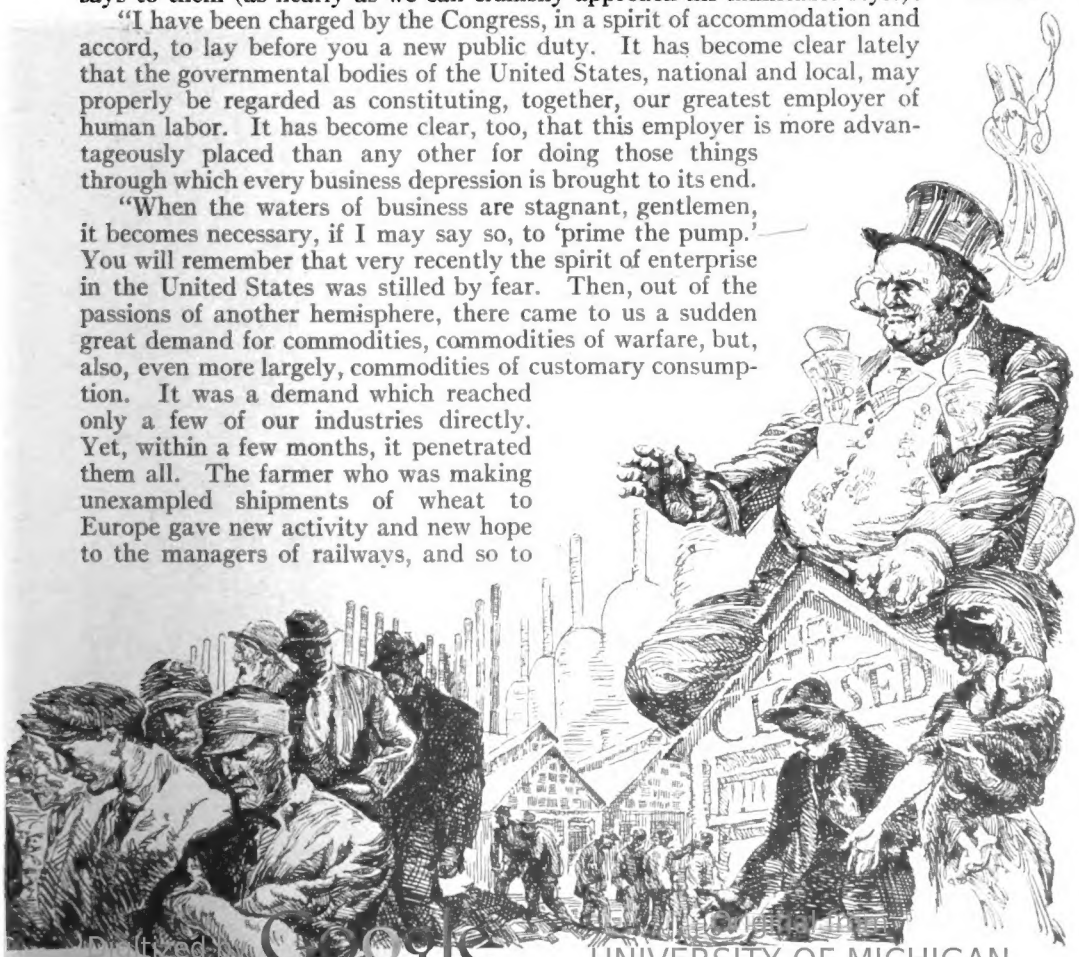
This proposition, however, is precisely like every other really modern and really scientific undertaking. It can not be left to the last moment and then improvised. It can not be handled by a mob of instantaneous snap-shot volunteers. It requires a National General Staff, equipped with complete knowledge, and equipped also with the machinery for hurling that knowledge at the crisis before the crisis has had time to develop into an irresistible disaster. "In times of peace prepare for times of panic."

IN A FEW YEARS, THE BUSINESS MAN WILL BE DISCHARGING EMPLOYEES—AGAIN. WHY NOT HAVE UNCLE SAM READY, BY THAT TIME, TO GIVE THEM WORK?

Imagine, then, that the President calls into his office three certain men. One of them is William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, who, through his department, has a daily familiarity with the conditions of labor. The second is Frank A. Vanderlip, who, through his bank, knows every fluctuation in the powers and prospects of capital. The third is John R. Commons of Wisconsin, our most skilful citizen in the practical administration of those laws in which labor and capital are jointly interested. The President says to them (as nearly as we can clumsily approach his inimitable style):

"I have been charged by the Congress, in a spirit of accommodation and accord, to lay before you a new public duty. It has become clear lately that the governmental bodies of the United States, national and local, may properly be regarded as constituting, together, our greatest employer of human labor. It has become clear, too, that this employer is more advantageously placed than any other for doing those things through which every business depression is brought to its end.

"When the waters of business are stagnant, gentlemen, it becomes necessary, if I may say so, to 'prime the pump.' You will remember that very recently the spirit of enterprise in the United States was stilled by fear. Then, out of the passions of another hemisphere, there came to us a sudden great demand for commodities, commodities of warfare, but, also, even more largely, commodities of customary consumption. It was a demand which reached only a few of our industries directly. Yet, within a few months, it penetrated them all. The farmer who was making unexampled shipments of wheat to Europe gave new activity and new hope to the managers of railways, and so to



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the builders of freight-cars, and so to the fabricators of lumber and of steel. Fear departed. Prosperity set in.

"Now," continues the President, "you will feel, I am sure, as I feel, that the minds of men are turning to the thought: 'If this priming of the pump of business can be done by the sudden endeavors of war, why may it not be done by sudden beneficent endeavors of peace, by great outlays on great improvements in our common life, on our highways and our streams and our marshes and our deserts?'

"It is a question already reaching its answer in certain quarters of the world. The Government of Great Britain even now has set aside certain moneys which are to be used in the construction of roads, but which will not be released to that end till, in a crisis, they can serve to give a revival of activity to unemployed labor and to unemployed capital.

"Is it not possible, gentlemen, for our American governments, national and local, to accumulate such funds, holding them in reserve against our days of fear and then pouring them out on great public enterprises which will set the waters of labor and of capital flowing once more in the channels of courage and of certainty? Is it not possible that in such fashion our next great crisis might turn out to be no crisis at all, but only a splendid opportunity for a new handsome advance in common counsel and service?

"It is for you, gentlemen, to make this task your study."

The new Commission will go to work. The first thing it will notice, through the engineers who will make its field inquiries for it, is that to-day our various governmental bodies, instead of giving more employment when more is needed, often actually give less.

For instance, there is the Federal Reclamation Service. Its work of building dams and reservoirs in the arid West is not (much of it) emergency work. It will last for decades. Yet on June 1, 1915, when times were good, the Reclamation Service was employing a force numbering 10,520 men, while on June 1, 1913, when times were bad, it was employing a force numbering only 7,616.

This policy is widely followed by our state legislatures and city councils. When business is flat, they feel poor, and having accumulated no unemployment funds, they hesitate to authorize the construction of new public works. They continue to hesitate till business is once more on the lift. Then, with revenues coming in more easily, they begin to make appropriations more freely. The consequence is that they are likely to be at their busiest, as constructors, as employers of labor, precisely when labor needs them least —in boom times. Incidentally, in such times, they have to buy their construction materials (such as stone and brick and water-mains and sewer-pipes) at top-notch boom prices.

THE next thing the Commission will notice is that the amount of public money now spent in the United States on "permanent improvements" is prodigious. It comes to about $600,000,000 a year.

The Commission will be led to ask: Suppose we continue to appropriate $600,000,000 a year. But suppose we spend, each year, only nine-tenths of it. Suppose we put one-tenth of it into a reserve. At the end of five years we shall have $300,000,000 saved. Suppose the sixth year is a year of deep depression. Suppose we spend that $300,000,000 then. How much employment will it give?

To answer that question, the Commission may use the calculations already made by Mr. John R. Shillady, Secretary of the New York "Mayor's

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Committee on Unemployment." These calculations tend to show that $300,000,000 spent on the materials and the pay-rolls of new construction would employ more than one million wage-earners at average wages for a period of twelve weeks! It would be a peace order quite worthy to be compared with any one group of our war orders of the fall of 1914, and it would reach the whole United States directly and immediately.

At this point, however, it is likely that one of the Commission's engineers will say: "But these expenditures we are now talking about are principally local—for such things as pavements and buildings and sewage-systems, and so on. Out of the whole $600,000,000 annually, I notice that just about two-thirds is spent by the governments of cities, and that most of the rest is spent by the governments of counties and of states. These expenditures do not really touch our one great special national task which the President mentioned to us—the task of the control and development of our national natural resources. I would like to take just one part of that task —water—and just one part of that part—flood-water—and find out in a general way how much work it lays before us."

THIS engineer will thereupon find out that flood-water—the control of flood-water—is in itself enough to provide work for a very considerable percentage of our next "Army of the Unemployed."

After the last great flood at Pittsburgh (in 1908) there was a Pittsburgh Flood Commission. Its engineers went up into the mountains above Pittsburgh and located the sites for a large number of reservoirs, capable of holding back the waters of the next great flood and of preventing them from desolating the Pittsburgh district. The cost of these reservoirs would be at least $25,000,000. It would probably be a great deal more. Here is one big job; and there are scores of others.

There is an unusually interesting one on the Miami River in Ohio. After the Miami wrecked the city of Dayton in 1913, it was taken in hand for a long study and criticism and course of advice by the engineers of the "Miami Conservancy District," who made an elaborate and excellent report. They propose reservoirs, just as the Pittsburgh engineers do, but of a different sort. These Miami reservoirs would not be built to hold back all the waters entering them. They would have outlets—permanent working outlets—through which a certain volume of water would continuously run —a volume just large enough to fill (but not to flood) the river-beds below them. The Pittsburgh reservoirs would be containers. These Miami reservoirs might be called brakes. They would make the next great flood come slowly and safely. The cost of them would be at least $23,500,000.

Now these two districts—Pittsburgh and Miami—are very small in comparison with the whole Ohio River Basin of which they are a part. Their combined area is not more than 25,000 square miles. The area of the Ohio River Basin is 200,000. If the Pittsburgh figures and the Miami figures may be taken as guides, what would be the cost of protecting the whole Ohio River Basin against life-loss and property-loss from floods? The engineers of the War Department of the United States, who know more about rivers than any other group of men among us, calculate that it would be anywhere from $350,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 or more.

That such works are too large for the unaided treasuries of our local governments is clear. That assistance may be given by our National Government is now an established fact, as shown magnificently in the case of the Sacramento River in California, where national money and local money will

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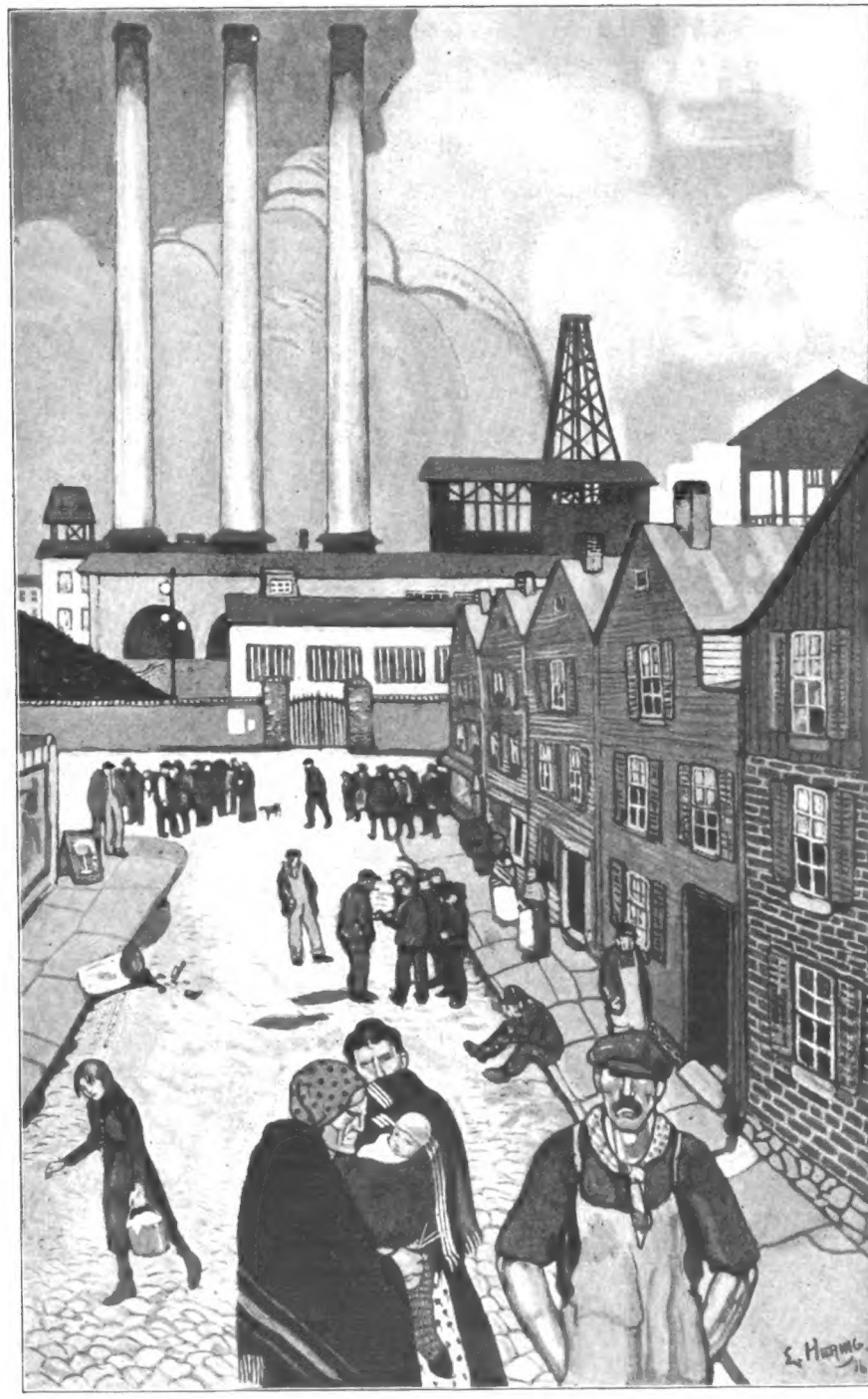

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS IN "BAD TIMES": FACTORIES CLOSED, WORKERS RIOTING IN THE STREETS, WORKERS' FAMILIES STARVING.

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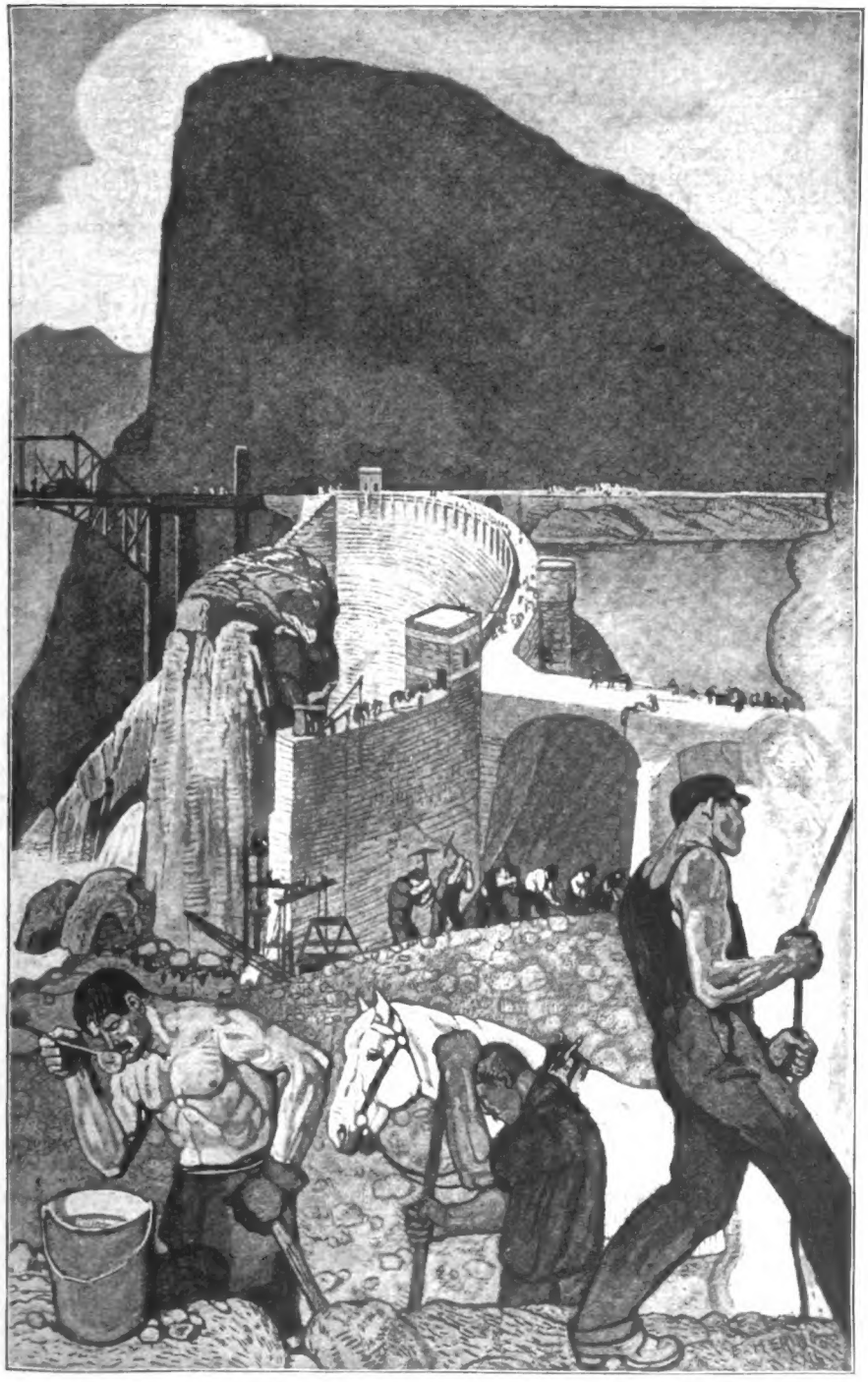

THIS IS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE GOVERNMENT MADE ADVANCE PLANS FOR "BIG JOBS." FLOOD CONTROL ALONE WOULD PROVIDE WORK FOR THOUSANDS.

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soon be at work together doing an engineering job which, when completed, will amply deserve a tablet bearing Gibbon's famous piece of rotund rhetoric: "The servitude of rivers is the noblest and most important victory which man has obtained over the licentiousness of water."

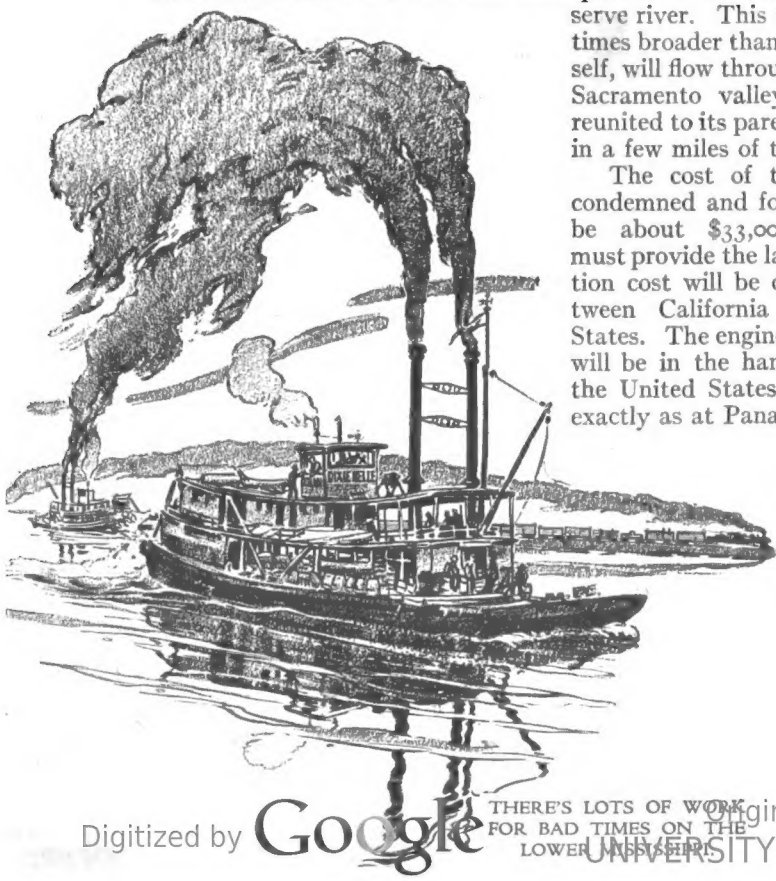
Only three rivers in the United States have a larger flood-volume than the Sacramento. They are the Columbia, the Ohio, and the Mississippi below its union with the Missouri. The Sacramento is a great river—for water. But it is a wretched river for beds and banks. It may be doubted if a more inefficient river was ever made. Its water-carrying capacity actually gets smaller instead of larger as it flows down toward the sea in the one-hundred-mile stretch between Chico and Knight's Landing. At Chico the Sacramento can carry 235,000 cubic feet a second. At Knight's Landing it can not carry much more than one-tenth of that amount. Nature botched this river. Man is now going to remake it almost as thoroughly as the war-surgeons of France are remaking human faces.

At a point about a third of the way down from Chico to Knight's Landing the engineers of the United States will build a dam. It will be a weir-dam. That is, it will be built in such a manner that when a flood reaches a certain height and begins to produce a surplus of water, that whole surplus will leave the Sacramento and flow out over the top of the dam into the adjoining country. But it will not there find any opportunity for "licentiousness." It will find a "servitude" which the engineers call a "by-pass." This is really an artificial river. It will have a broad bed, and it will have high levees for banks. It will proceed toward the sea in a course paralleling the course of the Sacramento itself. So there will be, in flood times, two Sacramentos—the regular one and the reserve one—operating simultaneously.

At three other points three other weir-dams will be constructed, from all of which there will be a flow of surplus water into the new artificial reserve river. This river, at last many times broader than the Sacramento itself, will flow through the whole lower Sacramento valley, and will not be reunited to its parent stream till within a few miles of the sea.

The cost of the work for land condemned and for construction will be about $33,000,000. California must provide the land. The construction cost will be divided equally between California and the United States. The engineering management will be in the hands of engineers of the United States War Department, exactly as at Panama.

On very similar terms, under House Bill 14777, Congress is appropriating $45,000,000 to be spent on the lower Mississippi



THERE'S LOTS OF WORK FOR BAD TIMES ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI

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in works of which the prime purpose is flood-control. "Local interests," poorer here than in California, will not be obliged to match every Federal dollar with one of their own. They must provide the land, just as the Californians must, but they will be required to come forward with only fifty cents for every dollar appropriated by Washington. That is, to match the $45,000,000 now appropriated, they will have to produce only $22,500,000.

THIS is a total of $67,500,000. It is no mean sum. Yet it is only just about one-third of the sum ultimately needed. The engineers of the army, making no allowances for graft and pork, calculate that on the lower Mississippi, from Cairo to the Gulf, the work of making adequate levees and the work of lining those levees with the necessary "revetments" —that is, with mattresses of brush or of other materials—will cost, before real safety is reached, $220,000,000.

If such costs are staggering, so are the benefits. First, there is the saving of life. The floods of 1913 destroyed 467 men, women, and children. Then there is the saving of property. The floods of 1913 destroyed property worth $160,000,000. Third, there is the saving of time—of human living-time. Our sojourn here is too short to be spent in making great improvements on farms and on city lots, and in then, after floods, making those very same improvements over and over again. Finally, there is the new land to be brought into use—an empire of it.

In the Sacramento valley alone, according to the calculations of the army engineers, the new land rescued from bearing nothing but water and subdued to bearing crops will be 400,000 acres. The local current-market value of this land, again according to the calculations of the army engineers, will at once be $60,000,000.

In the valley of the lower Mississippi, in the deltas now submerged, a complete flood-control would give us new land which, if planted to cotton, would produce annually a crop worth, at present prices, $700,000,000.

The engineer of the National Unemployment Crisis Commission will now be able to make his little report. He will say:

"I find that flood-water—flood-water alone—gives us projects, highly useful projects, amounting to many hundreds of millions of dollars; and I find that these projects suit our particular purposes exactly; because:

"First: The work is so gigantic that the United States would be fully justified in maintaining a large permanent staff of engineering experts and directors for it. Second: The work is scattered from Atlantic to Pacific so widely that if it were lifted to sudden great activity in a time of depression the whole country would feel the upward impulse.

"I find, further (quite aside from flood-control), that every section of the United States—and virtually every important locality in every section —has some great public work before it which it is going to do 'some day.' Often this work is purely local, and the National Government should have absolutely nothing to do with it. But often it is national as well as local, and often it is precisely the sort of work that would make a good slack-time enterprise.

"For instance, swamps. It is just as desirable for the National Government to increase the area of the United States by taking water out of swamps as it is for it to increase the area of the United States by leading water into the desert. Now the Department of

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Agriculture tells me that the great swamp-lands of the United States have an acreage of about 77,000,000. This is just about twice times the acreage of all New England. The Department of Agriculture also says that these lands 'can be reclaimed and made fit for cultivation by the building of simple engineering structures.' The cost would be, for each acre, about $15.00. That is, the total cost would be more than $1,000,000,000.

"Much of the work can be done in very large pieces. For instance, to-day in Missouri we have the 'Little River Drainage District.' It is seventeen miles wide and ninety miles long. To drain it there will have to be some 700 miles of ditches and levees. The cost will be about $4,500,000.

"Now it is perfectly clear that we do not have to rescue all these swamp lands immediately. We can rescue them at our leisure. We can make our plans now, all the way down to the last blue-print, for certain big projects. We can arrange all the details now for a cooperation between local drainage districts on the one hand and the National Government on the other. And then we can go after those projects and put them through when time would otherwise be hanging heavy on our hands, just as the individual farmer does in the case of the draining of some little wet hollow on his own farm. This same principle can be applied to many proposed canals and to many proposed systems of great through highways and to many other public works of many various sorts. In the case of the Pittsburgh flood district——"

But, instead of imagining the engineer saying it, let us imagine the United States and Pittsburgh doing it.

The National Unemployment Crisis Commission sends a little note to the Chief of Engineers of the War Department and says: "We have entered the Pittsburgh Flood-Control Project in our list of 'Projects under Consideration.' Will you please report on it and give us your decision as to plans and costs?"

THE Chief of Engineers sends a representative to Pittsburgh. He there meets the representatives of the Pittsburgh Flood Commission. That Commission is in earnest. It has, in fact, spent some $140,000 to date (June 5, 1916) on its studies. The army engineer and the Pittsburgh engineers together ascend the Monongahela and the Allegheny and their tributaries and together inspect the forty-three reservoir sites which the Pittsburgh engineers have already chosen and suggested. The army engineer perhaps at once does some choosing and suggesting of his own. At any rate, unless he is a very strange specimen of army engineer, he does a great deal of harsh revising. After which he returns to Washington and says something like:

"I report that a certain thirty of those forty-three reservoirs should be built—before we get through—and that the total cost will be about $10,000,000 more than they say. It will be in the neighborhood of $35,000,000 in all. I report, further, that the project is sound and desirable technically."

Congress thereupon appropriates $17,500,000. It makes this appropriation on terms that will break its heart. Customarily, whenever Congress lets an executive department have a dollar, the head of that department must get that dollar spent within a certain time. The normal time is a year. If, at the end of a year, there is a nickel left, it goes back into the treasury. The department head is usually, therefore, very careful to see to it that there is no nickel left. In this present case, however, Congress will appropriate $17,500,000 on terms which will provide that those dollars shall

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ONE WAY TO "PRIME THE PUMP" OF BUSINESS IS TO LEAD WATER INTO THE DESERT. ANOTHER IS TO LEAD WATER OUT OF THE SWAMPS. IN EITHER CASE, PLAN *NOW*.

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stay appropriated, in a fund of their own, year and year, till ordered out, from time to time, as needed, by the President.

A similar appropriation of $17,500,000 is made by Pittsburgh—that is, by Allegheny County. It happens, in fact, that Allegheny County has already been empowered by the State of Pennsylvania to issue flood-control bonds. It issues them.

The work begins. It is not all of it postponed to the next crisis. Not by any means. That would be fatal. There must be an organization made —an organization with an engineering staff which has learned the ground —an organization with a working force which can be the skeleton of the sudden army which the crisis will bring.

THE President, therefore, acting on the advice of the Unemployment Commission, orders the Chief of Engineers to proceed—cautiously. Work begins on, say, three reservoirs. It continues from them to others. Each, as built, lowers the flood-level at Pittsburgh. Protection from floods in the Pittsburgh district is being accomplished.

In the meantime the plans and specifications for all thirty of the reservoirs have been completed at Washington. In the case of each of them it is known just how many men will be needed and just what materials (and how much) will be used. It is even known just where the camp-site of the workers, in each case, will be pitched. Why not? Why is it not possible for our Chief of Engineers, on behalf of daily ordinary human happiness, to know as much about what he is going to do in our next great human business crisis as the Chief of Staff of the German Army knew about what he was going to do in the next German war with France? The essence of our strategy in this matter is to be so prepared that when the next crisis is about to declare war on us we can invade it and not let it invade us.

But Pittsburgh has a problem that is altogether local, as well as a problem that is partly local and partly national. Pittsburgh has been ordered by the State of Pennsylvania to stop allowing its sewage to pollute the waters of the Monongahela and Allegheny and Ohio. This will cost some $37,000,000. Pittsburgh hesitates. Well it may. The price it is called on to pay for sanitation is frightful. But, since that price must be paid some day, why not pay it on the day when, besides buying sanitation, it can buy something else? Why not pay it when, besides helping health, it can help business? Why not pay it when, besides being an expenditure, it will be an asset?

As in the case of flood-control, appropriate now. Complete the plans. Begin work—cautiously. Stand prepared to strike boldly and instantly—when the day comes.

The day comes. Private business begins to slow down. As soon as its leaders notice that it is slowing down, they get frightened and refuse to give it fresh money—fresh power—anywhere; and then of course it slows down worse than before.

Again the captains of industry have led their soldiers to defeat and discharge and destitution. They deserve a court-martial, and, in the present temper of the world, they are likely to get it some day, unless they adopt the clear, known means by which such occasions can be changed from defeats to victories.

The National Unemployment Crisis Commission now reports to the President. It reports that in the Pittsburgh district the outgoing tonnage has declined gradually to seventy-five per cent. of normal. It reports that

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applications for work at the Pittsburgh employment bureaus have advanced to four hundred per cent. of normal. It reports, in other words, that an ordinary regular conventional depression is in sight, and that the moment for action has arrived.

The President acts. He directs the Chief of Engineers to expand his Pittsburgh project as rapidly as possible toward the maximum. At once the orders for new machines and new materials to be delivered at the Pittsburgh reservoir sites go out from Washington. At once the recruiting-stations for the new regiments of workers are opened in Pittsburgh itself and in its environs. Shortly the working force at the three or four reservoirs then under construction is quadrupled. Shortly, again, five more reservoirs are under construction—and then another five—and another one—till twenty, if needed, are proceeding.

At the same time, in the same manner, the local sanitation project has expanded itself from employing a few hundred men to employing thousands—and more thousands, if the need appears.

These men use materials and machines which come from manufacturers who at once put other men to work. Also, having wages now, they spend them and they buy food and clothes for themselves and for their wives and children from other manufacturers, who likewise in turn put still other men to work. The depression finds itself reversed. Instead of an impulse downward, we have an impulse upward.

We have it at Pittsburgh, and we have it everywhere else. Everywhere, in every intelligent community, our postponed works of local improvement are under full way. Further, covering whole broad sections of the country, our postponed works of general improvement—national in their character as well as local—flood-control and swamp-reclamation and canal-construction and through-road-extension and harbor-terminal-development—are also under full way. Finally, many postponed works which are not local at all but purely and exclusively national—irrigation-dams in Federal deserts, and trails and boulevards in Federal parks—are under full way, too.

TWO million men, if we please to summon them, have been transferred from useful private work to public work equally useful. Two million men, instead of begging, are purchasing. The depression never lived that could take such a blow without losing half its power of inflicting misery, and without also losing half its power of duration.

A year later almost all of our sudden public employees have gone back to private business. They leave the emergency wages of emergency public works to return to the higher wages of ordinary normal employment. In the meantime they have been a service to the United States and not a burden. They have filled the United States not with soup-kitchens and bread-lines, but with structures of new, solid, permanent helpfulness. They have weathered a depression for themselves, and they have greatly shortened it for all of us. They can do this. *All they need is leaders who lead. All they need is leaders who have a public as well as a private view of life. All they need is leaders who, instead of behaving as if they were doing nothing but operating a lot of individual piratical sloops, behave as navigators of a fleet of state.*

So, perhaps, when the next crisis has gone by, the business man may say to his stenographer:

"Miss Smith, I hated to read that green report, but I certainly do like to look at that reservoir."

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H·S·V·U·S·

BROOKS FLETCHER

Editor of the Marion (Ohio) Tribune. Lecturer for the Redpath Lyceum Bureau. He has lectured to over a million people. He visits more than two hundred and twenty-five communities every year.

FRANK DIXON

One of the most powerful men on the lecture platform; a North Carolinan with a rare gift of eloquence, who for more than twelve years has been giving one hundred and fifty lectures annually.

HAROLD MORTON KRAMER

Author and lecturer; chairman of the department of lectures of the International Lyceum Association. His field will be Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Maryland.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has undertaken to set afoot an *organized effort* to get the Wyoming system of military instruction for boys into high schools throughout America. EVERYBODY'S asks the cooperation of its readers.

Last February EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE printed an article telling of the work of Edgar Z. Steever, a young Army lieutenant who worked out, in Wyoming, a system of schoolboy cadet training so wholesome, so democratic, so useful in the building of sound bodies, clean minds, and true citizenship, that after five years of *acid test* it has the active support of parents, teachers, preachers, and public officers.

That article was *news* to America. Ultra-pacifists who were crying "militarism" at the mere suggestion of military training of any sort, and applauding vigorously the "I-didn't-raise-my-boy-to-be-a-soldier" sentiment, were unaware that *for five years* over ninety per cent. of the high-school boys in one of the states of the Union had been receiving military instruction—with the entire approval of the whole state, regardless of class, circumstance, creed, or prejudice!

The response to "Wyoming's Answer to Militarism" was instant and strong. So apparent was the interest from coast to coast that EVERYBODY'S at once set about to find a means of spreading the idea in a BIG WAY. The fact that cities outside of Wyoming, of their own initiative, investigated the Steever idea, and even introduced high-school military training, was indication of what *organized effort* would do.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, now, after five months of endeavor to find a practical plan, big enough for the idea, to find a method of organization that can be applied without action by Congress—EVERYBODY'S is ready for a big try to give to every American high-school boy the opportunity of the Wyoming high-school boy.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes a national organization of high-school boys, to be known as:

THE HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

To back that proposition, six men who stand in the first rank of publicists and builders of national thought have volunteered their services as field organizers.

These men are known wherever Chautauqua gatherings are known. They are known and known favorably to the educators of America as conservative, purposeful leaders of thought and action. They are:

EDWARD AMHERST OTT
HAROLD MORTON KRAMER
D. WARD KING
FRANK DIXON
BROOKS FLETCHER
ORRIN CLIFFORD LESTER

During the coming months these men will lecture in hundreds of American cities and towns, East, West, North, and South. Wherever they are heard they will be ready to explain the Wyoming system in its detail, to describe its operation and its results, and to assist school boards, commercial bodies, and other local organizations or committees of citizens in the work of

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HERE IS AN ORGANIZATION TO SPREAD THE WYOMING IDEA

initial organization for the introduction of the Wyoming idea.

Constantly cooperating with the field organizers will be the editorial staff of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Informative literature and advance notice will go to school officers, civic bodies, and newspapers in every community where a field organizer is to lecture. EVERYBODY'S has secured the services of an expert in the system to answer all inquiries, and to give full and detailed information on any phase of the operation of the Wyoming Idea.

In all their work at headquarters the Editors of EVERYBODY'S will have the cooperation of Lieutenant Steever.

It is a big undertaking. And an important one. Yet EVERYBODY'S recognizes in it *only a first step toward an adequate preparedness for America.*

Last month EVERYBODY'S laid this proposition before its readers:

"We are doing less than our full duty as citizens of the United States if we are not, at this minute, supporting with all the energy and intelligence God has given us, the demand for universal military training in this nation."

EVERYBODY'S believes that that is true. In the Wyoming Idea and the Plattsburg Camp Idea EVERYBODY'S sees the proof that peace and security, a true democracy, a sturdier, cleaner youth, and a brighter promise for the generations to come can go hand in hand with military training. But EVERYBODY'S has pledged itself to keep alive and active a realization that these ideas, big and constructive as they are, are but the first steps toward that great future which can be ours for the taking.

America has been built upon the ideals of equality; of justice; of the rights of humanity; of fair dealings; of peace. Congress, this year, could have set us well upon the way toward a position where we could back those ideals with the power of a million—ten million—yes, twenty million young men, trained, organized, equipped.

Congress has quit. But, independent of Congress, we have the opportunities that lie in the Plattsburg Idea and the Wyoming Idea. The Plattsburg Idea is being expanded and developed under the administration of the War Department.

EVERYBODY'S believes that the Wyoming Idea should be placed on the same footing.

Both are but steps. But they are important ones—and in the right direction. It seems that both must be taken before we can bring our Congress to a realization that *public opinion in this country is overwhelmingly in favor of universal training.*

Whether you are a high-school student, a parent, a teacher, preacher, public officer, or something else, we want your help. The Wyoming system of military training in the high schools can become a national institution. *Start it in your town.* We are organized to cooperate with you.

Write us. This is the address:

HEADQUARTERS
HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS
OF THE UNITED STATES
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDWARD AMHERST OTT

Author, lecturer for the Redpath New York Circuit, whose "Sour Grapes" lecture is known wherever Chautauquas are held. He will be chairman of field organization for the H. S. V. U. S.

D. WARD KING

Famous as a pleader for good roads, "the split-log-drag man" of Missouri has been a popular lecturer at Chautauquas for fourteen years.

ORRIN CLIFFORD LESTER

A Pennsylvania teacher turned Chautauqua lecturer. A student of economic and social problems, he lectures on such subjects as "Limitations of Liberty," "Cutting the Shackles," etc.

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THE SECOND NAME

by Booth Tarkington

THE wide midland landscape, wooded with walnut and beech and elm and hickory, and intertraced with silver where sycamores followed the creek, was so kindly that the Indians gave it a musical name, meaning "Pleasant Murmurs," though there was no waterfall near, and the creek was slow and still. The murmurs were only the little sounds that a forest makes in summer.

The settlers changed the name to "Fair Lands" after they plowed their clearings and had corn growing and cattle in the meadows. The fair lands were fertile; a nucleus of tavern and farmers' warehouse developed among the scattered cabins; the cabins became farmhouses, and, in place of the rough nucleus, a little market-town with a church, a doctor, and four saloons appeared. They called it Fairlands City.

In 1867 Fairlands City had two banks, a weekly paper, a "hotel," a livery-stable, a lumber-yard, a brick-yard, a tannery, five churches, eight doctors, nine saloons, eleven lawyers, and a tintype studio. The tintype man was elected to Congress, and in his honor they changed the name to Vreedersburgh.

Surviving not only this but the collapse of '73—for from the first the place had abnormal vitality—the market-town grew ever the more ambitious: it offered "locations" to factories, and got them; it got pork-houses and breweries, and another railroad. It became a "railroad center" and a manufacturing town, and, assuming the ways of a city, had noisy corners, footpads, orphan asylums, both white and colored, genuine red light, and exorbitant prosperity.

Burning soft coal, it smeared itself over the landscape as a soot-spot smears itself over a clean face. The forest was gone; and the sky was gone; the creek was gone; sliming through tunnels and under culverts, it had become a sewer. And where the pleasant murmurs had stirred the under side of leaves, steam-whistles screamed, drays thundered, and draymen cursed. Still the big soot-spot spread, its rough circumference inexorably creeping upon the farms; and if you looked down upon it from an aeroplane, you saw a horrible thing.

You saw hundreds and hundreds of mouths projected into the air at you, vomiting black destruction. You saw the soot falling back upon the people who made it, fouling and suffocating them, making them cough; making more hideous the great nondescript buildings where they did their business, streaking and smudging the wide confusion of shoddy houses where they ate and slept and kept the begrimed women and children. Through the dim and dirty air you made out the fringes of the town, the shacks standing in little yards, or mudholes, where chickens and pigs groped in the factory smoke. And if you flew low enough over the streets, you saw the people, all of

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FOR VREEDERSBURGH

AUTHOR OF "THE TURMOIL," "PENROD," "SEVENTEEN," ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS AND DECORATIONS BY F. B. MASTERS

them dirty, most of them in a hurry, and all wearing dark clothes made into the ugliest and most serviceable shapes.

These hustling souls were boisterously content with their own way of life, and they loved their money-making city. When Harley Otis was elected mayor the name Vreedersburgh meant more than a hundred thousand people, their ideals, and all their works.

Harley Otis was young, but he had already proved himself to be a devoted Vreedersburgher, and it was to his reputation as a patriot that he owed his election. Two breweries always fought each other for the "mayorality." When the Göritz brewery won, the saloon-keepers were not allowed to sell Hanlon beer; if any of them persisted, the mayor would make his chief of police compel those saloon-keepers to obey the law, and thus be devastated by privileged competition. Contrariwise, when the Hanlon brewery elected a mayor, all the saloon-keepers who sold Göritz beer had to close at eleven o'clock and on Sunday. And in the red light, also, there was harrying and raiding until the people who sold beer in that quarter had learned which brewery owned the mayor. But Harley Otis was made mayor by neither of the breweries: he was nominated and elected by the banks.

The bankers were tired of the kind of men the breweries elected, so they made the breweries and the politicians understand that it was about time for a business administration, and they forced the nomination and election of Harley Otis. The breweries and their dependents acquiesced without bitterness. Of course there would have to be a little persecution here and there to satisfy the better element and boost the prosecutor's fees; but everybody knew that Harley Otis was no crazy reformer, mad upon indiscriminate raiding and badgering. He was a patriot, and would not do anything to hurt the town.

He was an enthusiast. He could not speak the name "Vreedersburgh" without emotion, and his ambition for the city became a passion in him from the day of his inauguration. Consulting with the Chamber of Commerce, he organized a club to boom Vreedersburgh. This club sent postals to factory-owners everywhere:

> Are you thinking of changing your location? If so, have you investigated Vreedersburgh? Shall we send one of our members to you to explain what Vreedersburgh will be glad to do for you? You need not meet us halfway: we will do it all.

They took a special train, with Harley for orator, and went up and down the land, carrying with them a plaster relief-map, almost white, of Vreedersburgh, to use for a table decoration at the banquets which were given in their honor.

They did all the convincing and flamboyant things their

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energy could devise; but at their joint banquet with the Chamber of Commerce, on a March evening in the first year of Harley's administration, it was discovered that there was one important thing which they had not done—had not even thought of, until the president of the club suggested it in his speech. This was to find a second name for Vreedersburgh.

"Gentlemen," he said—and his manner was profoundly earnest—"gentlemen, we must have it! As San Francisco is known as the Golden Gate, as New Orleans is known as the Crescent City, as Philadelphia is known as the City of Brotherly Love, as Chicago is known by her stern but uplifting motto, 'I Will,' as Minneapolis and St. Paul are known far and wide as the Twin Metropoli of the North, and as Boston is known as the Hub of the Universe, gentlemen, so must Vreedersburgh be known by a second name which shall be at once a sobriquet and a motto. Our city is not yet so large, perhaps, as some of those I have mentioned, but if we can discover a synonym expressing what *we* know her to be, then, gentlemen, the noise of our adoption of that synonym as Vreedersburgh's second name will go over this broad land, from the dreamy Atlantic island of Porto Rico to where the blue Philippines swim in the long Pacific roll; from the frozen marches of the boisterous Yukon to the torrid cliff-dwellings of Arizona! Nothing, gentlemen, nothing on this *earth* so advertises and makes known the character and virtues of a town as a second name, such as I have indicated! Gentlemen, such a name must be found, to couple with the name of Vreedersburgh. Gentlemen, the thing MUST be done! I leave the thought in your minds. My wish is that it will sink deep. I thank you!"

The applause came sharply upon the instant; it was convincing and serious—the solid and prolonged sound made by patriots enthusing in a new resolve. It left room for no doubt that the orator had his wish: his thought was already deep in every mind; deepest of all in the mind of Harley Otis.

HE WALKED home alone, rejecting offers of company upon the way, because he wished to concentrate his mind. Enthusiast that he was, he had determined to be the discoverer of the immortal word or phrase—that perfect second name for Vreedersburgh, which would indeed, as another orator had prophesied, "send the grand old city of Vreedersburgh crashing down the ages with her head up and her tail over the dashboard!"

Harley Otis believed that the right word, if discovered, might easily double the population within ten years. Glory would rest forever upon the man who discovered it, and thus glorified his city. Harley was the mayor, and the city was peculiarly his to glorify; none else should be its second godfather.

He lay awake that night, while symbolic words and groups of words paraded before his mind's eye. He pictured them upon letter-heads, upon sign-posts, upon transparencies and banners in procession and pageant; and he saw them in stone above the great doorway of the prospective new City Hall; but they were all wrong, and he found no second name for Vreedersburgh that night. In the morning he woke to a jumbled mind, his discards of the night tumbling pell-mell through his head in company with many new ones, all preposterous.

But he was the persistent enthusiast, not the flare-up; and he went for his morning ride in a profound preoccupation, resolved to let no thought distract him from his high pursuit. This morning ride was one of the things which he considered part of his duty to himself and Vreedersburgh. The

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mayor must be kept in condition or the business administration would suffer. However, he did not rise to the trot, and his selection of a riding costume permitted his long trousers to ruck up over his shoe-tops, so that his riding was inoffensive to the voters.

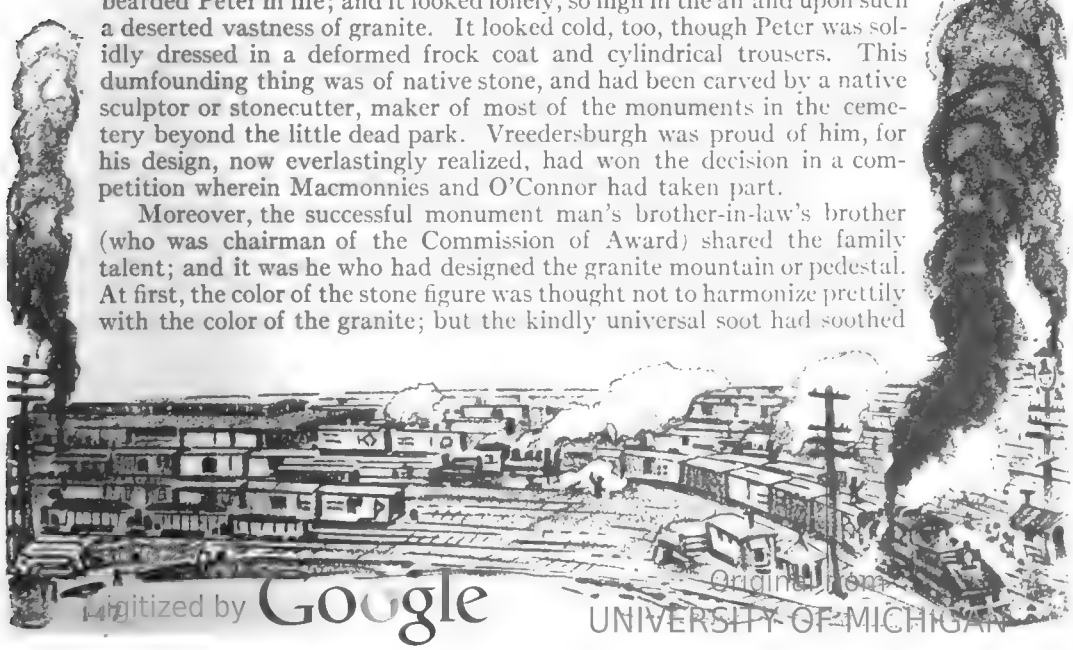
With eyes fixed upon the black mane of his bay mare, he rode slowly, this morning, the full length of Vreedersburgh's "best residence street." Now and then a sharp little March gust would whirl up a dust cloud from the asphalt and decorate the unheeding horseman with flinty particles, bacilli, hairs from dead cats and rats and dogs, shreds of feather and bits of dead birds, and remnants of all else that had lain upon the street since September, when the last street-cleaner had been officially conducted to his annual hibernation. It was no part of a business administration to waste money trying to keep streets clean from September until May;—however, the bodies of dead animals, if of noticeable size, were usually removed when their special department was summoned by a citizen.

TO THE eye of a stranger the houses upon this best street of Vreedersburgh were all of a dreadful appearance, though among them were several gloomily exhibiting symptoms of architecture. There were others that should have shown a cheerful countenance, being newly built, or freshly painted during the past year; but they were as stricken as the rest. Each succeeding snow had turned black with the soot that became a great part of its body; and this soot-snow, melting to a thinnish ink, had flowed and trickled, and congealed again, and melted again, upon these houses; and soot-laden rain had frozen upon their faces, until those bedraggled faces now were like the faces of negro minstrels in a half stage of make-up. But they lacked all gaiety of the minstrel; rather, these houses were like haggard patients, not yet convalescent after racking illness. And they stood in leprous enclosures of besooted bare earth where lingered a few patches of sparse grass not yet slain by the acids in the smoke.

A girl came out of one of the houses as the mayor rode by, and in her hand she held a new, white tennis-ball, just from the box. She rolled it across the "lawn" for a pointer to retrieve. He brought it to her, gray.

The mayor reached a dead little park at the upper end of this street, and for an instant he glanced up appreciatively at the statue there: "Peter J. Vreeder" was the name carved on the colossal granite pedestal, shaped like a mountain. The statue was faithfully the size of tintyping, bald, chin-bearded Peter in life; and it looked lonely, so high in the air and upon such a deserted vastness of granite. It looked cold, too, though Peter was solidly dressed in a deformed frock coat and cylindrical trousers. This dumfounding thing was of native stone, and had been carved by a native sculptor or stonecutter, maker of most of the monuments in the cemetery beyond the little dead park. Vreedersburgh was proud of him, for his design, now everlastingly realized, had won the decision in a competition wherein Macmonnies and O'Connor had taken part.

Moreover, the successful monument man's brother-in-law's brother (who was chairman of the Commission of Award) shared the family talent; and it was he who had designed the granite mountain or pedestal. At first, the color of the stone figure was thought not to harmonize prettily with the color of the granite; but the kindly universal soot had soothed



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this disturbance, for both Peter and his pedestal were now so blotched and smeared and murked and blackened that few could detect a difference in their texture. And Harley Otis, like the rest of Vreedersburgh, was proud of Vreedersburgh's one work of plastic art.

As he rode by, he knew a moment of excitement in the thought that perhaps some day *he* might stand, likewise grand and lonely in a stone frock coat, at the other entrance of that dead little park. Such a thing was far from unlikely—especially if he found the second name for Vreedersburgh.

Still concentrating fiercely upon his problem, he came to the fringe of the town; and here he rode between slattern tenements where children coughed in the smoke-fog, and murky women, waving gray dish-towels, urged them schoolward. Farther on, the mare was fetlock deep in mud; pavements of pitted asphalt and worn brick gave way to sloughs, houses and tenements to rough shacks and to shelters built of tin and stolen canvas, where apathetic faces stared from windows never glazed.

PERHAPS SOME DAY *HE* MIGHT STAND, IN A STONE FROCK COAT, AT THE OTHER ENTRANCE OF THE PARK.

Then came the city dump-heaps, a range of low hills of refuse: necropolis of a million cold and collapsed tin cans; and here a few dark, human figures groped, shawl over head, hoping to find among the million one can not emptied of all its fruit or corn or fish.

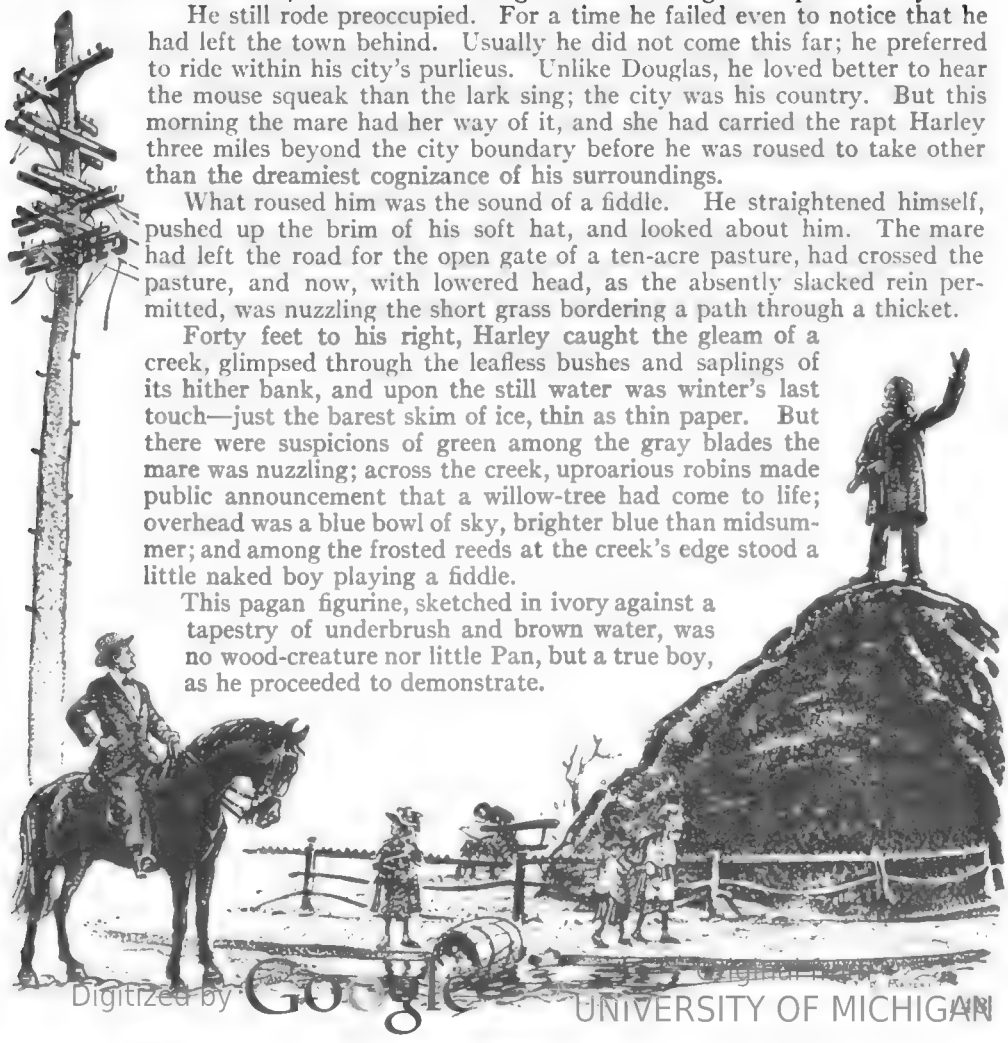
Beyond this was a railroad, with its freight-yards, not grimier than other places; but, after that, the mare came to a thinner, purer air, and the road, not so heavily rutted by the teams, began to grow firmer under foot. A little farther, and she was bearing her rider through the open country.

He still rode preoccupied. For a time he failed even to notice that he had left the town behind. Usually he did not come this far; he preferred to ride within his city's purlieus. Unlike Douglas, he loved better to hear the mouse squeak than the lark sing; the city was his country. But this morning the mare had her way of it, and she had carried the rapt Harley three miles beyond the city boundary before he was roused to take other than the dreamiest cognizance of his surroundings.

What roused him was the sound of a fiddle. He straightened himself, pushed up the brim of his soft hat, and looked about him. The mare had left the road for the open gate of a ten-acre pasture, had crossed the pasture, and now, with lowered head, as the absently slacked rein permitted, was nuzzling the short grass bordering a path through a thicket.

Forty feet to his right, Harley caught the gleam of a creek, glimpsed through the leafless bushes and saplings of its hither bank, and upon the still water was winter's last touch—just the barest skim of ice, thin as thin paper. But there were suspicions of green among the gray blades the mare was nuzzling; across the creek, uproarious robins made public announcement that a willow-tree had come to life; overhead was a blue bowl of sky, brighter blue than midsummer; and among the frosted reeds at the creek's edge stood a little naked boy playing a fiddle.

This pagan figurine, sketched in ivory against a tapestry of underbrush and brown water, was no wood-creature nor little Pan, but a true boy, as he proceeded to demonstrate.



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His back was toward the mayor, and, just as the latter looked up to discover the source of the disturbing music, the boy set his fiddle upon the ground, lifted his thin arms above his head, palm to palm, and dived into the creek through the scum of ice. He repented this, as he made evident when his head emerged. After giving the briefest possible imitation of a spouting gargoyle, he howled bloody murder.

Harley dropped from his saddle and ran to the water's edge; but the boy could swim well enough—he struck out for shore with agonized vigor.

"Oh, *gosh!*" he said, as in shallow water he rose and pranced to the land.

"What's the matter with you?" the mayor demanded angrily.

"That water's *cold!*" the boy announced.

"You ought to be whipped!" Harley exclaimed. "You ought to know better! What were you doing with that fiddle?"

"P-PLAYIN' it," the boy replied, hopping and shivering. "I thought I'd see if I dairst go in swimmin' through the i-hi-ice, an' I took my clo'es off, an' I felt so cold I just played one tut-tune to kind o' warm me up be–fore I went in—an', *ooh!* I'm froze!"

"You're a truant," the mayor said sternly. "Aren't you a truant?"

The boy hung his shaking head; he stood shuddering, huddling his pipe-stem arms, and rubbing what should have been the calves of his legs together; he shook so hard that he was like a figure on a joggled film.

"Aren't you a truant?"

"S-s-sir?"

"You ought to be arrested by the truant officer," Harley began. "You have no business to be out of ——"

But he was interrupted by a voice that called to him peremptorily from a distance.

"Rub him!" it called. "Don't stand there *talkin'* to him! Rub him!"

Harley looked over his shoulder and beheld the figure of a girl. She had just emerged from an empty corn-crib at the edge of the pasture, and stood with her back properly toward the mayor and the glistening truant; but she was one of those remarkable people who can gesticulate with their backs turned. In fact, she was waving both arms, and it was obvious to Harley Otis that she was waving them angrily at himself.

To emphasize this effect, "Rub him, you dummy!" she shouted. "Haven't you got sense enough to *rub* him!"

Much offended, and yet cowed, as all men are when women become decisive, Harley ridiculously took his handkerchief from his pocket and turned to the boy. But the latter was no longer within reach; he had fled to the bush, already his boudoir for the disrobing; and, wet as he was, his too visible ribs became invisible in the shroudings of a man's old shirt, and in the twinkling of an eye he had capered into his knickerbockers. Forthwith, he seated himself upon the ground for purposes connected with stockings and shoes.

"Are you rubbin' him?" shouted the distant girl. "Haven't you got sense enough to rub him?"

"How can I?" the mayor called testily. "I'd like to know how anybody's going to rub him when he's already got three-fourths of his clothes on!"

At that she turned and came running. "What'd you let him put 'em on for, before he'd had a rubbin'?" she demanded. "Do you *want* him to get pneumonia?" And as Harley uttered the first sound of an attempted

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reply, she cut him off instanter. "Don't stand around! Listen to his *teeth!* Don't you know enough to build a fire?"

Harley bestirred himself resentfully, but none the less with energy. He tied his mare to a sapling, and brought sticks and dead wood, while the girl heaped dry leaves and twigs into a little pile; so that the fire was burning by the time the boy had tied the makeshift strings with which his shoes were laced.

"Here, you!" The peremptory damsel thus hailed the swimmer. "You get as close to this fire as you can without burnin' your clothes off o' you. You want to die?" And, as he obeyed, she held his jacket close to the increasing flames until it was warm, then put it upon him. "You want to die?" she repeated crossly. "*Here!* What's the matter with you, anyway? You *crazy?*"

The question seemed fairly reasonable, for the boy, after standing a moment by the fire, darted without explanation into the underbrush. He had only gone for his fiddle, however, and he returned with the instrument in a covering of old green cloth.

"You sit down," said the girl. "Not on the *ground!* What you doin'? Sit down on them sticks and put your feet to the fire. If your feet get right hot the rest of you's pretty sure to be warm. But you keep the rest of you as close to the fire as you can, anyhow."

Harley Otis, considerably outraged in spirit, began to recover his poise; and the more of it he recovered, the more magisterially he regarded his chance companions. The boy was about eleven; and his hat, like his shirt, had been a man's. His shoes continued this harmony: they also were adult. The shoes wept with the wetness within them; the hat was a terrible relic, based upon that design sometimes malignantly attributed to an Earl of Derby.

This was a town boy; both his attire and his pallor denied that he was of the country.

Neither was the young woman a thing of buttermilk and apples. Sallowness and a murky suffering beneath the eyes claimed her for Vreedersburgh, though she was broad-shouldered, vigorous, and not uncomely. She was less shabby than the boy, yet her shabbiness was sufficient. Her hat, her cloak, and her dress were all old, of no discernible mode, and had been cheap when they were new. Just now they looked as if she had slept in them. She had.

The mayor addressed her severely. "You seem to understand that going in swimming at this time of year is dangerous," he said. "What did you let him do it for?"

"What did I let—" she repeated, and stopped, astonished.

"Did he run away from you?" Harley inquired.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "I never saw this boy before in my life. I thought he was *your* boy—until he put his clothes on. I heard a fiddle and then a hollerin' and a splashin'; and I saw you just standin' around *talkin'* to him, instead o' havin' enough sense to r——"

At this point Harley decided that he owed it to himself to turn his back upon her. "What's your name?" he asked the boy.

"My name's Ben."

"What's your last name?"

"I guess it's Pritchard."

"What do you mean by 'guessing' it's Pritchard?"

"Well,"said Ben,"it's like this. First I was in the orphan asylum, an'

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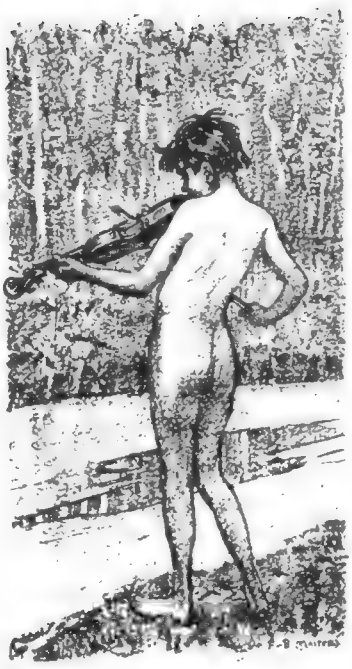
my name was Ben Pritchard. Then a woman took me, an' I had her name; it was Kyle. But she sent me back to the asylum again, 'cause she got run over by a nottamabeel speeder, an' when she got well she hadn't only one leg, an' couldn't run after me. So then a man an' his wife took me, an' I was named same as them; I was named Ben Gower. Well, an' then Mr. Gower he had a little groc'ry, but the trouble was, he *owned* the propaty; an' they put a asphelt street in front of it an' a brick street to the side of it; an' they made him pay fer all that asphelt an' brick; an' taxed him an' taxed him; an' he had to give up the groc'ry; an' his wife died, an' he drank a while an' c'mitted suacide last year. So I guessed my first name maybe was the right one after all: Pritchard. But I ain't sure."

"Why aren't you in school?"

"I don't b'long to no school."

"Why not?"

Ben removed his cavernous hat and passed his hand over his wet head reflectively. "Well," he said, "when Mr. Gower went an' hung himself I didn't have no place to go. I expected I was too old to go back to the orphan asylum; so Mr. Gower he'd taught me to fiddle some, an' I just went around the saloons fiddlin'. People in saloons are apt to be mighty good-hearted. I expeck I made as much as sellin' papers. Anyways, I shore seen some good fights!"



A PAGAN FIGURINE, SKETCHED IN IVORY AGAINST A TAPESTRY OF UNDERBRUSH.

The mayor flushed slightly. "You may need a month or two at the reform school," he said.

"Yes, sir," Ben returned meekly. "I thought they might git me; they already got four o' the crowd I run with. That's why I quit the ole smokestack."

"What are you talking about?" Harley asked impatiently.

"Vreedersburgh," said Ben. "I says to myself, 'What's the use stayin' here?' I says. 'I don't see nothin' to stay *fer*,' I says. So I left, this morning."

"Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir. I had a friend o' mine hauled up in police court oncet this year, an' I seen you settin' there givin' 'em what's what, right an' left! Yes, sir; you're the mayor."

"All right," said the mayor. "You'll march straight back!"

But at this the girl burst into sudden loud laughter. "*You* can't make him go back!" she said harshly, as the mayor turned to her in frowning surprise. "It's outside the city limits, and you got no more authority over him than one o' them robins across the crick has! Besides, when you look what you're doin' to *me*, I should think you'd see it's kind o' ridiculous for you to talk about makin' anybody go back to Vreedersburgh!"

"What do you mean by what I'm doing to *you?*" Harley demanded.

"Why, don't you know?" she cried. "My name's Milly Cross."

"I never saw you before," said Harley. "I don't remember ever hearing your name."

The mouth of Milly Cross opened; the eyes of Milly Cross became large and staring. "That's the awfullest thing I ever heard!" she said. "Can

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you do a thing like that to a person and then not even *know* her the very next day?"

Ben Pritchard at once looked upon her with the brightest interest. "What you done?" he inquired eagerly.

"Nothin'!" cried Milly.

"'Course!" said Ben, prompt to be a gentleman. "I mean, what was you up for?"

"He knows!" she answered with a quick nod of her head at the mayor.

"No, I don't," he responded, still puzzled, his official mood somewhat relaxed. "We've had more than a hundred cases in police court this week."

"Mine took all of three minutes," said Milly.

"What was the charge against you?"

"I was hauled up with another girl," Milly told him darkly. "Her name was Dessing. Mabel Dessing."

"Look here!" urged little Ben Pritchard. "What *was* you up for?"

Milly stared fiercely at the eyes of the mayor. "For bein' a 'bad character'!" she said.

"Mabel Dessing," Harley repeated. "Yes, I remember. So you were the woman with her, were you?" He became more magisterial as he spoke; his glance was ominous. "I thought I told you to *leave* Vreedersburgh."

"I have left!"

"You understood me well enough," he said. "I meant on a train, and you know it. You'd better not be caught inside the city limits."

"Don't be afraid; I won't be!" she returned with her bitter stare still sharp upon his eyes. "I don't know just how you expected me to take a train, though. I didn't have a cent on earth. Not after I got out o' your court-room, I didn't!"

"That's not my affair."

"When I walked out o' your court," said Milly, "I walked on straight up the street and out o' your blame town. I walked till I got to this pasture here, and it was comin' on dark. I slept in that corn-crib yonder. Pretty soon I'm goin' on again; but I'll go where I want to. *You* can't order me! Not a step! You did all you're ever goin' to, to me, Mr. Otis, yesterday when you ruined my character in that court-room o' yours!"

He laughed a short, bored laugh. "Your 'character'?" he said tolerantly.

"You look here!" she cried. "You just be careful! I don't want to hit you, but I will, if you say anything like that again! You listen to me!"

"Oh, I'll 'listen'!" he said.

"All right, then," said Milly Cross. "I guess I'll just make you know what you *did*, now I got the chance."

"Go on," the mayor returned. "Do!"

His tone and manner were of a skepticism still official, yet not altogether unkindly; and she took him at his word.

"Well, I come to Vreedersburgh from Boonville," Milly began. "It was about three years ago. I had to leave Boonville——"

"Ah!" said the mayor. "So you had to leave Boonville, too, did you?"

She took a furious step toward him.

"*Say!*" little Ben warned her. "Look out! You don't want to muss it up with no mayor!"

Milly choked. "I never laid a hand on nobody in my life," she said

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huskily. "But I been feelin' for a couple days like it was time to begin, and I guess if I do begin he's the right one to begin on!" She choked again, then shouted in Harley's face: "I got folks down in Boonville good as what *you* got in *your* town!"

"I don't doubt it," he said. "What about yourself?"

"I left there because I had trouble with my *fella!*" she cried, her fury not abating. "Is that any of your business?"

"Not at all," Harley returned promptly. "My business is only to see that you keep out of Vree——"

"Then I'll just tell you what it was!" Milly cut him off. "He took a job as a bartender down at the Boonville Hotel, and I says if I didn't have no more influence with him than that, I'd quit him; and I hoped that'd make him give up the job—but instead he got mad and took to goin' with another girl that I hated and hated me. I couldn't stand seein' 'em around together; I saw I was goin' to be *sick* if I stayed there much longer. That's why I had to leave Boonville, you mayor, you!"

"All right," he said. "That all you wanted to tell me?"

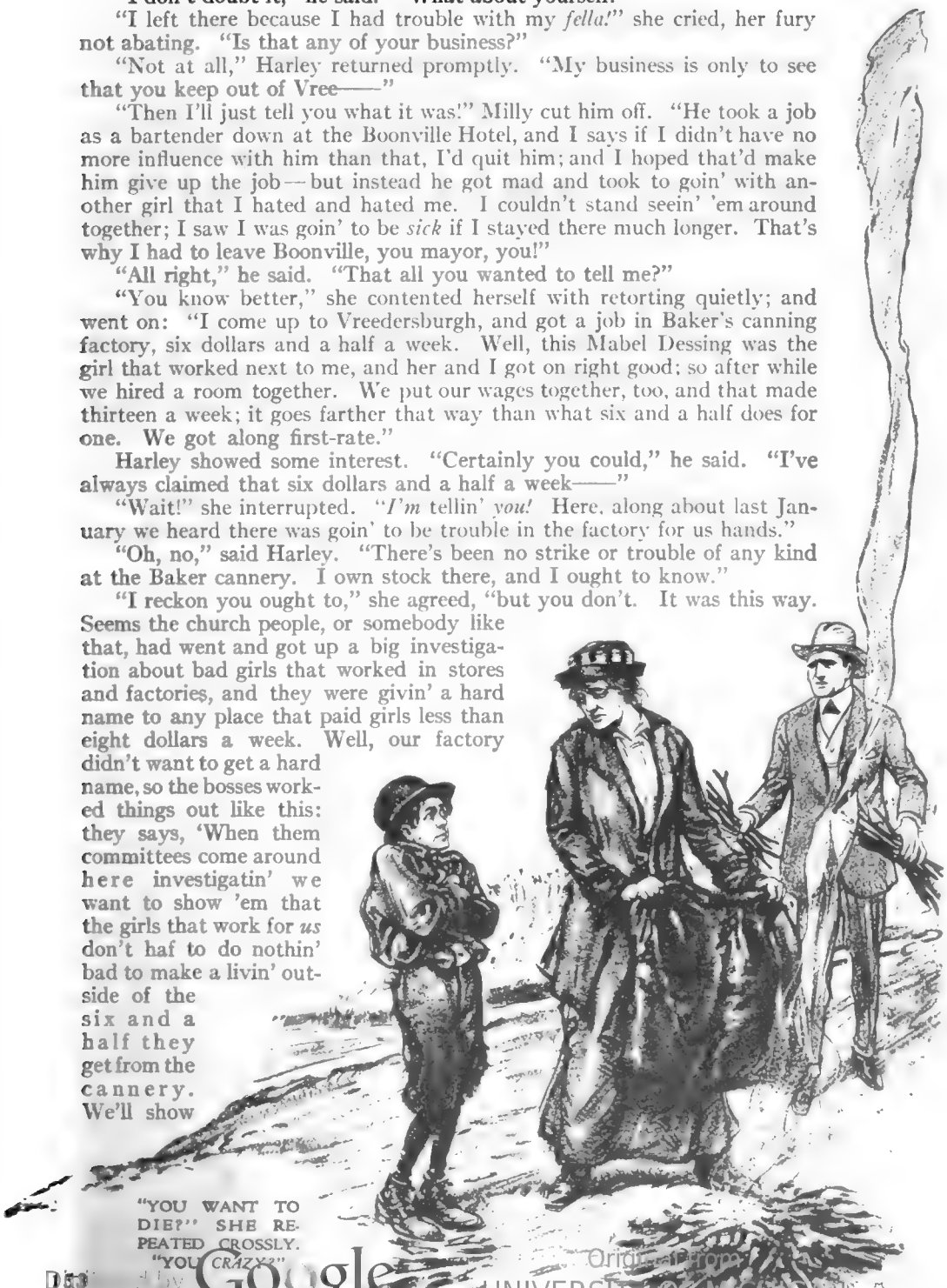
"You know better," she contented herself with retorting quietly; and went on: "I come up to Vreedersburgh, and got a job in Baker's canning factory, six dollars and a half a week. Well, this Mabel Dessing was the girl that worked next to me, and her and I got on right good; so after while we hired a room together. We put our wages together, too, and that made thirteen a week; it goes farther that way than what six and a half does for one. We got along first-rate."

Harley showed some interest. "Certainly you could," he said. "I've always claimed that six dollars and a half a week——"

"Wait!" she interrupted. "*I'm* tellin' *you!* Here, along about last January we heard there was goin' to be trouble in the factory for us hands."

"Oh, no," said Harley. "There's been no strike or trouble of any kind at the Baker cannery. I own stock there, and I ought to know."

"I reckon you ought to," she agreed, "but you don't. It was this way. Seems the church people, or somebody like that, had went and got up a big investigation about bad girls that worked in stores and factories, and they were givin' a hard name to any place that paid girls less than eight dollars a week. Well, our factory didn't want to get a hard name, so the bosses worked things out like this: they says, 'When them committees come around here investigatin' we want to show 'em that the girls that work for *us* don't haf to do nothin' bad to make a livin' outside of the six and a half they get from the cannery. We'll show



"YOU WANT TO DIE?" SHE REPEATED CROSSLY. "YOU *CRAZY?*"

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"THEY KEP' US THERE IN THE RAIN, WITH PEOPLE STARIN' AT US, TILL THE PATROL-WAGON COME."

'em that all our girls got homes they live in, and live with their own families, and only work in the cannery to make something on the side, kind of—to help out at home, or maybe just to have their own pocket money, for pitcher shows and so-on.' That's the way they figured it out when they saw the investigation was goin' to get around to them. About half the girls did live at home with their families anyway, so the factory just discharged the rest of us—the ones that didn't have no homes—and filled up our places with new hands that did."

"I see," Harley said, nodding. "They couldn't do much else, under the circumstances. They're bound to the stockholders to be economical, of course."

"Oh, I'm not blamin' anybody for that," said Milly Cross. "Everybody's got to lose their *job* now and then. I and Mabel had some money to go on; we'd saved twenty-six dollars, and there was even five of it left when we got arrested, night before last. By that time I knew about Mabel as well as *you* seemed to when you had us up before you. I found out two, three months before we got discharged from the cannery. Fellas spoke to her kind o' funny sometimes when we'd be on the way to the room after work;

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and there was a couple o' girls come to see her; she couldn't fool me about *them.*

"Well, and so I told her I suspicioned her; and she got to cryin', and told me all about it. She'd lived down in the Red Light from the time she was sixteen till she was twenty, and then she got converted or something; anyway she reformed and got a job at the cannery a little before I come there.

"Well, I felt kind o' like not havin' anything more to do with her after that, and there was a week or so when I couldn't make up my mind what to do. She kep' beggin' me every night when we got home to say I wasn't goin' to quit her; and I wouldn't answer yes or no. I suspicioned she kind of had a touch o' T. B., too; and that made me want to get rid of her; but she told me if I broke up the room she'd feel so bad she couldn't help goin' to the dogs again. So at last I said I'd stay; and we quit talkin' about it."

Little Ben Pritchard, who listened with entire comprehension, nodded approvingly. "You're all right!" he said. "I know that Mabel Dessing. I was a messenger a while, when Mr. Gower had me; an' I used to carry notes to Mabel Dessing. She give me a quarter, mostly."

"She didn't give no quarters away for notes while we were at the cannery," said Milly Cross grimly. "She took it awful hard when we lost our jobs. The whole first week she just laid around the room and cried and took on. I didn't see then why she made such a fuss, but now I reckon it was because she kind o' suspicioned that the discouragement was liable to drive her back to the life she used to lead. I couldn't drag her out with me lookin' for a job, but I got some sewin' to bring home. We weren't neither of us much good for sewin'—our work at the cannery had kind o' spoiled our hands for it—and we only made two dollars and forty-five cents between us the whole time we were at it. So about the end of last month she took to goin' out alone; said she was willin' to go job-huntin', after all. Then one night when she come back to the room I noticed whisky on her. We had a lot o' trouble over it, and after we'd been talkin' and cryin' a good while, she got up all of a sudden and went out. I never saw her again till night before last."

"I did," said little Ben. "I seen her last week. She had a room at the Buffet Hotel."

"She come to the room about seven o'clock, night before last," Milly went on. "She was all wet with the rain, and coughin', and scared to death. She told me how it was: the prosecutor gets fees for all the prosecutions by him and his deputies, she says; but if the cops don't raid around some and arrest a lot o' people the prosecutor don't make much, so of course the prosecutor has to do the right thing by the cops. Well, the people that don't want to get arrested, they do the right thing by the cops, too; and sometimes the cops do one way a while, and then they turn round and do the other. Well, Mabel was in bad trouble, because, she says, the cops and the prosecutor had got friendly again; and the cops were bound to do a lot of arrestin' to make fees for the prosecutor. I reckon you know all about that, Mr. Otis."

"Go on," said the mayor.

"Well, she was awful scared. She says the cops would do all the arrestin' at first just around among girls like her that was all alone, because the other people had more influence and paid regular. And she says she was liable to get in pretty bad with the cops, because she'd been havin' some beer with a fella, a couple days before, at Wechsel's, and he got pretty drunk

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and went home, and she found a ten-dollar bill on the chair where he'd been sittin', an' kep' it."

"Yes," said Harley, smiling faintly. "That sounds familiar!"

"It was new to *me!*" Milly returned sharply. "I believed her, and it was true. It doesn't matter much whether it was or not, the way I see it: you'd 'a' given her what you did, either way, wouldn't you?"

"I suppose so."

"I guess you do! Well, she was awful scared, because she'd heard afterwards that this fella was in politics, and she knew if he made a holler about his ten-dollar bill she'd be in big trouble. So she went back to Wechsel's and left the money for the fella, if he asked about it; but Wechsel told her that wouldn't probably help her none, because the cops were goin' to pull all her kind anyhow. She told me she was afraid she'd kill herself if she got arrested—but she didn't! I still had a five-dollar bill that was half of it hers, from when we saved money out of our wages, and, after she quieted down, and her clothes got dry, I told her to come along; we'd go get some supper, and I'd let her have her part of the five.

"We didn't get any supper. Just as we opened the cafeteria door somebody jerked us both back out on to the sidewalk. It was two men in rubber coats had hold of us. They kep' us there in the rain, with people stoppin' and havin' a fine time starin' at us under their umbrellas till the patrol-wagon come. And a fine night we had of it in your jail, Mr. Otis! Just before we were shoved into your court in the morning a man that said he was a lawyer took our five-dollar bill and kind o' mumbled something when we were called up. That's all he did for the five dollars; I couldn't even tell what he said. Then this politician swore Mabel had stole the ten from him, because Wechsel had never give it to him. Mabel told you that, but you wouldn't pay no attention; you were too busy hurryin' folks off to the workhouse and back to jail, or to the reform school——"

"Tut, tut!" said Harley. "The Dessing girl got what she deserved. Why didn't you speak up then, and tell me a little of what you're telling me now about yourself?"

"WHY didn't I *tell* you?" she cried incredulously. "You wouldn't listen; you wouldn't hear a word from me! I started to say something, and that big cop stopped me; he swore I was Mabel's 'running-mate,' he says; and how Mabel had been a 'police character' for six years. He says they couldn't prove I was with her at the time she stole the ten dollars, and was willin' not to push the larceny part o' the charges against me, though they would against Mabel. Then I tried to speak again, but you says you'd heard enough; you understood the case. You sent Mabel to the workhouse for six months, and the number six seemed to be kind of a favorite with you just then, because you told me I better leave Vreedersburgh inside o' six hours. I tried to say something. I tried to——"

"Yes, I remember," said the mayor. "I'm sorry I didn't let you speak."

"I guess nobody speaks when you don't 'let' 'em!" said Milly Cross. "When you said you'd heard enough, the big cop give me a twist of the wrist that fixed my tryin' to say anything! It give me something else to think about for quite a few minutes!"

And with this recollection the muscles about her mouth underwent a spasmodic change, but there was no sign of tears in her eyes. Throughout her story she had spoken with sharpness, and at times with fire; but not once with pathos; not once with a quaver of self-pity.

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"THE BIG COP GIVE ME A TWIST OF THE WRIST THAT FIXED MY TRYIN' TO SAY ANYTHING!"

The man who had banished her was obviously somewhat disturbed. "I'm sorry I didn't let you speak," he said again. "We have so many that we'd never get through if we let all of them talk as much as they want to. I'll see that the charges against you are erased."

Then Milly's loud laughter rang out once more. "A lot of good that'll do *me!*" she cried. "The fella I left Boonville on account of, he was in the drunks waitin' behind I and Mabel when we were called up. He'd come up to Vreedersburgh on a bat, and got run in. And the girl he quit me for, she'd come up from Boonville to get him out. She was sittin' right there

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in your court-room, and him and her both liked to fell over when they heard my name and looked—and saw me! Then the girl she begun to laugh and wink at Charlie, and he kind of laughed too; and I guess it *was* funny, lookin' back at the way I used to tell him he'd end up if he kep' on bein' a bartender, and the things I used to say about that girl! They heard what I was charged with, and they saw me stand there and get convicted with Mabel Dessing, and they heard what you said to me. That about fixes me plenty with *Boonville*, I guess!"

"No, it doesn't," said Harley impulsively. "I'll give you a letter stating that the charge against you was a mistake and that it has been erased."

"THAT GIRL'LL TAKE YESTERDAY'S PAPER TO BOONVILLE, YOU BET."

Milly looked at him queerly; then she shook her head, marveling. "You don't know enough to rub a wet boy," she said; "but I should think you *would* know enough to understand that when everybody in a little town gets all excited, goin' around gabbin' the news how somebody's turned out to be a scandal, nobody can get up much interest in a letter sayin' that the excitement's all been a mistake."

For a moment Harley was nonplused. "Well—" he began lamely, and paused.

"No," she said. "That's the finish o' Milly Cross with all the uncles and aunts and cousins in Boonville. After that girl gets through with her story down there you could give me a hundred letters and they'd think I probably forged 'em. She'll have yesterday's paper from Vreedersburgh, too; you bet your sweet life! It told about I and Mabel, and what we got arrested for. If I went back there I'd have to spend the rest o' my life stoppin' people on the Square, and gettin' 'em to read your letter about it all bein' a mistake. But I wasn't thinkin' o' goin' back there. I'm goin' on out into the country."

"What you goin' to do?" little Ben asked quickly.

"I'll find something," she answered. "I'm strong as a steer, and I can do farm cookin', or anything else they'd be a mind to put me at, I guess. I'll find *some* place that'll take me in; and if they once take me in I'll bet it won't be long before they find they can't afford to let me go! *I'm* not worried!"

"Let me go with you," the boy cried, jumping up eagerly. "I *got* to be a farm boy! We'll say we're brother an' sister, an' we'll work all day, an' in the evenings I'll fiddle in the kitchen. Will you, Milly?"

She looked at him thoughtfully and then smiled. "Why, yes, I guess so," she said. "I don't see why not."

But the Mayor of Vreedersburgh interposed. "Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "You'll have a harder time finding work in the country than you did in town. This boy wouldn't be the worse for a few months in the reform school; they're very conscientious people in charge there; and as for you, Miss Cross, I've been very glad of the chance to hear what you had to say, and I tell you freely I rescind my order to you. You can come back to Vreedersburgh at once."

"I *can?*" she asked, and once more she stared at him incredulously.

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"Certainly," he answered, inclining his head. "You can come back and live there as long as you choose."

Then she shocked him. "Not in a thousand years!" she cried. "I wouldn't go back to that place if you give it to me with every last cent there is in its banks. It ain't only the way I was treated there that makes me feel like this; and it ain't just the things I saw happening; nor the way I feel about girls like Mabel, and about her bein' out in the workhouse with her T. B., nor it ain't the way your police and your prosecutor act; nor all the other things like that; it's none o' them things so much. It's something funny and kind o' queer in *me*, I guess! All the time I been livin' in Vreedersburgh, ever since I first come from Boonville, I been feelin' like something was kind o' *poisonin'* me! Yes, sir; that's just it—like I was gettin' poisoned slow, but every day a little more. All the time, week in and week out, month after month, it kep' gettin' worse and worse, and I couldn't tell what it *was*. Seemed to me sometimes like I must be kind o' crazy! Well, sir, that night I spent in your jail—all at once it come to me: all bright and clear I saw in my mind what this poisoned feelin' was. It was because in all that time I'd been livin' in Vreedersburgh I'd never had *one pretty thing to look at*, and never once been *clean!*"

"What!" cried the astounded and indignant mayor. "What do you mean?"

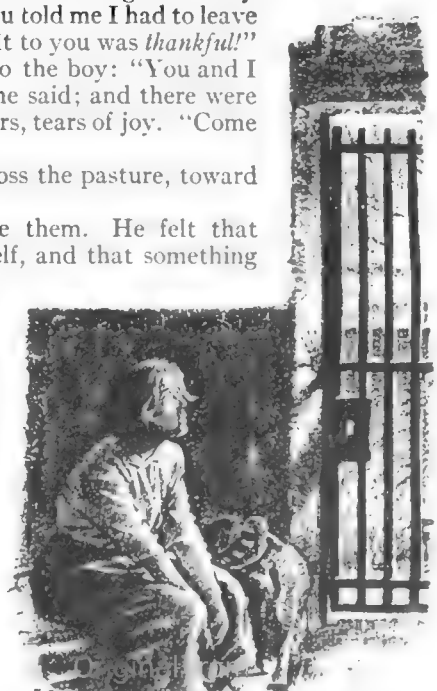
"Why, you know it yourself, Mr. Otis," said Milly, "if you stop to think. Just the *minute* a person's washed in that town he's dirty again! That was what had been poisonin' me—never seein' a *thing* that wasn't ugly and *never* bein' clean! If a person could be clean for a little while maybe they could stand it, and if they could see something pretty maybe they could; but there *ain't* anything pretty in Vreedersburgh, and if there was it'd be dirty, and then it couldn't be pretty. And so when you said for me to get out of Vreedersburgh in six hours and never come back, why, Mr. Otis, in all my misery, when I got outside your court-room I felt a kind o' something *happy* inside o' me, like I wanted to sing! You treated me like *I* wouldn't treat a dog, but if it hadn't been for you I mightn't of had any more sense than to hang around that town because I didn't know what else to do; and I want to tell you, Mr. Otis, I haven't got a bit of hard feelings toward you. Indeed, I haven't! Why, instead o' that, when you told me I had to leave Vreedersburgh forever," cried Milly, "the way I felt to you was *thankful!*"

And then, stretching out her capable hand to the boy: "You and I don't ever have to go back to Vreedersburgh!" she said; and there were tears in her eyes at last, but they were dancing tears, tears of joy. "Come on, Benny Pritchard!" she cried.

He seized her hand, and they ran lightly across the pasture, toward the road.

Harley Otis repressed an impulse to pursue them. He felt that insult had been offered to his town and to himself, and that something ought to be done about it; but he could not think just what to do. Finally, as he rested an arm on the neck of his mare, debating the matter rather sorely, he considered the source of the insult—a cannery girl just out of police court, and abetted by a runaway guttersnipe—and he cheered up.

By the time he had mounted and ridden slowly to the pasture gate, the two renegades



"GIRLS LIKE MABEL BEIN' OUT IN THE WORKHOUSE, WITH HER T. B.—VREEDERSBURGH!"

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had reached the road by a short cut, and were trudging manfully eastward, their backs toward Harley and his town. He looked after them thoughtfully as they went steadily onward; the girl's figure stalwart and competent; the boy's confidently dependent.

They looked back never once, but, just before they passed round a bend in the road Harley saw that the boy had taken his fiddle out of the green cloth, and had begun to play, and that the girl was waving her arms peculiarly. Both Milly and Ben were also doing something peculiar with their feet.

They were dancing!

The sky was blue over them, and they passed round the bend in the road, dancing to the boy's fiddle. Sunshine was upon them: they danced every step the more gaily. Dancing, they passed out of sight.

. . . Harley stared a moment longer; then he spoke to his mare and turned her head toward where a great dinginess overspread the lower heavens. The mare broke into a canter, and within five minutes her master had drawn rein upon a little eminence, pride and happiness tingling upon his very skin. Gone utterly from his mind were the renegades; forgotten was everything but what lay before him. For there, a swarming, steaming, vast black blotch of buildings—great buildings and squalid buildings, jagged and craggy, or squat and sprawling, but all dim, fuming in the smoke—there before him in the middle distance, there lay Vreedersburgh, his city!

He had forgotten Milly Cross, and was not reminded of her even when his eye dwelt on the vague oblong profiles of the great Baker canneries, at the north end of the town; but they did remind him of something: that the dividends on his stock in the canneries had paid him twelve per cent. in the past year. And, as he remembered that, his joy and pride increased. From one end of the great town to the other his eye dwelt upon chimneys that meant dividends. There, as in a coal-mine, men lived and created dividends all their lives: Vreedersburgh was the very home and sanctuary of money-making. It was beautiful!

And then—oh, then! all alone on the little hillcrest as he was, save for his startled mare, Harley Otis lifted his voice and shouted aloud. In that moment of rapture he had found his inspiration. Like a flash from the heavens he saw the words in letters of fire before him; and the glory of it would ever be his—he had found the second name for Vreedersburgh!

He had found it!

ALOUD, he repeated to himself, marveling, and yet with humility, those words which all Vreedersburgh was to receive with unanimous enthusiasm before that night should fall; those words destined to ring from one end of the country to the other; destined to be printed or engraved on all the official writing-paper of the city from that day onward; destined to be the perpetual newspaper rubric of Vreedersburgh; destined to be solemnly coupled with Vreedersburgh in the mouth of every orator who ever spoke the name thenceforth for evermore; and, finally, destined to be carved—to be carved sincerely, in the highest good faith, with loftiest enthusiasm, and with no faintest farthest shadow of mockery—to be carved imperishably, in majestic letters of stone, over the great doorways of Vreedersburgh's new million-dollar City Hall:

VREEDERSBURGH—THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

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THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

By FRANKLIN K. LANE, Secretary of the Interior

This is a speech delivered by Mr. Lane at the Commencement Exercises at Brown University this year. We publish it here because we believe it breathes the true spirit of America.

ILLUSTRATION BY H. V. B. KLINE

I DO not know what better I can say to you this afternoon than to speak a simple word of cheer about that very mystical thing which we call the American spirit. It seems to have been lost or to be on the verge of being lost. I wouldn't have known this if I had not been reading some rather gloomy and anemic New England papers. My friends, if the American spirit gives any evidence of being in a state of decline or decadence in New England, I beg that you will come with me to my Western country—"out where the West begins."

Spirit! What is the American spirit? Is it love of adventure? Two years ago Congress authorized the construction of a railroad in Alaska—five hundred miles straight away from the sea to the Circle. We needed a thousand men, and within sixty days thirty-three thousand had made petition

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that they might take the hazards of that new country—not idlers, the flotsam of the sea of civilization, but men of steady habit, employed already but ready for a new adventure. There's something American about that.

There is no sense in saying that the spirit has gone out of a people when we as a landed proprietor are selling twelve million acres of desert every year to people who earn it by living on it and turning it into farms. A few weeks ago we opened a tract of land in northern Montana, where the thermometer falls to forty below zero sometimes. There were twelve hundred farms to be sold, and there were twenty-seven thousand applicants. Out of the first hundred and fifty names drawn from the box not one failed to accept his opportunity. We challenged him to go into the wilderness and make a home, and he took the challenge. There's something American about that.

I have seen it said that the American had forgotten noble things and become a pampered drawing-room darling—like some poodle, fat and ease-loving. Do you know that the average wage in the United States is less than six hundred dollars a year, and that only three hundred thousand out of one hundred million pay income tax?

Yes, I hear it said, but will these men fight? There is the test. Do they love anything but the pay-envelope? I ask you back: When did these men ever fail to fight? There stands at my door in Washington a man who went into the Civil War from Ohio—he and his father and his two brothers and his two brothers-in-law—and after four years he alone came out alive. I asked him one day, "What did you go to war for?" "To save the Union," he answered. Two million of those boys, averaging but nineteen years of age, went into that war to save the Union. And if you had asked them what the Union was, few could have given a better answer than that it was the thing they were fighting for—an idea not to be expressed in words, symbolized by a few stripes and stars.

Has there ever been a time when we did not stand the test? The time when the American spirit came nearest to failing was a hundred and fifty years ago, when New York would not join in signing the Declaration of Independence and Rhode Island refused for so long to ratify the Constitution. And when I read New York or Rhode Island papers criticizing some of our Western states for lacking in spirit because they are not yet convinced that we need military training for our boys, I just turn back to the old school history and ask a few disagreeable questions about the past. . . . .

THE spirit of America is against war not because we have grown cowardly and fear death, nor because we have grown flabby and love softness; no, not even because we have become conscious converts to the Prince of Peace. But we in America have something larger to do. We are discovering our country. Every tree is a challenge to us, and every pool of water and every foot of soil. The mountains are our enemies. We must pierce them and make them serve. The wilful rivers we must curb; and out of the seas and the air renew the life of the earth itself. We are at work. That is the greatest of all adventures.

A spirit is intangible. It defies definition or limitation. It can only be made comprehensible by acts. So let me illustrate my idea of the spirit of America by naming two men—both Californians—Theodore Judah and Herbert Hoover.

All have heard of Huntington, Stanford, Hopkins, and Crocker, the builders of the Central Pacific Railroad. The real builder of that road was

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a young Connecticut engineer named Judah. He had the vision, he made the surveys. He found the way across the mountains. Then he found Stanford the grocer, and Huntington the hardware man, and told his dream and showed his plans. They caught fire. Judah convinced them that Congress could be made to supply the money. He came to Washington, became the clerk of the Senate Committee on Pacific Railroads, then the clerk of the House Committee, and wrote both reports; the bill was passed, and, going home in triumph, he died upon the Isthmus of Panama. The spirit of young Judah has been the making of America.

The next man I name to you is Herbert Hoover, mining engineer—Hoover of California, Hoover of Siberia, Hoover of Russia, Hoover of England, Hoover of Belgium, Hoover of the world, the head of the Belgian Relief Committee. That young man comes to this country unnoticed and leaves unnoticed. But his administrative mind has made possible the feeding of a nation. He has organized the financial system for Belgium. Through him the heart of the world has spoken to those suffering people. Through him England gives five million dollars a month and France four-and-a-half million dollars a month for the support of this unfortunate people, and the United States has given but seven millions in all. But we made it possible for any of it to reach those people.

This young man is only a mining engineer from Stanford University who has drifted all round the world, and when the war broke out was living in England managing a great industrial and mining property in the Ural Mountains. A hundred thousand men were at work for him, and all the genius that he had was at once put to work to succor the unfortunate Belgians.

I NEVER will forget the simple way in which he told me of his adventure in going to France and asking for help. He went to the Premier and said: "I have got to have some money for the relief of the Belgians;" and the Premier said: "But we have a war ourselves, we have destitute people of our own. How much do you think you should have from us?" "And I said, 'Well, I think we should have twenty-two million francs a month from you until the war is over.' And the Premier said, 'Oh, my, we have not the money; but I will see the banks; I will see what can be done?' And I went back to London with my heart sick. But the next day there came a letter saying, 'Dear Mr. Hoover, please find check for twenty-two million francs. I beg you will acknowledge it,' signed by the Premier of France." And each month the same check has come and no question has ever been asked as to how it was spent.

He said to me with a glow: "Do not believe that the American flag is not respected abroad. If any one ever tells you that, tell him to go to Brussels and stand in front of the United States Legation and see the Belgian as he passes take off his hat to the Stars and Stripes; no English flag, no French flag, no Russian flag, no Spanish flag, no Japanese flag, no Chinese flag, but the Stars and Stripes, which never have been hauled down in Belgium; and from sunrise in the morning until sunset at night the Belgian peasants and Belgian artisans pass that house, and each as he passes takes his hat off to that flag."

Judah, the incarnation of the spirit of American ambition to make hard places easy. Hoover, the incarnation of the spirit of American desire to help the world. Let us stand beside the Belgian peasant before that flag in Brussels and take heart.

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ALICIA and LITTLE MOSES

by George Weston

I HAD noticed that evening that Alicia kept staring up at the ceiling, and I had also noticed that every time she did so, Fido (our dog) and Peter (our glossy black cat) gravely studied the ceiling too, as if they were three astrologers consulting the stars for signs and portents. Fido in particular gave me the impression of an ancient necromancer, and when Dotty (our Hartz-Mountain canary) began following the general glance, I couldn't help thinking that if Peter were the black cat of wizardry, Dotty was the owl; yellow-feathered, it is true, but Minerva-like and solemn beyond description.

Wherefore I, too, began studying the ceiling, furtively, and trying not to let Alicia catch me at it; but aside from a crack over the fireplace, the ceiling seemed to be much the same as ever. I was still closely examining it, however (from behind the shelter of the paper), when Alicia's voice recalled me.

"Oh, dear!" she suddenly exclaimed. And again, "Oh, dear!"

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"It's our Peter," sighed Alicia.

"What's Peter doing?" I asked.

"He wants to play solitaire too," said Alicia. "Look at him, Edward! Do!"

Thus requested, I peeped over the top of the paper, leaving the mystery of the ceiling unsolved. Alicia was sitting at the table trying to play solitaire, but every time she placed a card upon the cloth, Peter (who was sitting in her lap) reached over and began to play with it.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" whispered Alicia.

"Never!" I whispered back.

Whereupon Alicia (absorbed in shuffling the cards afresh) looked up at the far corner of the ceiling, and I (again behind the shelter of the evening paper) followed her glance until my neck began to creak quite audibly. Again Alicia's voice recalled me.

"Edward!" she whispered in some excitement, "look at P-e-t-r!"

It had long been Alicia's custom, when she did not wish the pets to know that she was referring to them, to spell their names; but on this occasion it almost seemed to me as if Peter looked up at her in a reproving manner, as if he were saying: "In your excitement, madam, haven't you left out one of the *e*'s?"

But the next moment our glossy black cat was concentrating all his energies on the pack of cards. Alicia had placed the pack near the edge of the table, and Peter (with the preternaturally solemn countenance of a fortune-teller) was cutting them, gradually and stealthily pulling half the cards toward him.

A second later, Peter's half of the cards fell to the floor, and Alicia

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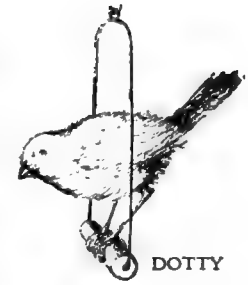
excitedly called my attention to the fact that the only two cards which had fallen face upward were the three of hearts and the three of diamonds.


DOTTY

"There!" she cried. "'What falls on the floor comes to the door.' The three of hearts is a kiss, and the three of diamonds is an engagement, and now I just *know* they're engaged!"

"Who are engaged?" I asked in utter astonishment.

"Fanny Bellamy and Joe Stephens!" cried Alicia in triumph. "And you'll soon hear of it, too!"

"No!" I scoffed, for the engagement in question had been expected every day for the past five years. "Not they!"

"Yes, they are, too!" cried Alicia with spirit. "Didn't Peter just tell their fortunes, and didn't they fall to the floor? And what's more," cried Alicia, with an access of spirit which can only be described as downright enthusiasm, "and what's more—I engaged them!"

It was with increasing difficulty then that I kept my mouth from staying open. "You?" I asked at last. "You engaged them?"

"Well, of course," said Alicia, somewhat more thoughtfully, "Little Moses helped me."

"Little Moses?" I stammered, all agape.

"Yes," said Alicia, studying the ceiling again. "I'm sure I don't know what I'd have done without him."

Slowly rising then, her eyes still on the ceiling, Alicia picked up the lamp and walked into the sitting-room, studying the ceilings most carefully as she went, and followed by Fido and Peter, who walked with the solemn tread of two soothsayers. Peter's whiskers (especially) made him look so much like Merlin the Magician that I was fain to follow them and to watch Alicia as she slowly walked through the rooms with her glance on high. And the farther I followed this strange procession, the more mystified I became, until at last, when Alicia stepped up on a hassock and held the lamp higher than ever so that she might stare at the ceiling to even better advantage than before, I could restrain myself no longer.

"Alicia!" I protested. "What on earth are you looking for?"

"I am looking," said Alicia, "for Little Moses!"

"For Little Moses?" I gasped.

"Yes," said Alicia, still looking up, "Little Moses the Match-Maker!"

"Little Moses the Match-Maker?" I gasped again, sinking into a chair, utterly exhausted by the mystery.

WITH THE SOLEMN COUNTENANCE OF A FORTUNE-TELLER, PETER WAS CUTTING THE CARDS.

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"I AM LOOKING," SAID ALICIA. "FOR LITTLE MOSES THE MATCH-MAKER."

"Yes," said Alicia. "Little Moses who helped me get Fanny and Joe engaged!"

And being unable to hold out any longer, I surrendered unconditionally. "Alicia!" I pleaded, as ever, "tell me all!"

"Well," she said, leading the way back to her chair in the dining-room—"well," she said, as Fido and Peter took up their respective stations on each side of her, while Dotty swung attentively in his cage, "you know Fanny and Joe have *almost* been engaged for years; but they have never been *quite* engaged. And that's how many a girl loses a good husband. He has liked her, of course, but he has never liked her quite well enough to ask her to marry him. There has always been a certain touch missing that was necessary to—to——"

"To push him over the edge," I murmured.

"And poor Fanny," continued Alicia, unheedful of my offering, "has tried everything. And last week, when Joe bought a motor-car, Fanny got one of the prettiest pongee coats you ever saw. She came in to show it to me this morning, and while she was talking it came over me like a flash just what's been the matter with Fanny. Edward, it's her hats!"

"Her hats?" I muttered, looking alternately at Fido and Peter and wondering what all this had to do with Little Moses. "Her hats, Alicia?"

"Her hats!" repeated Alicia, nodding her head as only Alicia can. "She trims them herself, Edward, and she hasn't the knack! They are too stiff and make her look old, and they aren't—well, they aren't lovable hats! Now to-day she had a little stiff black straw with that beautiful soft pongee coat. And I looked at her and looked at her, and all at once I remembered. I had seen the dearest little bonnet in the milliner's window up-town

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—pink and cream, and little loves of pink rosebuds all around it——"

Alicia, who had been rapidly sketching the bonnet in the air, looked at me to see if I understood, and, seeing that I understood her quite, she beamed all over her rosy little face. But the next moment the shadow of a tragedy fell upon her features as she continued:

"But, Edward! That bonnet was five dollars! And of course I couldn't tell Fanny that her hats were unbecoming, and I didn't have five dollars to go and buy it. And after she had gone I was sitting thinking that poor Fanny would never be married after all, when all at once—what do you think, Edward?"

I gave it up at once, whereat (it seemed to me) Fido and Peter almost looked peevish. But their peevishness rapidly turned into gratification when Alicia cried: "You can't guess, Edward?"

"Not in a thousand guesses!" I firmly replied.

"No; I don't believe you could," Alicia comfortably assured me, and, holding me fast with her eyes, she triumphantly exclaimed: "Little Moses came down!"

It was some time after that before my startled mouth would permit me to speak. "Little—Little—Little Moses came down?" I finally stuttered.

"Yes!" cried Alicia. "Little Moe the Money-Spinner! One of those little round spiders that hang by a single thread! And, of course, everybody knows that if you put a money-spinner in your pocket it will bring you a lot of money, and of course I put Little Moses in my apron pocket. Just then Mrs. Scott rang the bell. So I put the apron in the hall closet, and when Mrs. Scott had gone I went for it again—and—oh, Edward!—what do you think?"

AGAIN I gave it up at once, and again I fancied that a trace of disappointment passed over the faces of Fido and Peter, who still sat one on each side of Alicia looking for all the world like a pair of oracles—especially Peter, the fortune-telling cat, who had drawn the engagement and the kiss.

"You give it up?" asked Alicia. "Well, then, I'll tell you!" And in a mournful voice she told me: "Little Moses was gone! I looked in the pocket and I turned the apron over and over, but poor Little Moses was gone!"

"Poor Little Moses!" I couldn't help but cry.

"So I got the lamp!" cried Alicia, with an energetic motion. "I got the lamp and hunted for him all over the closet; but there was no Little Moses! But in the far corner of the closet I found that iron bank that we saved our money in last Christmas—and I thought to myself, 'What if Little Moe the Money-Spinner is in here spinning money!'"

It was a pleasing picture, especially when seen through Alicia's bright eyes, and I felt my enthusiasm rising grandly every moment.

"And so you opened the bank!" I cried.

"Yes!" Alicia cried back again. "I broke it open because, you know, we never had a key to it, but always had to take the money out with a knife and a pair of scissors. So I broke it open, Edward, and there—stuck in a corner up under the lid——"

"Was Little Moses!" I joyfully cried.

"No, Edward; no!" exclaimed Alicia, shaking her head with every appearance of satisfaction.

"Not Little Moses?" I complained.

PETER

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"No, Edward; not Little Moses—but a five-dollar bill! Crumpled up like anything! And with scissor holes all through it! Oh, Edward! And I just *ran* to the milliner's and bought that rosebud bonnet for Fanny, and you never saw anything like the difference when she put it on! Why, I just had to kiss her myself! I wish you could have seen her, Edward!"

But as for me, not having been educated by Alicia for nothing, I preserved a deep and diplomatic silence.

"AND half an hour later," cried Alicia, "I saw her going out in Joe Stephens's new car, and Joe simply couldn't keep his eyes off her; and you can say all you like about superstition, Edward—and, of course, I don't believe in it any more than you do—but when Little Moses finds a five-dollar bill for me, and when Peter tells fortunes and draws out the engagement and the kiss, and when—Listen!" she cried, suddenly breaking off.

The telephone-bell was madly ringing, and almost as madly Alicia ran to answer it, returning a minute later with her eyes dancing the happiest waltz that any composer could ever imagine.

"It was Fanny!" she cried. "And, oh, Edward, they're engaged! Joe proposed out in the car this afternoon, and—"

Again Alicia suddenly broke off. "Edward!" she whispered in a tone that was almost awe, "look!"

Whereupon, following Alicia's excited glance, we all looked up at the ceiling.

Suspended by an invisible thread, a black atom was laboriously spinning its way downward.

"It's Little Moses!" breathed Alicia in a transport. "It's Little Moses himself!"

Springing lightly to her feet, she ran to the sideboard and brought out the savings-bank book with which we are fortifying ourselves against the rainy day.

This bank-book is in a cardboard envelope, and, bending the envelope open, Alicia held it just under Little Moe the Money-Spinner; and after that busy little toiler had disappeared into the envelope, Alicia carefully closed the flap, having first put in a few crumbs of cake and a large fly which she was fortunate enough to catch in the kitchen window.

"There!" she said, putting the bank-book back in its place, and drawing a sigh of deep delight. "And now he can spin away for all he's worth!"

And, returning to her place at the table, she thoughtfully added: "Now if anybody told Fanny and Joe that they would never have been engaged if it hadn't been for Little Moses, they would never believe it—never! But, all the same, my dear——!"

Whereupon, again looking at Alicia sitting there like a happy little sibyl, and looking at Fido, who sat by her side like an augur of old, and looking also at the Delphic Peter and the Owl-like Dotty, who was swaying on his swinging perch with all the mysterious wisdom of the ages centered around his little beak, I could only blink my eyes for a full two minutes, repeating at last Alicia's sibylline phrase:

"But all the same, my dear——!"

LITTLE MOE THE MONEY-SPINNER DISAPPEARED IN OUR BANK-BOOK ENVELOPE.

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Cartoon by *Morgan Shinemetz*

IS IT FAIR?

IF WE had no regular army; no National Guard; no Leonard Wood; no O'Ryan; nothing——

Then if war came—what would be expected of you and of me?

National honor would be just as much at stake; pride of citizenship would be just as keen; the misery and heartbreak that come with war would be just as definite and even more close to us. We should be answering the call. The able-bodied stay-at-home, then, would be a "slacker." Without organization, without training, without arms and expert leadership, the price that we should have to pay for national security in life, in time, and money, in disorganization and panic, would be frightful, even though our enemy should be far down the list of the armed peoples of the world.

But we have a regular army and a National Guard and a Wood and an O'Ryan. And when national honor and pride of citizenship are at stake, and we face even remotely the misery and heartbreak that come with war,

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we can say to ourselves, "That is our army. That is our National Guard. That is our Wood. That is our O'Ryan. These men whose services we pay for in time of peace shall be our fighting men in time of trouble."

We send our army to Mexico. We watch the Guard march away, and we stay at home. And we are not "slackers."

Watch them march away—yes. And as we watch them—these boys, unhardened, white-skinned, high-spirited and eager, we, every last one of us, feel it—that uncomfortable tightening at the throat, that sudden misgiving that comes with the cheer. Why is it? Partly because we recognize and appreciate the self-sacrifice, the high patriotism, the service that these boys are glad to give for the rest of us; partly because we know, at last, that *we are sending them away without an even chance.*

AND FOR THAT THE FAULT IS OURS.

As this is written, it is not yet apparent whether our argument with Mexico is to be settled with bullets. We do not know what burdens will be laid upon our army and our National Guard.

THE bulletin, "The President Has Called Out the Militia," sent a thrill through the country. We are a patriotic people. During the days that followed, the press of the country reflected with remarkable accuracy the state of mind of the people. There was the first surge of patriotism, with inspiring descriptions of the scenes around the armories. There was a general disinclination to look at the unpleasant facts of the mobilization. Gradually the country was forced squarely to face the fact that the rank and file of the National Guard, eager to render service, were *pitifully ill-equipped, untrained, underofficered, undermanned.*

At Camp Whitman, in New York, there was not enough water. Transportation was unorganized everywhere. Nowhere had ample provision for clothing, arms, ammunition, field supplies been made. The War Department was unable to meet demands for ordinary equipment. Whole units of field-artillery, cavalry, and hospital-trains were lacking. Cavalry troops, batteries of field-artillery became organizations of "dough-boys," and made their way to the mobilization camps on foot because there were no horses. Days passed and regiments were still waiting for shoes, hats, and uniforms.

The headquarters of the Department of the East worked feverishly night and day, and at the end of eight days a high army officer, in desperation, pointed out to the people of the United States that whereas at the beginning of the European war Germany mobilized four million men in six days, and France three million men in eleven days, it had taken eight days to put twenty-eight thousand militiamen in the various states within the military district of the Department of the East into their camps.

WE KNEW AT LAST THAT WE WERE SENDING THEM AWAY WITHOUT AN EVEN CHANCE.

It was not until the picture of our soldiers in actual battle came to be a vivid one that we approached an understanding of the true significance of the meaning of our shortage in machine and field guns. It meant

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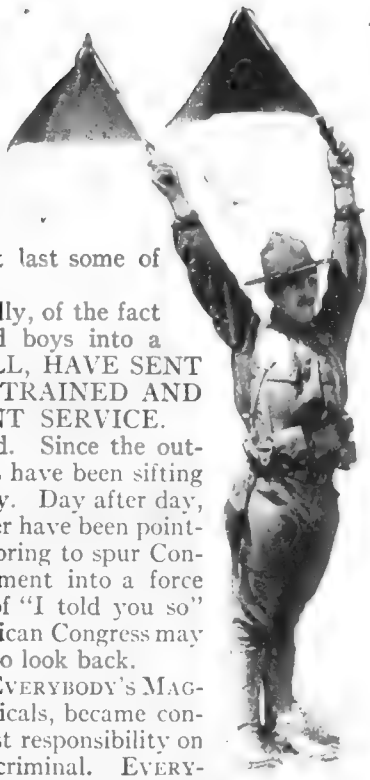
something to us at last when we were told by a reputable army officer that whereas the European armies now have approximately one machine gun to every twenty men, all our available troops, if assembled at the border, would have but one such gun to every three hundred men; that, at a conservative estimate, in the hands of the Mexican forces there are four times as many machine guns as there are in the entire United States.

Remembering Columbus and Carrizal, we knew at last some of the meaning of the word "shortage."

So we watched them march away—conscious, finally, of the fact that we were sending a handful of brave, unskilled boys into a situation of peril, when WE COULD, JUST AS WELL, HAVE SENT PERFECTLY EQUIPPED AND THOROUGHLY TRAINED AND HARDENED SOLDIERS, READY FOR INSTANT SERVICE.

And we can not even say that we were not warned. Since the outbreak of the war in Europe a great many Americans have been sifting out the lessons and applying them to their own country. Day after day, newspapers and periodicals from one coast to the other have been pointing out the weaknesses of our military system, endeavoring to spur Congress to sane action and trying to stir public sentiment into a force that Congress could not withstand. Not in a spirit of "I told you so" (this is no time for that), but in the hope that the American Congress may at last be made to see, EVERYBODY'S asks its readers to look back.

Very soon after the outbreak of the European war EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, as well as many other publications and periodicals, became convinced that the American habit of laying the heaviest responsibility on untrained and ill-equipped troops was little short of criminal. EVERYBODY'S had faith in the fairness and justice of the American people. Strong in that faith, this magazine set itself to do its part in bringing home to the individual citizen the facts of our position among the nations of the world and our ability to maintain that position. But as many feared, and some predicted, a crisis came too soon.



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AND so we had to watch those boys march away, and we had to feel—that pang. As we write this we do not know what is ahead of them. It is our fervent hope that the Providence that showed to our fathers the way through many dark and terrible days will find some way for this nation to-day other than the pitiful sacrifice of these ill-trained and unprepared boys. If they must fight, we who so far have stayed at home can not evade the fact that they are fighting for us; that but for us and the Congress that represents us, they, and hundreds of thousands like them, would to-day be trained, equipped, prepared.

IT ISN'T FAIR!

We pray God that the sacrifice may not be made this time. But if it is avoided now, we know that some day, unless we heed the lesson of the past weeks, we shall have to pay the price of criminal negligence and indifference. Whatever the future holds, EVERYBODY'S pledges itself anew to an effort to establish a system of national defense that is at once just, adequate, democratic—*compulsory training*.

Once more EVERYBODY'S asks its readers to go with it.

HOWARD WHEELER,
Managing Editor

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The AUTOMOBILE "EDITOR"

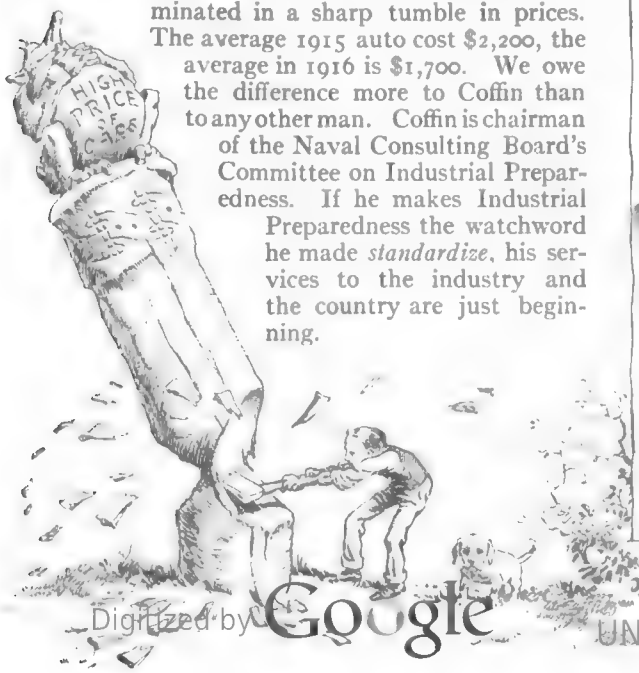
We chose this title because the more we examined the activities of automobile designers, the more we were reminded of our editorial selves. These designers have to work over suggestions—have to pick and choose from other people's ideas as well as develop their own. What they finally turn out embodies their best judgment of what is sound, artistic, and nearest to what the public wants. Here are intimate snapshots of a few of the many men whose mechanical genius directs motor-car building in America.—*The Editor*.

HOWARD E. COFFIN

YOU will have to chase Howard E. Coffin back to his freshman year in the University of Michigan to get at his beginnings as a motor-car designer. He built a car during his first year at college—a car that ran, too. In 1902, when he was nineteen, he left school at the summons of Olds, one of the great pioneers of the motor-car industry. In those days he met Roy D. Chapin, who was also with Olds, and when the two men came together—bang!—went an idea. "Let's take a $6,000 car," they said, "cut out the luxuries, simplify the accessories, and put it out for $3,000." Coffin worked out the car; Chapin chased a Buffalo millionaire—E. R. Thomas—from Buffalo to California, and got the money. The result was that the Thomas-Detroit car came out at $2,750. Other prices fell to meet theirs, so Coffin reached out and pulled into the trade Hugh Chalmers, then chief selling agent of the National Cash Register. The arrangement called for a new car, the Chalmers-Detroit. Coffin built it, and sales boomed. Next in order was the Hudson Company, to which, by 1910, Coffin was devoting all his energies as vice-president and consulting engineer. In that year he was elected President of the Society of Automobile Engineers. It was under his administration that the famous Committee on Standardization was formed, and Coffin served on it *ex officio*. To-day, the standardization of the vital parts then started, has culminated in a sharp tumble in prices. The average 1915 auto cost $2,200, the average in 1916 is $1,700. We owe the difference more to Coffin than to any other man. Coffin is chairman of the Naval Consulting Board's Committee on Industrial Preparedness. If he makes Industrial Preparedness the watchword he made *standardize*, his services to the industry and the country are just beginning.

HOWARD E. COFFIN

SKETCHES BY H. B. DRUCKLIEB.



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JOHN WILKINSON

ROUGHLY speaking, John Wilkinson figured that if you can do it to your soup, you can do it to a gasoline-motor. So, in 1899, as a Syracuse engineer, he designed and built a small automobile in which he worked out some odd ideas.

Principal among these was an air-cooled motor. He invited H. H. Franklin, a local manufacturer in the die-casting line, to ride down-town with him. Franklin liked the waterless car, and he liked Wilkinson. Franklin was a reserved, very retiring man, not subject to fits of enthusiasm. He found in Wilkinson a mechanical genius, undemonstrative, cold as a clam when he talked science. The upshot of the connection was that Wilkinson went on to Franklin's die-casting payroll with general orders to build motor-cars. Wilkinson very painfully and thoroughly worked out his air-cooled motor, so that by 1902 he put out thirteen cars.

It then appeared that these two quiet men had evolved a startling and revolutionary idea. In the lightness of construction resulting from doing away with the heavy water-cooling apparatus, the Franklin car was unique. Wilkinson had originated a device which no other designer, after almost a score of years, had been able to hit upon. He had built a lightweight car ten years before any one else became concerned about weight.

Wilkinson is a Syracuse man; born there in 1868; graduated from Cornell; worked nine years with various manufacturers—from pump to bicycle—mostly in Syracuse. He began automobile work in 1898. That same year he designed the first four-cylinder car in America—another proof of his far-sighted mechanical genius. He is not a public man, not a talker; he is very modest, very simple in his tastes—interested in hunting and fishing, and outdoors generally, when he isn't at work. This man Wilkinson is, above all, a man of indomitable mechanical thinking power—that is his "number."

WILKINSON WORKED ON THE SIMPLE BUT REVOLUTIONARY NOTION THAT A MERE BREEZE CAN BE USED SUCCESSFULLY TO COOL A GASOLINE MOTOR.

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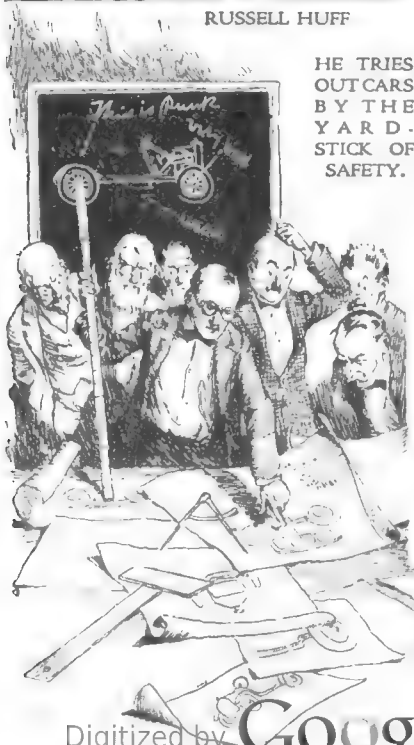
RUSSELL HUFF

RUSSELL HUFF



HE TRIES OUT CARS BY THE YARD-STICK OF SAFETY.

THE Society of Automobile Engineers does not usually elect as its president a man under forty, but it made a conspicuous exception in Russell Huff, the brilliant young designer of the Dodge Brothers concern, who is the chief executive this year. And Russell Huff at thirty-eight, executive leader of the most ambitious and energetic organization of engineers in America as he is, handles his job like a veteran.

He is a man of few words and direct methods; his president's speech of this summer dispensed with all the boosting generalities which have been considered necessary in the past to keep the El Dorado side of the automobile business before the public. Huff has a strong Quaker strain in him; also a progressive realization of public service. In his speech he put through the acid test the power-transmitting parts of twenty odd cars, part by part, with chart and blue-print. The safety factor was his yardstick, not comfort or cheap production, and many an automobile maker felt the unerring fingers of his logic among shaky parts and marketable makeshifts that had seemed plenty good enough before.

The point is that Huff is the new kind of designer who considers the automobile business a public service corporation on a large scale. He grew up with the sane, conservative Packard car, going into the Dodge factories only a couple of years ago, so he has seen good and sound parts of the industry.

His preparedness attitude should not be missed:

An Ohio country boy, of pacifist ancestry, he has been strongly influenced by the Mid-Western school of thought expressed by Henry Ford. As the need grew for mobilizing the automobile, however, Huff became one of the leaders in the industrial preparedness movement which eventually produced the Naval Consulting Board, and he is now a sound preparedness man in the really constructive sense of the word.

Of kindly temperament and congenial family life, he is one of the quiet citizens of Detroit who have helped that city to keep just a little ahead of the rest of us as an arena of automobile initiative.

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ANDREW L. RIKER

BACK in the late nineties, when the automobile as a joke was making the living of thousands of deserving stage comedians, W. E. Busby, a charter member of the Automobile Club of America, got a young mechanical engineer to build a real, life-sized automobile. He thought he could do it for about $1,000, but the young engineer was a painstaking mechanic who wanted a car that would run, and keep on running. So the cost went up and up until finally it reached $3,800. But there was the car. It was a historic vehicle, and Andrew L. Riker, its builder, had the honor of driving the first automobile through Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

An automobile veteran, you see. But a veteran still well under fifty! Born in New York, from Columbia College Mr. Riker plunged straight into electric motors. Away back in 1895, driving his own electric car, he won the first heat ever won in a motor race.

In 1902 he turned from electricity to gasoline: the Locomobile Company had abandoned steam vehicles and wanted Riker to build them high-class gasoline cars. As proof that he did it: in 1908 a Locomobile of his designing won the Vanderbilt Cup—the first international victory for an American car.

Like all good editors of the automobile, Riker is always shaking the branches of the trade to bring down something new. For instance: a young pump manufacturer named Kellogg was lobbying around a convention of surgeons in Connecticut, trying to sell them a surgical pump for spraying heavy oils like lanolin. Riker was then after a tire-pump. He heard of Kellogg, jumped on to a train, and diverted him from the doctors. Out of that opportunity was born the Kellogg Power Actuated Tire Pump, one of the brilliant automobile accessories of its day.

Riker has one big side interest in life: it's yachts—yachts built on his own designs and propelled by his own motors. His middle name is Lawrence—handed down from Captain Lawrence, naval hero in the War of 1812.

RIKER CAUGHT A MAN ON HIS WAY TO A CONVENTION OF SURGEONS WITH A SURGICAL PUMP, AND TURNED IT INTO A TIRE-PUMP.

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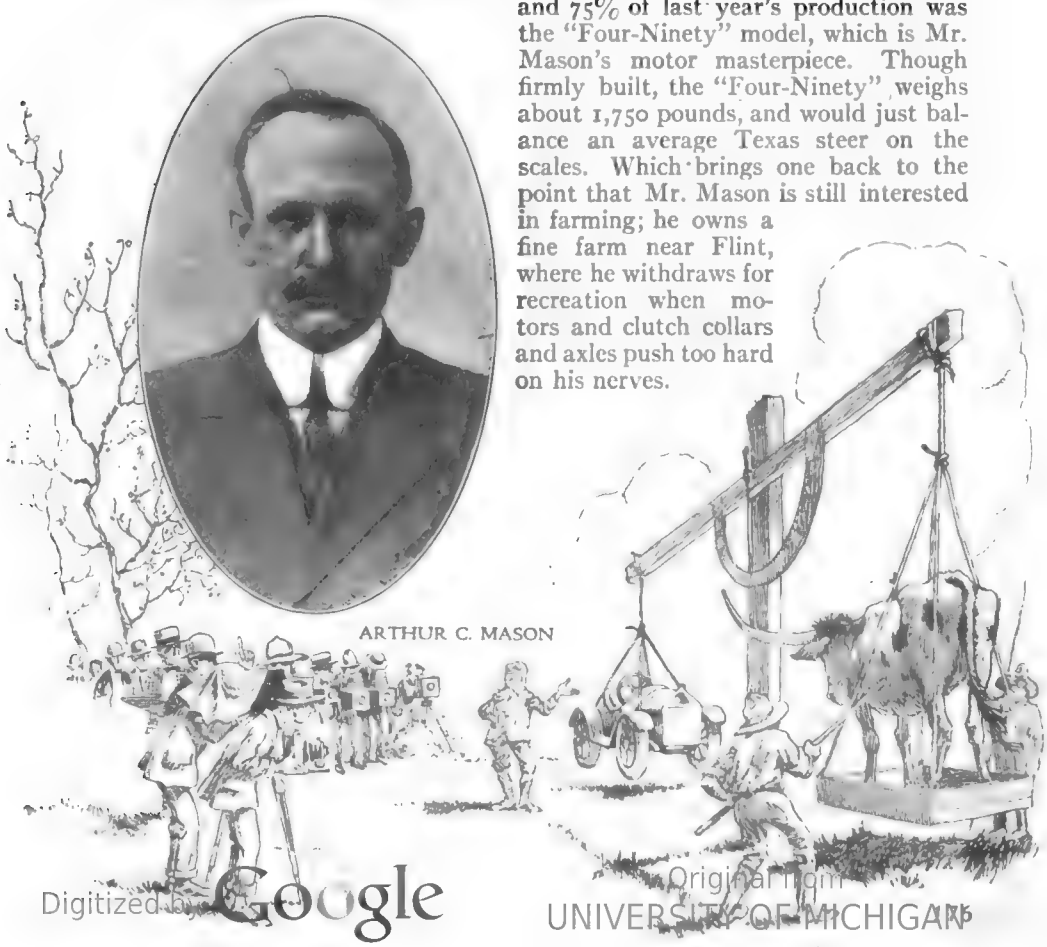
ARTHUR C. MASON

ARTHUR C. MASON is another argument for the farm as a training-school. Born in 1869, at Toronto, of English parents, he spent his first twenty-one years at work on his father's farm. For formal education he exhausted the neighboring night schools. All the rest is "self-made." And what he made himself is as follows: designer and consulting engineer of the Chevrolet Motor Company; president and general manager of the Mason Motor Company of Flint, Michigan, a subsidiary of the Chevrolet.

After the farm work, which gave him an interest in machinery, young Mason worked for four years in a machine-shop—bound out as an apprentice. For the first year he got $2.50 a week—with no chance for a raise; but by the beginning of his fourth year he had soared to the magnificent salary of $5.50 a week. Next—he became foreman of the shop. There were two years of that, and then two years with a bicycle company before Mason became a designer. It was tools he designed first, and he worked at it for several years in Canada and in Detroit.

He went over from tools to automobiles in 1903—with the Buick Company. By 1909 he was assistant general superintendent of the entire Buick plant. In 1911 he organized the Mason Motor Company, to manufacture motors for automobiles. All of the output now goes to Chevrolet cars. And to-day the man who worked for $2.50 a week has several thousand men on his company pay-roll. The company's figures speak eloquently for the designer: in two years there has been an 1800% increase in output; and 75% of last year's production was the "Four-Ninety" model, which is Mr. Mason's motor masterpiece. Though firmly built, the "Four-Ninety" weighs about 1,750 pounds, and would just balance an average Texas steer on the scales. Which brings one back to the point that Mr. Mason is still interested in farming; he owns a fine farm near Flint, where he withdraws for recreation when motors and clutch collars and axles push too hard on his nerves.



ARTHUR C. MASON

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RAY HARROUN

RAY HARROUN is the kind of modern American who makes the word "versatile" work hard for a living. He is a remarkable designer and inventor; he is also a nervy, successful racer, and a long-distance pilot of note; and he has been a good dentist. Filling molars in Chicago was the occupation of his first few restless years after school. But the automobile craze held all his interest out of hours. He qualified as a demonstrator, he raced cars in the Chicago parkway, and he piled up sheaves of blue-prints on his desk at home. Finally he staked all his chances on automobiles; had an idea he could improve them.

He invented a kerosene carbureter, put it on the Henderson car, and drove the car across the continent. This feat made him a real automobile character. All the time designing cars, not racing them, was the goal he had in view. But he raced a bit first because of the opportunity it offered for testing and research. In the first great race held in Indianapolis in 1911 he drove the Marmon Wasp 74½ miles an hour, to first place—which made him champion racer of the world. Through this achievement he went up another peg on his ambition ladder: he became chief engineer of the Maxwell Motor Company. Now he is the designer and "editor" of the famous Maxwell car. His carbureter is on the Maxwell, with many other features of his own invention. Apparently the Maxwell Company finds Harroun's qualities a drawing card: their sales this year are 70,000, as against 32,000 last year. Harroun is specializing on motors. He says he wants one that will burn anything from butter to gasoline. "Let the fuel people fight it out among themselves," he says. "I'll have a car soon that will burn anything they send."

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A JITNEY

BEFORE SHE HAD KICKED OFF HER SLIPPERS. THE SOBS HAD BEGUN AFRESH.

SLEEP is a fine art, attended by purple dreams and accoutered in embroidered crêpe de Chine—in fiction and motion-pictures. There it is a highly witnessable decorative achievement, where the subconscious mind trysts with the subliminal self under a cap of point Venise; where long lashes curl on cheeks delicately flushed with slumber; where heavy braids are trained over snowy pillows, and soft bosoms rise and fall under Mechlin medallions.

But in real life it is different—and vastly. Here, sleep is a utilitarian and strictly private affair. It is a business proposition, wherein, garbed in durable muslin, with mayhap a yard or two of Hamburg edging, we invest, with dropped-jaw seriousness, eight hours in unconsciousness, hoping to collect, after we have paid in haunted restlessness for the dietetic misdeeds of the supper-table, strength and poise to meet the next day's demands . . . and so, as in most business ventures, the pictorial values are apt to suffer.

Maizie Whitfield would have proved that to you. As that fleshly fun-maker of the Broadway Broilers lay asleep in a Florida hotel, she centralized a picture which every fictioneer and movie director in the world would have scorned. Her hair was done up on hairpins, and the flaxen ends, which had so traitorously refused to justify the darker roots, fringed unbecomingly about a face smudgy with cold-cream. Her head, sagging low on the pillow, had pushed her chin into a graceless multiplicity of folds, while her mouth had looped into a tiny gap at one corner, through which her expelled breath whistled stertorously. . . .

No, not an engaging tableau; and yet, with the hand flung across the dingy counterpane, she lifted the latch which admitted the whole into the domain of the esthetic. For the hand was beautiful. Slender and soft it curled—flesh warmly white like nacre, distributed with exquisite economy over bones exquisitely linked. The fingers, slim and small-knuckled, pointed suddenly at the tip, where the skin arched back deeply over well-exposed half-moons. Altogether it was a hand not only lovely, but distinctive—a

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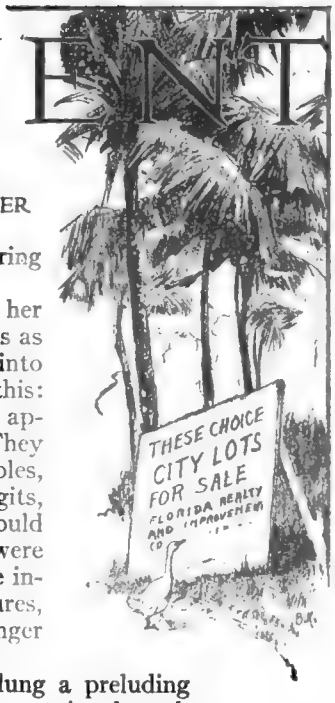
A JITNEY ADJUSTMENT

BY DOROTHY DE JAGERS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY BALFOUR KER



hand which would have tempted most of us into wearing thumb-rings or dramatizing the little gestures of life.

The fact that Maizie did neither, argued not so much her grounded good sense as it did her indifference toward hands as ornaments. Had you awakened her, indeed, and inquired into her attitude, she would have answered something like this: Hands, of course, were useful appendages, invaluable in applause, piano-playing, counting change, and mending. They were important too in that they could accommodate thimbles, wrist-watches, and strings, which, tied about certain digits, served as aids to treacherous memories. All this she would have conceded willingly, with the reservation that they were nuisances just the same. Was there not, for instance, the increasing cost of gauntleting, the necessity of daily manicures, to say nothing of a wearisome vigilance lest the index-finger ignore that social ban against definite directing?

Through the window, the sun, now barely visible, flung a preluding gush of lemon light. Through the window, too, came the occasional creak of unoiled axles or the staccato accent of belated feet. Now and then a rooster brawled stridently and a hen cackled a brief *lay* sermon; and through it all the clock on the dresser ticked loudly, like a disembodied pulse. But undisturbed by any of these noises, Maizie slumbered on.

Suddenly, however, there came the sound of some one sobbing in the next room. It began softly and spasmodically at first—a gritty masculine note of despair moistly mixed with a whimpery feminine inflection of hysteria. Gradually it grew louder, with steady intakes and expulsions of breath, divided by regular pauses like cesuras in a monody.

After this had gone on for some time the sleeper raised inquiring eyelids. Drowsily she listened for a moment; then sat up on the edge of the bed. Pushing fumbling feet into heelless slippers, she stumbled to the separating wall. There had been in the company a few months before this a devotee of some advanced cult, and now one of the woman's recurrent phrases, jigging across Maizie's brain, shaped itself into a testy question.

"Hey, Mister," she called, banging on the partition, "can't you 'go into the silence' till about eight-thirty?"

There was no answer, but the wails stopped, so she groped her way back to bed. Before she had kicked off the slippers, however, they had begun afresh. The chagrined comédienne scowled. Then in a minute she had slipped on petticoat and kimono and was at the next room. The door was partly ajar, so she pushed it open far enough to glimpse a huddled figure seated at a table, head buried in shaking arms. At the creak of intrusion he looked up, disclosing the face of a youth, hardly twenty.

"What's the matter, son?" Maizie asked gently, her sympathies trapped by his juvenility. "Growing pains?"

Blurred brown eyes passed over the polychromatic kimono suspiciously.

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"I beg your pardon!"—summoning a raspy hauteur from raw thoracic depths. "Aren't you in the wrong room?"

The intruder gulped with wrath. "No, I'm not in the wrong room!" she mimicked. "But say, young man, I want to sleep, and if you keep on chugging like a missing cylinder—" She halted as the locked anguish on his face melted into the open misery of a child.

"Do you think," he wailed, "I'm doin' this just to keep you awake?"

The woman conquered a smile. "No, of course not!"—mollified—"I can see you're out of tune with the Infinite, all right. Now, what *is* wrong?"

"I've been stung!" This statement washed out on a fresh tidal wave of tears, and Maizie, appropriating a rocker, waited till it ebbed before she answered: "I see! Woman, wasp, or Fate?"

"A land-shark."

She of the colorful kimono said nothing, and it was not long till the story came out. The boy, it appeared, was an orphan from some Kansas village. Having seen an alluring advertisement of Florida land, he had sent three hundred, the bulk of his savings, for a lot. His idea, it appeared, had been to borrow enough on his purchase to put up a structure for a drug-store, he having culled a pharmaceutical diploma from some neighboring school.

Upon reaching the place the day previous, however, he had found his lot, not in a thickly settled section of the town, as he had supposed, but on the ooziest edge of it, in a marsh-land where the only conceivable value a *materia medica* dispensary might have would be to a possible landlocked minnow. He had been cheated, he dolorously declaimed, cheated!

But all this, however grievous, was but the minor strain of his jeremiad. The major misery concerned itself with a girl who was coming on a noon train to marry him. Ruth, he proudly asserted, had just returned from boarding-school—at the death of an aunt, her only relative—and it was easily discerned that her impending academic scorn of his unacademic business judgment fevered him more than the straits into which this had plunged him.

"SAY, YOUNG MAN, I WANT TO SLEEP. IF YOU KEEP ON CHUGGING LIKE A MISSING CYLINDER "

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When he finished, Maizie leaned back weakly in her chair. It was a sharp sense of irritation which finally crystallized from her muddle of emotions as she rose with a disgusted swish that left the rocker quivering on its beam-ends.

"Do you mean to tell me that an adult, apparently sane, living in the twentieth century, was idiot enough to buy a lot by correspondence and let a girl trail after him before he found out 'how the land lay'?"

The boy sat silent for a moment under the arraignment; then he broke out: "Well, this Clavenger sent bank references. How was I to know it was a fraud? It sounded convincing. Why, he called this the land of perennial sunshine and *dolce far*—" he halted, and Maizie caught a terminating vocable which sounded a good deal like "ninety."

THE BOY WAS AN ORPHAN FROM SOME KANSAS VILLAGE

Ominously she straightened. Ah, here, no doubt, was definite evidence of the realty dealer's villainy! "Would you mind reading that last line over again?" she requested blandly, reseating herself. "I didn't get Dulcie's last name."

For answer the youth pointed to the pamphlet where *dolce far niente* lent an Italianate, italicized dignity to an Anglo-Saxon paragraph. "Ruth says," he explained, his voice vibrant with the ringing conviction that education *does* pay, "that it's a foreign word meaning lovely leisure——"

"I get you!" Maizie interrupted grimly. "A Polack translation of 'nothing to do till to-morrow.' Well, that ought to 'a' warned you right there. You might have known that anybody who had to resort to dago terms to describe a proposition when we've got enough naturalized ones to phrase the Declaration of Independence, the Elsie books, and the letters read at breach-of-promise suits—you ought to have known he wasn't reliable. But tell me," she continued, after a pause, "why did you choose Florida instead of Kansas to go in business? I've never been in your state, of course, but I understand it's a very nice place, featuring Walt Mason, occasional cyclones to liven things up, and wheat harvests largely attended by the Harvard undergraduate body."

The other, ignoring her appraisal, looked out the window wistfully, where the sun swung like a huge orange transplanted from the gleaming groves below. When he turned, his face was flooded with the undercurrent of eddying emotions. "Well, you see—" the color deepened—"I'm not very strong. Nothing actually wrong," he hastened to add, "but my lungs are weak, and the doctor said a year in a warm climate would fix me up all right."

The buxom burlesquer stopped rocking. This admission of infirm health put things on a different basis. Yet the compassion it would have evoked from her under different circumstances was invalidated by her resentment against his selfishness in marrying before the curative properties

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of the climate had been tested. Instead it was the girl who enlisted her sympathies. With misty eyes she thought of that splendid young creature who, by virtue of her higher education, must have recognized the seriousness of the venture she was entering upon, and who was still glad to give her love, girlhood, and perhaps strength in exchange for a plain gold band, opportunities for caring for a possible invalid, and access to the candy-counter and the perfume-case in an ill-stocked drug-store.

The fact that it never occurred to Maizie to try to postpone the marriage proved her understanding of human nature and a dumb acceptance of Life's futilities. No! There was nothing she could do, she knew, to prevent the young woman's acquiring the wedding-band and the chance of ministering to weak lungs. There was, however, one thing she might be able to adjust. The access to the candy-counter and perfume-case—the only compensating privilege of the whole transaction—was about to be wrested from her, and it was here that Maizie determined to turn her efforts.

Briskly she rose and laid a friendly hand on the boy's narrow shoulders. "Look here," she told him, "if this fellow has misrepresented things, he'll certainly have to refund that three hundred. You don't have to worry a bit. All I want you to do is to work in an hour's snooze, and then the first thing in the morning I'll go over and bluff this money out of him."

MAIZIE

The forlorn pharmacist looked up dully, and his eyes published a clouded brown doubt of the lady's bluffing abilities. But, undiscouraged, Maizie sat down on the bed near by, and finally convinced him with the force of her cogent, purposeful optimism.

Once in her own room, she set the alarm for eight and scrambled into a fitful slumber. An hour passed; then another, measured by the widening of the bright spaces on the floor. Nearer and nearer the clock ticked its way to the appointed hour, and at last its imperative tattoo recalled the sleeper to consciousness. She lurched out, drowsy and cross; but a cold bath, supplemented by a few brisk exercises, restored that good nature for which she was famed. Then she started dressing.

Now, Maizie was too well acquainted with that sex which formed a large quota of the audience she nightly entertained not to know the important part visual perceptions play in dealing with it; so she prepared for her morning's mission with painstaking care. Twice the usual length of time was spent in session with powder-puff and comb; and she hung over the selection of her apparel with the anxious concern of a future citizen choosing his vocation from the catalogue of a correspondence scohol.

It was the plainest of white linen frocks and the simplest of chip hats with but a single white quill that she ultimately decided upon; but in the fidelity with which the dress followed her ample but disciplined outlines there was master craftsmanship, and in the angle achieved by the quill there was art.

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High white boots completed the costume, and as she went out she threw a rose-silk sweater across her arm. True, it was too warm for a wrap, and the sleeves of the sweater fitted execrably anyway, but the woman in linen knew that it made a grateful plash of color against the white background and lent some of its warm glow to her paler cheeks.

When she entered the dining-room she found the boy seated alone. She hardly knew him at first. The ministrations of razor, cold water, and fresh linen had rehabilitated him from a damp, dolorous, doze-disturbing driveler into a clean-cut, coolly-clad, calm, cheerful citizen. Maizie took the chair across from him, and after she had ordered, he told her his name, Gilbert Holt, in exchange for which she gave him her card, observing with amusement the flush the engraved statement of her profession recorded. Through the melon and toast he chatted discursively, mentioning the fact that he ran an automobile back in Kansas, and that he had just turned twenty-one. Maizie listened to him absently, and when she had finished her coffee, she arose.

"Well, I'm off to this puddle-pedler," she announced. "Now you stick around and I'll phone you what luck I have."

The man's office, she found from inquiry, was some distance from the hotel, but in deference to adipose tissue she decided to walk. So it was that she followed a street which made devious detours through a congeries of blistered stores and dwellings. It was ten o'clock by this time, but nowhere were there any of those signs of activity which usher in a business day of city life. Horses drowsed in the shafts of ice-wagons; dogs lazed in the sun, while shopkeepers and housewives lolled on squatty stoops in a placid passivity which not even the animals could underbid.

"Gee!" Maizie murmured, "I suppose this is *dolce far niente*," and her lips twitched scornfully as she thought of the frenzied rush of Northern cities with their growl of traffic and the clash and crash of noises ticking out the dominant resolves and big purposes behind them. Then a door cut off her reflections—a door bearing the number she sought. A rickety stair led her up to the man's office, where a card stuck in the frame of the plate-glass alleged his five-minute absence, but invited all callers to enter and await his return.

MAIZIE availed herself of the invitation, and a chair near a window of the shabbily appointed, book-lined office claimed her goodly bulk. She picked up a newspaper idly, and glanced over it. It was an article on jitneys which finally trapped her interest. The editorial, manifestly written by an embittered strap-hanger, extolled the merits of this mode of conveyance and set forth the advantages accruing to both the owner and the passenger thereof. It gave statistical proofs of its success in other cities, and then demanded why a service should not be inaugurated in their own city, instancing the need of such a line to some near-by mineral resort. It inveighed against—but here the door opened and the sheet was discarded.

Early in the morning, Maizie had gone through her portfolio of familiar types and dragged forth the picture of a Land-Shark As He Ought To Be. The portrait depicted a large, swarthy gentleman with a heavy black mustache which swept down over a fat, black cigar toward a maroon cravat where a diamond horseshoe twinkled ominously. Eyes small and unpleasantly close together, leered from under beetling, bushy eyebrows, while puffy hands toyed with an ornate watch-chain that fenced off a large arc of flashily waistcoated rotundity. But when she looked up, the woman

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DRAWING BACK, SHE SURVEYED MAIZIE WITH COOL EYES, THEN, SPINNING ON HER HEEL, SHE WALKED AWAY.

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BEFORE THE RAW INJUSTICE, THE CHINESE CRUELTY OF IT, THE OLDER WOMAN BLANCHED.

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decided she had got hold of the wrong picture—possibly the Whisky-Drummer's—for the man she confronted was irreconcilably different.

He was a person about forty, bland and blond, not handsome, but certainly pleasant-looking, with fine abstracted gray eyes that looked out benignantly through bowed glasses. His white linen suit clothed a slenderness just grazing angularity, while the coat lapels winged back to expose modest haberdashery guiltless of either the diamonded emblem of good luck or the jeweled watch-guard. Even the fat cigar was missing!

"MR. CLAVENGER?" Maizie asked, and after his assent, gave him her name, accepting in acknowledgment a firm hand-clasp and a gracious smile. As she resumed her seat, he took a chair by the desk and spoke a few sentences in deprecation of the heat and regret at having kept the lady waiting. Instantly, by his slurring of the letter *r* and certain delicious prepositional inflections, the lady knew he was a Virginian. As he talked on, she stared at him with troubled eyes. How could a swindler look so trustworthy!—she fumed. Why, hang it, the man was the kind in whose custody we leave our grips in the face of valise-thief warnings!

Then she decided it was the bowed glasses! A person can no more appear villainous in ear-attached spectacles than he can stalk through the big situations of life in carpet-slippers. Hostility may leer from a lorgnette, arrogance from a monocle, and even cunning through a pince-nez; but once wires reach back for the support of an adjacent ear, all is refracted from the lenses save a dependable respectability. Still, she wasn't sure; so she said simply:

"Mr. Clavenger, you don't look like a man who would cheat a boy out of three hundred dollars!"

"I see!" the man answered quietly. "Young Holt sent you."

Maizie had anticipated simulated surprise or affected indignation, and this unexpected directness put forth strong claims for her respect.

"Yes, he did." Then: "I suppose you know there are stringent laws against dishonest advertising?"

Now, this was largely conjectural. The fleshy farceur was not at all sure that such ordinances existed; and she wondered, in case they did, how the press agents who advertised the Broadway Broilers as featuring "Girls Kissable and Tunes Whistleable" escaped the incurred penalty. But the question, nevertheless, argued an impressive legal sagacity, and constituted, on the whole, an opening as forceful as the "give me the papers" employed during similar situations in dramaturgy.

Clavenger, however, only smiled. "Well, being an atto'ney, I have a limited knowledge of ouah national statutes; but Miss Whitfield, I have nevah done any dishonest adve'tising, as you seem to think. You've listened to young Holt's case; suppose you heah mine."

Immediately he launched into a brief account of the transaction. There had been, it seemed, a boom in Florida land some few years before. The acreage adjoining his having been sold at a big price for fig-lands, he had advertised his, and secured one purchaser, young Holt. Now the tract, he insisted, was worth three hundred dollars for agricultural purposes, but valueless, he had to admit, as a pharmacy site. Yet, since the boy had never mentioned the use for which he intended the lot, and since there had been no statement in either correspondence or advertising leading him to believe it advantageous for such a purpose, the Virginian pleaded the fault was hardly his. He handed Maizie the pamphlet and asked her to point

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out any statement which would gainsay this, but she scarcely glanced at it. By the intrinsic truthfulness written all over the man, she knew he spoke the truth.

"Oh, I believe you all right," she told him; "legally and ethically, I suppose, this boy has no come-back. But just for humanity's sake, Mr. Clavenger, you've got to refund that money. Why, Holt's just a kid, you know."

"Well, isn't that what's in his favoah?—his youth, I mean? If he weah old and decrepit he might enlist my sympathies, but he's young and strong——"

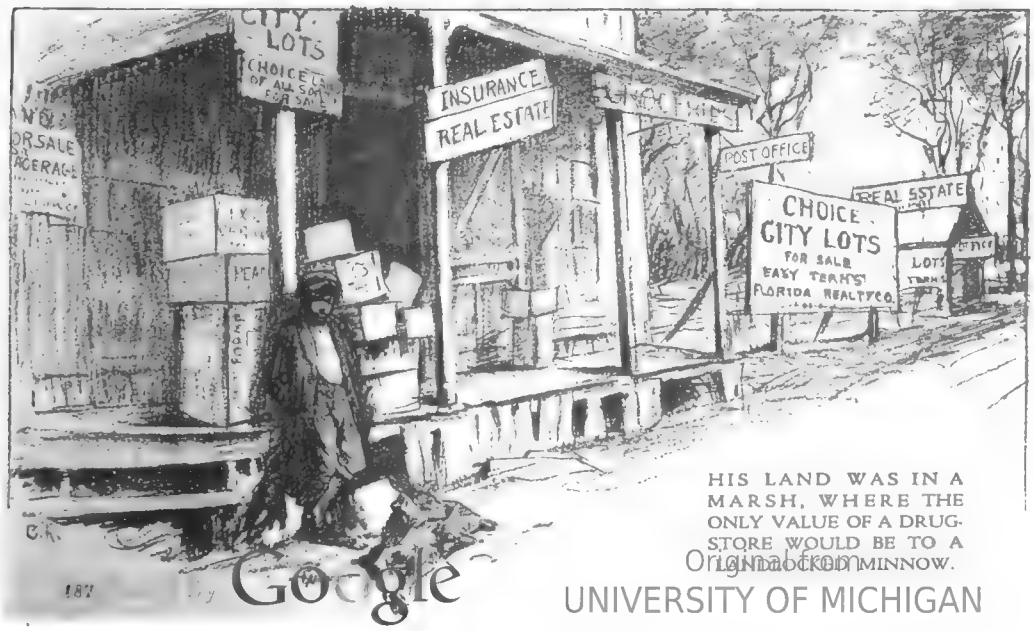
"Ah, but he isn't!" Maizie caught him up eagerly; then she gave him the doctor's report.

"Oh!" The eyes behind the bowed glasses clouded perceptibly, and real compassion confessed itself in the huskiness of a lowered tone. "I'm sorry," he murmured, "mighty sorry." Then, after a pause: "But isn't this the best thing that could have happened? You know yo'self confinement in a drug-stoah would be bad for him. He needs to live outside. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll speak to Majah Weathe'by—we went to Washington and Lee together—I am suah he can place the lad, and in a few months he'll have fo'gotten all *aboot* this drug-foolishness."

"Well, maybe he will," Maizie decided at length; "but say, Mister, there's a girl coming on that noon train who won't forget it. At one:ten Ruth, his fiancée, arrives to marry him. I've got a hunch that she's been compounding her conjugal bliss out of chloral, camphor, cologne, and cinchona bark for the past three months. She's probably lain awake nights wondering what powder—roach, face, or Seidlitz—would be given the place of prominence in the front case, and I'm sure she's saved a recipe of Aunt Martha's so she can put up the fruit sirups when they install a fountain."

Clavenger ignored this impressive familiarity with pharmacopœia. It was the first statement which puckered his brows and left his mouth whistle-pursed. "Why, this is preposte'ous! It can't be pe'mitted. This fellow is in no position to marry. I shall notify the girl's people at once."

"She has no people," Maizie interposed. "These kids are both of age and orphans, I understand, so you can do nothing whatever. I speak from experience. I once tried to separate two loving hearts." A smile twitched a response to some diverting recollection. "When the débris was cleared away, I found that none of my injuries was fatal, but right then and there I decided that never again would I interfere in such matters without a



HIS LAND WAS IN A MARSH, WHERE THE ONLY VALUE OF A DRUG-STORE WOULD BE TO A LAND-LOCKED MINNOW.

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RUTH.

previous course in jiu-jitsu and one foot in the stirrup."

Clavenger laughed; but instantly sobered with a set of his chin that betokened a stern fidelity of purpose; so the other pressed on: "I tell you it's useless. You can argue from now till the day of universal disarmament, pleading with the girl to wait till the boy is stronger or better fixed, but she won't do it. The fact that he's sick and stung will be an added reason why she should stick. A man's weakness is always his strength with women, and if you know anything about the sex, you'll know that's true."

The lawyer said nothing. Instead he took off the bowed glasses and, filming the lenses with a quick breath, drew out a silk handkerchief and polished them, slowly, meditatively. At last he looked up. "Yes," he agreed, "you're right. I don't know much *aboot* women except through my mothah, but I reckon you're right."

Before answering, Maizie entered this indirect avowal of bachelorhood in the archives of her memory with an inexplicable twitter of pleasure. "So, don't you see—" she recaptured the subject—"since we can't prevent their marriage, we've got to make it as easy as possible for them? It's the girl I am pleading for. Ah, just think—" her voice was very tender—"just think what a brave little kiddie she is—coming down here away from everybody she knows, to marry a boy with weak lungs and a pharmacy in a town which, they tell me, is a Christian Science stronghold. Why, she deserves the Chautauqua salute instead of the double cross. Now, doesn't she?" She paused. "I agree with you, Mr. Clavenger, that a drug-store is not the place for Holt, so you must return his three hundred, so he can invest it in some business richer in ozone, if not in profits."

The Virginian rose nervously, and paced up and down the room a couple of times, before he faced the questioning of the anxious eyes. "Miss Whitfield," he said, "I can't refund Holt's money, because I haven't got it. When I came heah twelve yeahs ago, I wo'ked up quite a clientele, but lately I've had *aboot* as much practise as—er—as——"

"The Golden Rule?" Maizie supplied, and went on gravely: "How do you account for this?"

"Why, theah's been an influx of young Northe'n chaps in heah recently, chaps with push and progressiveness, all the things we Virginians haven't got; and, well—you know how fie'ce competition is nowadays."

The woman in linen clipped short the smile evoked by the vision of the unequal struggle between Northern competition and that business naïveté existent south of the Mason and Dixon line.

"Yes!" she humored him. "It is fierce. You have to be on the job all the time, sleep with one eye open, and then they get you while you're changing eyes. But how about your land, Mr. Clavenger?"

"Why, the land was left me by an uncle. Theah ah fo'ty acres of it, and if things open up, it'll be wo'th a lot of money some day. But real estate is absolutely dead now, and the waah has played such havoc with the South, you can't borrow on any security."

Maizie sighed and looked out the window disconsolately. Not only the unrelieved straits of the young couple bothered her, but the pride she had always had in herself as an efficient molder of emergencies was suffering.

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"Isn't there some friend of yours who'll lend you three hundred till things do open up?" she queried.

"I'm afraid not," he murmured; then, with engaging compunction: "I'm certain I can't refund the money, deah lady, but I'll do anything in my powah to rectify this mistake. I'll——"

Just then the door opened to admit a postman. He nodded in answer to the lawyer's smile, and left a blue-enveloped letter. With a murmured phrase, Clavenger opened it and glanced at the contents. Then he sighed. "This will show you the condition the South's in: heah's a lettah from a man who used to be one of ouah wealthiest citizens. He has owed me a large fee foh some time, and now writes saying he'll have to ask me to take his caah as paht payment."

After Maizie had decided that "caah" meant automobile, she asked, with tepid interest, "Good machine?"

"I believe so; but what do I want with a caah?"

Maizie did not answer. She had picked up the newspaper and was staring at it speculatively. The editorial about jitneys detached itself from the weather report and a defense of militarism on the plea that war kept one so much in the open. Subconsciously it welded with the boy's breakfast boast that he could run an auto; and from this there was forged an excited expletive.

"Gosh!" trilled the buxom burlesquer—"Gosh!!" Then she began to laugh that throaty, gloat-y laugh which succeeds the discovery that we have wrested victory from apparent defeat. "Listen, man," she enjoined. "I'll tell you what you want with that 'caah.'" The mimicry was shorn of its mockery by a smile. "This town is panting for jitneys; you have the makings of one; Holt can run it. Q. E. D. One lawyer minus jitney plus driver multiplied by eager passengers equals peace of mind for lawyer, bliss and blushing bride for driver, and casualty insurance for the jitney. Any questions about the equation?"

The other did not reply, but the puzzled pucker in his brow and the groping inquiry in his eyes urged her to further elucidating elocution. "Don't you see—" handing him the paper—"you're to give young Holt usufruct (I think that's the word) of this machine for a year, or until he recoups his fortunes. I tell you, this jitney business is a live proposition. Why, I knew a fellow out West who was the first on the job. He started out with one little 'caah,' and rented a building as a jitney depot. That was about six months ago, and now I understand he wears gray spats, owns a twin-screw, high-speed yacht, and his wife calls her noon meal luncheon—all evidences of affluence, as you know." She paused to join in the Virginian's soft slurred amusement, and their eyes met in a tingling interchange of sudden, gay intimacies.

"THIS TOWN IS PANTING FOR JITNEYS; YOU HAVE THE MAKINGS OF ONE; HOLT CAN RUN IT. Q. E. D."

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"I wonder!" challenged the lawyer, and began reading the paper.

"You don't need to wonder!" Maizie took him up. "I know enough about this game to know you and Holt can both make money, if you get in right. If it goes well, you can add another 'caah,' and perhaps after the bank sees it's a successful venture, they'll lend you enough on your lots to start a bus line to this mineral resort." She leaned forward, her whole face radiant with the zest of improvisation. "Why, this will be splendid for the boy! Just what he needs. Then, after a while, they can buy a little place out in the country, and get some chickens and one of those contented cows. Plenty of eggs and milk 'll fix him up."

Clavenger did not notice her tone of banter; for he was wholly engrossed in the jitney article. When he looked up, he glanced out the window musingly; but when he turned, the eyes behind the bowed glasses beamed a gracious, gray approval of her business sagacity.

"Why, I believe theah is something to this. I'll call up Holt, and we'll talk it ovah."

When he had finished, they resumed the jitney discussion, and for fifteen minutes this vehicular industry was debated with detailed gusto. Suddenly Clavenger stared at Maizie critically. "Miss Whitfield," he said, "may I ask just what relation young Holt is to you?"

"Why—none," she responded, surprised, and explained about the auroral encounter.

"You mean to say—" incredulity was flavored with frank curiosity—"you did this for a complete strangah?"

Maizie nodded an irritated assent, and rising, walked away, as if consigning the incident to Life's scrap-heap of inconsequent trivialities. But the man picked it from the discard with a bass rumble of admiration.

"Well, you're a pretty fine pe'son!" was his appraising tribute. "One of the biggest women I ever met."

For the first time the rose-silk sweater performed the duty to which it had been dedicated, communicating its vivid hue to Maizie's rounded cheeks. She looked as if she had been caught stealing the German comedian's best laugh or maltreating a Belgian orphan.

"Nothing of the sort!" she blazed. "I offered to help that young idiot because that was the only way I could get any sleep!" She might have worked up a very convincing defense, but just then the young idiot, his agate eyes wide with expectancies, walked in. The woman forgot everything in the ardor of reassurance. Eagerly she rushed to him with a comradely pat. " 'Sall right!" she trumpeted. " 'Sall right. We've got a six-cylinder plan, warranted non-skid and practically self-starting."

Then she told him all about their scheme, omitting not even the imposed devoirs of Jersey and Leghorns. The boy listened with interest. Enthusiastically he endorsed it, till a sudden fear tortured his eyes.

"But Ruth—" he faltered—"Ruth wanted a drug-store."

Maizie grew grave. Ruth's happiness was to her the vital issue, after all! But soon she brightened. "Well, that may be," she inspirited, "but you're an awful rotten pharmacist if you can't persuade her you've got something just as good."

Then they all laughed together, and Clavenger suggested the boy go to the garage and look the machine over. Altogether reassured, he assented and left; whereupon Maizie picked up her gloves and sauntered to the door. Somehow she hated to go! It had been, after all, a rather refreshing fragment of what would otherwise have been a dull day. . . . And

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why, she wondered? Was it because of the man? Instantly she decided it was. He stood for all those things which make the adjective "Southern" such a delightful one.

And so she dallied, and as she stood, she traced diapered patterns on the panel of the door with lovely, unhurried fingers, unconscious that the dark stain of the wood threw into felicitous relief their finely fashioned fragility. But the man was not unconscious of it. He openly reveled in the soft pink flutter of them several moments before his satisfaction in their beauty found utterance. Then he said, simply:

"Miss Whitfield, you suttinly have the loveliest hand I evah saw."

Instantly the careless friendliness of the woman's face merged into a canny, clammy look of distrust. Theatrical experience had taught her that compliments were apt to be either bibulous banter or the masked message of questionable motives; but she saw in a second that here was a sincere, serious tribute, and that any "cheapness" it might have had under different handling or setting was entirely obviated by the Southerner's inherited instinct for saying a thing charming in a way disarming.

"MISS WHITFIELD, YOU SUTTINLY HAVE THE LOVELIEST HAND I EVAH SAW."

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THE KIND WE TRUST OUR GRIPS TO IN THE FACE OF VALISE THIEF WARNINGS.

So when she withdrew her fingers from the door, it was with a spurt of pleasure that held her inarticulate through several quickened heart-beats. Then she extended the approved member. "Good-by," she murmured, as he took the hand firmly in his own.

"Won't I see you again?" he protested, and after Maizie's announcement of preventing train schedules and professional duties, he continued: "Well, at least, you'll let me heah from you, so that I may repo't on the jitney adjustment?"

It was then that Maizie realized that though the time limit for farewell handclasps had been up several moments, her own soft palm was still warmly pressed against a pleasantly firm one, and the consciousness that she should have minded and didn't—hoisted another crimson flag in her cheek.

"W-why, of course!" she stammered. "Th-that is—well, yes!" She pulled herself up sharply. "I'll send you a post-card from our next stop, showing Main Street just before they unveiled the Ponce de Leon statue." And with this tempting promise she withdrew her hand and fled.

Once on the street she sought a florist's and bought a basket of tulips. A canvass of confectionery shops supplied her with the cake she wanted—a large, layered, luscious affair upon whose surface a tiny bride trailed her veil through a marshmallow coagulation, blissfully unconcerned, after the manner of brides. Two place-cards, a couple of wee satin slippers, almond-filled, and a bag of rice completed her purchases. Back at the hotel she cornered Annie, the dining-room girl, who, after a conference with Superior Powers, gave her a table in the writing-room, the hostelry's best china and napery, besides two candlesticks with red shades.

THESE last Maizie eyed with open scorn, and finally constructed, with an ingenuity predicating a profitable perusal of household hint columns, yellow shades from cardboard swathed in tissue. A piece of string and further ingenuity secured the huge bag of rice over the hall door so that the slightest pressure of entrance would break the sack and shower the benedictory contents over the heads beneath. Then she set the table, and at last it flared forth—a trim, tapered, tissued, tuliped tribute to connubial bliss.

As the Broadway Broilers left town that night, Maizie knew that packing would detain her too late to usher Mr. and Mrs. Holt into the rosy refectory; so this courier service she entrusted to Annie, along with the task of lighting the candles and placing the cake. Then it occurred to her that the table d'hôte meal provided by the establishment ill accorded with the festal board, so, slipping a dollar into the waitress's hand, she asked her to supplement the simple menu with whatever delicacies her judgment should suggest as appealing to a bridal palate.

A glance at her watch apprised her that it was then one-thirty, so she

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rushed to the theatre. The performance that afternoon had lured out only a handful of people, but to these Maizie monologued, jested, and caroled her liveliest, for she discovered that the morning's miscellany of emotions had fused into an exalted satisfaction with life. All through the matinée she plumply luxuriated in a sense of mystical elation; and when the last curtain was rung down, she started packing, labor she usually abhorred, with undiminished exhilaration. "Gee!" she trilled, "I guess this *dolce far niente* has got me, too!"

It was about seven when she reached the hotel. All the way there she had been thinking of the young bride, tenderly, broodingly. She wondered if the jitney adjustment had pleased her—and how she hoped that the little dinner surprise had delighted her! Young Holt figured not at all in her reflection; he was wholly unimportant, as a bridegroom eternally is. When she entered the dining-room, however, Annie told her they had eaten and gone, and disappointment welled and simmered in her throughout the meal.

Having finished at last, she got her bag, and seated herself on the porch awaiting their return. From seven-thirty to eight she rocked restlessly, listening to two drummers discuss the relation of the Human Conscience to the Expense Account. Still they did not come! Eight o'clock gave way to eight-fifteen, and when the big hand of her watch had pushed its way to twenty after, she started for the train. Before she had gone a block, however, she saw them coming. The boy was laughing lightly, bending down to the girl's upturned face—a face piquant with the tip-tiltedness of a funny little nose that had mischievously missed the doom of being pug.

SUDDENLY Holt looked up and saw the oncomer. Instantly his face gladdened, and he rushed to her, grabbing her free hand in both of his.

"Been trying to find you," he announced, adding a breathless inventory of the afternoon's triumphs. "Clavenger got a dandy building for a jitney depot . . . and a permit from the city council. . . . Major Weatherby is going to rent us a little brick house for fifteen a month. . . . Everything's great, and it's all through you . . . and oh! that dinner!" He paused. "Gee, you've been a trump, Miss Whitfield, a trump!"

Overcome by the realization that he had ignored his bride, he flushed miserably. "Ruth—" contritely—"this is Miss Whitfield."

He had absently continued to hold Maizie's right hand, so, dropping her bag, the woman extended the other to the girl. The latter, however, disregarded it. Drawing back, she surveyed Maizie with cool eyes which swept from the shortness of her skirts to the tawny glitter of her hair and on to the hand inhumed in both her husband's. Then, spinning on her heel, without a word, she walked away. Before the raw injustice, the Chinese cruelty of it, the older woman blanched. Then her blood, suddenly energic in her veins, thudded to her head, boomed in her ears, and surged in hot waves against her eyes. It was fully a moment before she could

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turn to the groping pain in the boy's face the crimson courage of her recovered smile, and fully two before she could trust her voice. Then she said wearily:

"Well, sonny, I'm glad that I could help you—glad that you think me a trump; only sorry, very sorry—" she seared the retreating spouse with a poisonous glance—"sorry that your partner has made it a no-trump hand."

Then she picked up the pigskin grip and hurried away. Rage was now burning in her with the fierceness of foundry fires. It blistered her throat, scorched her temples, parched the palms of her hands, and ignited her cheeks. "The little snub-nosed cat!" she muttered over and over, finding in this denunciatory use of a facial shortcoming a satisfaction in inverse ratio to the size of the feature.

Fifteen minutes later she was at the station. She found all the berths made down and, removing her hat, flung herself across lower seven without even undressing. Soon her fury spent itself, leaving her chill with a sense of inner impoverishment—a sharp revulsion from the exalted mood of the afternoon. Gone was all that tingling exhilaration in mere living; there remained only a stinging conviction that life was an empty, sterile, unrepaying thing. God! How sick she was of it all!

Here, at an age when most women have roofs over their heads, children at their knees, and some definite attachment in their hearts, she had—nothing! Time had proved her most opalescent bubbles made of laundry soap and her loftiest castles in Spain mere tenements—and not even model tenements at that. And yet she had never whined, she contended bitterly. Cheerfully she had gone on her appointed way, stumbling often but grumbling seldom, and ever eager to help other stumbling wayfarers to smoother paths. She saw herself hurrying down the years, a shabby, tarnished figure—a woman, alone, unneeded, and *fat;* and at the vision a throb of self-pity was compounded into a gulp of grief. Sob by sob she measured out her misery, and it was not until two hours later that the final tear was wiped away.

Rising then, she stumbled to the dressing-room, now empty, and wearily started undressing. All the binding, muffling accouterments with which women oppress their flesh and tease their nerves were peeled off. Swathed at last in the parti-colored kimono, she dragged her chair to the window and looked out into the sooty, gritty, cinder-choked night, which stretched from the sill, black and inchless.

It was not long until the brooding hurt in her eyes softened; by and by the tense, grim line of her mouth slacked, and presently her lips twitched with the palest suggestion of a smile. It was not the up-winging smile of levity, nor was it the twisted grin of irony; it was merely a tender, musing response to some tingling memory. Gradually, it worked its way up her face. Recollections of some recompensing phase of the day flickered in her eyes and flecked her cheeks with rose.

And then, suddenly, she took a hand from the support of her chin, and spreading it out fan-wise, looked at it, thoughtfully, appraisingly. Half-moons were examined critically; scarf-skin was inspected meticulously. And then, swooping down in her bag, she brought forth, after a fumbling search which argued long disuse of the thing sought for, a bottle filled with a milky fluid. A label, on which was printed a guarantee that the contents would preserve the whiteness and softness of the hands, Maizie read smilingly, after which she poured some of the gluey liquid into a cupped palm, and rubbed it thoroughly in.

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SHADOWS OF THE WAR

by Mary Alden Hopkins

ILLUSTRATED WITH SILHOUETTES BY JAN WIEGMAN

AFTER THE BATTLE.

SILHOUETTES have come back. The gentle art of shadowgraphy, which went out of fashion when the daguerreotype came in, has been restored by war, and turned to startling uses. Instead of quaint and lovely portraits, the modern silhouette shows scenes of horror and carnage.

At the very time when post-impressionists are wiping out lines as unduly restraining, and giving us orgies of unbound, joyous, intoxicating color, other artists are reviving the austere, ascetic shadow. Post-impressionist painting is modeled on the rank luxuriance of tropical summer; the silhouette on the bleak clearness of northern winter. Perhaps this austerity, inherent in the silhouette, despite its former gentle uses, is the reason for its appeal to war artists.

Jan Wiegman, some of whose work is shown in these pages, is producing the best of the war silhouettes. He is the third Holland artist who has risen to fame on impassioned protests against the abomination of war. Louis Raemaeker has introduced realistic drawing of starvation, suffocation, barbed wire, and hospital beds into cartoons. J. Garbriëlse has painted men hacking with red swords in that insanity of fear miscalled courage. Wiegman employs the slender medium of the shadow to register his protest.

The exquisite delicacy of his work is in striking contrast to its grisly theme. He is extraordinarily clever in obtaining his effects. In "The Flight" the impression of mass is obtained by the almost unrelieved blackness, and the sense of movement by the forward plunge of the shadows. In other pictures tumult shows in the crowded, slender, slanting bayonets, and death on upturned profiles.

His work is perhaps too consciously artistic. In "After the Battle" men die beautifully. Carrion arranges itself

THE BRIDGE.

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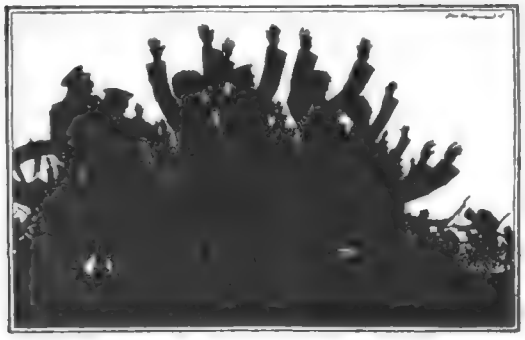

THE OVATION.

according to the lines of balance. The slaughter in "The Bridge" is daintily presented. Yet Wiegman's horror and despair transcend design. He draws the battles of fairy-land—but he draws massed slaughter.

THE EXPLOSION.

SHADOWGRAPHY is an ancient art. It was originated by the sun when rocks were the only canvas. It took mural form when the daughter of Diabutades traced her faithless lover's shadow on the garden wall, in order to retain his dear likeness when he should come no more. So says the legend. No identity is assigned to the genius who pinned a parchment to the wall before tracing the likeness and thus obtained the first movable picture. And the first movable picture begat portraits; and portraits begat landscapes, marine paintings, and the rest.

Scientific minds have ponderously traced the silhouette in Persian and Turkish art. They call our attention to the fact that Egyptian hieroglyphics are conventionalized silhouettes with full-faced eyes in profile faces. Indeed, so seriously do they trail the collateral branches in cameos and bas-reliefs, that I await a thesis on "A Comparative Study of the Silhouette Value of my Hearth Rug." I can even fancy a theological monograph tracing a relationship between the practise of preserving the silhouette and the ancient superstition that a man who lost his shadow lost his soul.

Silhouettes are produced by three methods. The earliest work was done with brush or pen. Curiously, that is the way of the work reproduced on these pages. In the two centuries intervening between the first work and to-day's, most of the portraiture was cut free-hand with the scissors, or mechanically produced by a camera obscura, which threw the image of an object on a white surface, so that the outlines might be traced.

This device was, of course, the grandfather of the photographic camera.

Miers and Field, profile painters and jewelers, living in London toward the end of the eighteenth century, did the best of the early brush work. They painted on ivory. Other artists elaborated their method. Hair-lines of white were introduced to relieve the flatness. Gold-leaf was utilized. Sometimes clothes were reproduced in color. Niceties of technique arose. Soot mixed with beer was recommended as the blackest of all blacks. Sometimes the profile was painted on glass and placed against a gold background. Sometimes it was wiped clean on a black-painted glass, so that the white or gold background formed the figure. These black or white or gold miniatures are delicately true and precise.

Snipped silhouettes flourished in the eighteenth century. Their hotbed was England. In 1699 Mrs. Pyburg cut William and Mary. The art then had royal sanction. For the next hundred years or more profile-cutting

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ALARM.

THE REFUGEES.

was an elegant accomplishment taught young ladies along with the harpsichord and fruit-preserving. While the men of the upper classes occupied themselves with swinish eating, heavy drinking, and uncouth licentiousness, their ladies devoted themselves to the manufacture of shell-baskets, wax-flowers, hair jewelry, and rolled-paper gimcracks.

This was a century of fancy-work run wild. Queen Charlotte and the Princess Elizabeth filled in their decorous, tedious days with cutting landscapes and figures. Their friend, Mrs. Delany, at the age of seventy-four started her truly remarkable collection of cut-work flowers, now in the British Museum. She dyed her paper herself, cut from nature, and produced marvelously accurate representations. From all this snip, snip, snipping of the scissors came some meritorious results. Most of the product was mediocre. But it was hardly genteel in that age for a woman to do anything well.

It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that the little black figures got their distinctive name. The art had been called "profile-cutting," "cut-paper work," "Shadowgraphy;" it was Étienne Silhouette, Controller-General of France in the time of Louis XV., who fathered the term "silhouettes." This man was infamous then, and is famous now, for trying to put the country on a sound economic basis. He translated English financial writings, cut down royal pensions, preached thrift, and thus made himself generally unpopular. His frugal amusement was taking the profiles of his friends with a camera obscura or profile-machine—frugal, because this mechanical contrivance had brought down the price of silhouettes, while at the same time reducing their artistic value.

A fruitless discussion is now in progress as to whether the pictures were named after Silhouette because so great a man thus amused himself, or because they were a cheap-jack variety of portrait.

BEFORE long, phrenology seized upon the profile-machine for recording the shape of the head. It afforded a method of measuring the subject's amativeness, philoprogenitiveness, concentrativeness, and all the rest of the thirty-five characteristic bumps of the skull. Lavater, the Swiss divine, toward the end of the eighteenth century published his "Essay on Physiognomy," illustrated by hundreds of silhouettes. The astonished silhouette found itself no longer merely an artistic amusement but the servant of science as well.

In 1839 the daguerreotype was invented and the silhouette went out of fashion. Yet one of the greatest silhouetters was born in the following year. To Paul Konewka, a Pole, fashion made no difference. He was born, one might say, with the scissors in his hand. He had a marvelously delicate

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THE CHARGE.

touch, keen vision, and a tenacious memory. When a student, at Tübingen, he would sit in the class-room with his hands under the table, cutting the profiles of the professor and other students.

When Konewka died at the age of thirty, he had attained a unique position as a book illustrator. His work ranges from tumbling children and romping puppies, illustrative of nursery rhymes, to scenes from Shakespeare. His last picture perhaps foreshadowed current war silhouettes, for it was a dying trooper, and illustrated the song, *"O Strassburg, O Strassburg, du wunderschöne Stadt."* Jan Wiegman's work shows clearly the influence of Konewka. So does that of the German, Diefenbach, whose wind-blown sprites have delighted our eyes for several years. In utilizing the silhouette as a medium for portraying gamesome goats, elfish monkeys, and slim little dancers, he is plainly following Konewka.

In Germany, indeed, the art has been, not revived, but continued. Always, too, in Germany it has been less of a plaything and more of a serious art form. In a book illustration, published about two years ago, my attention was attracted by the fashion in which the artist chose to indicate a bursting shell. It was simply an irregular blotch of dead white concealing everything. This is realistic treatment introduced into the artificiality of silhouetting: The camera sees bursting shells the same way. A recent photograph from an aeroplane, registering a battle on the earth beneath, shows these same irregular dead-white blotches concealing the background.

Carlos Tips, a modern German shadow-painter, is called the "Master of Modern Silhouettes." His pictures in the Xenien-Almanach for 1916 are posters in black and white. The technique is complicated and original. He has introduced perspective. For the first time a silhouette has depth. In a view of soldiers marching, this is simply arranged by projecting a black troop against a white mob, which is in turn outlined by the background. An artillery scene is extraordinarily clever. Men on horseback are superposed upon a water inlet, while the guns are shown on a peninsula beyond against the sky. Usually, however, Tips gets his perspective by introducing line in the blackness. The result is modern, virile, and unforgetable.

The silhouettes reproduced to-day in the English periodicals are not unlike the eighteenth century English achievements, except that they are mostly pen and ink. They are conventional in treatment, and

THE WOUNDED.

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always in impeccable good taste. The technique is the simplest. Single figures of soldiers or groups containing a soldier are represented. Usually the soldier is walking down the street. If he is fighting he is doing it with pink-tea decorum. English silhouettes are simply the monotonous English war sketch translated into solid black. They have no bite.

COMBAT.

Like the English, the French to-day have discarded the machine and scissors for the pen and brush. *La Vie Parisienne* is using the shadow for straight caricaturing. In America, naturally enough, comparatively little war-silhouette work is being produced. The crayon work of Boardman Robinson shows how slight is the distinction between a picture with plenty of shadow and a shadow picture, and a few war silhouettes appearing in newspapers are taken with a camera against the sun.

At the time when the silhouette was most in vogue in England, American artists did creditable work. They were, however, overshadowed by the work of Auguste Edouart, during the ten years he lived in the United States. Edouart was a Frenchman who spent a great part of his life in England.

One day he was calling at the home of English friends. Some members of the family came home with machine-made silhouettes. They were pleased with the likenesses. Edouart said critically that he could do better himself. Some one promptly handed him a pair of scissors and told him to make good his boast. He cut so excellent a likeness that his future career was plainly indicated thereby. During the next twenty-five years he cut thousands of likenesses. By rare good fortune his entire American creation has been preserved. His methodical habit was to cut two portraits, one of which was given to the sitter and the other filed in his books. Some four thousand duplicate American silhouettes were discovered in an English garret, and came into the possession of A. S. Vernay, of New York.

Silhouettes are occasionally used as illustrations in American magazines; and in other forms the silhouette is with us. Our wall-paper breaks out in black and white stripes. Our furniture comes home from the upholsterer's dressed in the same design. Shop windows adopt the new decoration scheme. Motion pictures become shadow pictures. For a nickel one can enjoy a sophisticated form of those home-made Mother Goose shadow pictures once so popular at children's festivals in the Sunday-school rooms. The appeal of the silhouette, it seems, is deeply rooted.

THE FLIGHT.

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SIGHT UNSEEN

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

Author of "K," "The Street of the Seven Stars," "The Case of Jennie Brice," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

THIS is a record of the strange case of Arthur Wells, as investigated by six people who called themselves the Neighborhood Club. They were in the habit of dining together once a week and discussing some subject chosen by the host of the evening. One night old Mrs. Dane elected to have a séance. A Miss Jeremy, an attractive young woman, was the medium. After some trifling occurrences of the usual sort, Miss Jeremy told vivid details of a suicide or murder—a man killed by a bullet while shaving, blood on the carpet, a hole in the ceiling, a woman, in a yellow kimono, holding a revolver; there was a description of the house too—but no name. This revelation occurred at 9:30.

At midnight, one of the six, Sperry, a heart specialist, called up another member, a lawyer named Johnson (the narrator of the story), and told him that Arthur Wells had killed himself at 9:30 that evening. The two men went together to the Wells house, and found most details in precise correspondence with the medium's account. Only, Mrs. Wells was wearing a *green* kimono, and the testimony of the governess indicated that the death must have taken place as early as 9:15. Following a clue, the two men went to a drug-store where the governess had been telephoning that evening. They found the number she had called was that of young Ellingham, who was known to be in love with Elinor Wells.

At a second séance the medium dwelt especially on a lost handbag that contained letters, and on a bullet in the ceiling. Alone, Johnson went to the Wells house at night to search. He heard a sound of some one on the floor above him, and found evidence that a bullet had just been dug out of the ceiling. Meantime Mrs. Dane had got an unsigned letter, in answer to an advertisement for the lost handbag. The writer admitted having the bag and letters, but gave no clue to his identity. Shortly after, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson called at Miss Jeremy's home, and were astonished to find that the servant was Hawkins, who had been the Wells' butler. Sperry, who saw Miss Jeremy often, had got him the place; in telling Johnson about it, Sperry showed him a letter from Hawkins—which was in the same handwriting as the one Mrs. Dane had received. Apparently Hawkins had the letters; yet neither man saw any reason to believe he and Miss Jeremy were in collusion.

CHAPTER EIGHT (Continued)

WE TALKED on, but we got nowhere. Sperry told of Miss Jeremy's total ignorance of the revelations she had made while in trance. "She does not know that there ever was a family named Wells," he observed. "When I said that Hawkins had been employed by the Wells, it meant nothing to her. I was watching."

So even Sperry was watching! He was in love with her, but his scientific mind, like my legal one, was slow to accept what, during the past two weeks, it had been asked to accept.

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I left him at ten o'clock. Mrs. Dane was still at her window, and her far-sighted old eyes caught me as I tried to steal past. She rapped on the window, and I was obliged to go in. Obliged, too, to tell her of the discovery and, at last, of Hawkins's being in the Connell house.

"I want those letters, Horace," she said at last.

"So do I. I'm not going to steal them."

"The question is, where has he got them?"

"The question is, dear lady, that they are not ours to take."

"They are not his, either."

Well, that was true enough. But I had done all the private investigating I cared to. And I told her so. She only smiled cryptically.

The following day was Monday. When I came down-stairs I found a neat bundle lying in the hall, and addressed to me. My wife had followed me down, and we surveyed it together.

I had a curious feeling about the parcel, and was for cutting the cord with my knife. But my wife is careful about string. She has always fancied that the time would come when we would need some badly, and it would not be around. I have an entire drawer of my chiffonier, which I really need for other uses, filled with bundles of twine, pink, white, and brown. I recall, on one occasion, packing a suit-case in the dusk, in great haste, and emptying the drawer containing my undergarments into it, to discover, when I opened it on the train for my pajamas, nothing but rolls of cord and several packages of Christmas ribbons. So I was obliged to wait until she had untied the knots by means of a hairpin.

It was my overcoat! My overcoat, apparently uninjured, but with the collection of keys I had made, missing.

The address was printed, not written, in a large, strong hand, with a stub pen. I did not, at the time, notice the loss of certain papers which had been in the breast pocket. I am rather absent-minded, and it was not until the night after the third sitting that they were recalled to my mind.

At something after eleven Herbert Robinson called me up at my office. He was at Sperry's house, Sperry having been his physician during his recent illness.

"I say, Horace, this is Herbert."

"Yes. How are you?"

"Doing well, Sperry says. I'm at his place now. I'm speaking for him. He's got a patient."

"Yes?"

"You were here last night, he says." Herbert has a circumlocutory manner over the phone which irritates me. He begins slowly and does not know how to stop. Talk with him drags on endlessly.

"Well, I admit it," I snapped. "It's not a secret."

He lowered his voice. "Do you happen to have noticed a walking-stick in the library when you were here?"

"Which walking-stick?"

"You know. The one we——"

"Yes. I saw it."

"You didn't, by any chance, take it home with you?"

"Great Scott, man," I said furiously, "do I habitually take things home with me when I make an evening call? No!"

"Are you sure?"

"Don't be an idiot!"

"You're an absent-minded beggar, you know," he explained. "You

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remember about the fire-tongs. And a stick is like an umbrella. One is likely to pick it up and——"

"One is not likely to do anything of the sort. At least, I didn't."

"Oh, all right. Every one well?"

"Very well, thanks."

"Suppose we'll see you to-night?"

"Not unless you ring off and let me do some work," I said irritably.

He rang off. I was ruffled, I admit. But I was uneasy, also. To tell the truth, the affair of the coal-tongs had cost me my self-confidence. I called up my wife, and she said Herbert was a fool and Sperry also. But she made an exhaustive search of the premises, without result. Whoever had taken the stick, I was cleared. Cleared, at least, for a time. There were strange developments coming that threatened my peace of mind.

That day I discovered that I was being watched. Shadowed is the technical word. I dare say I had been followed from my house, but I had not noticed. When I went out to lunch a youngish man in a dark overcoat was waiting for the elevator, and I saw him again when I came out of my house. We went down-town again on the same car.

Perhaps I would have thought nothing of it, had I not been summoned to the suburbs on a piece of business concerning a mortgage. He was at the far end of the platform as I took the train to return to the city, with his back to me. I lost him in the crowd at the down-town station, but he evidently had not lost me, for, stopping to buy a newspaper, I turned, and, as my pause had evidently been unexpected, he almost ran into me.

Even then I was unwilling to believe the fact, and I signed my mail with large and vigorous signatures. It was as if, by my very writing, I intended to show the world that I, Horace Johnson, had done nothing which would justify the presence of a private detective at my heels.

Although I was tempted, that night at dinner, I did not tell my wife. Women are strange. She would, I feared, immediately jump to the conclusion that there was something in my private life that I was keeping from her. She has, I shall have to confess, a certain admiration for me which leads her to think me exceedingly attractive to the other sex—a belief in no way justified by the facts. It is axiomatic in my profession that the more innocent a man is, the guiltier he looks, very often. So I dare say I was an uncomfortable dinner companion. In fact, my wife said so.

AFTER dinner I went into the reception-room, which is not lighted, unless we are expecting guests, and peered out of the window. The detective was walking negligently up the street.

Owing to the fact that Mrs. Dane was house-cleaning, we had not been asked to dinner, and the séance was set for 8:30.

We dine at half-past six, and our simple meal was over by seven. Shortly after, Sperry called me up.

"I want you to come up right away," he said. "Bring those keys with you."

"They are gone. The overcoat came back by messenger this morning, but the keys are gone."

"Damn!" he said. "But see here, Horace, did you lock that door behind you when you left?"

"I don't remember. I left hastily. I think not."

"Then there's a chance," he observed, after a moment's pause. "Anyhow, it's worth trying. Herbert told you about the stick?"

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"Yes. I never had it. I remember that it was icy on the way back, and I wished I had one."

I explained to my wife, who had been listening. But she grew quite hysterical, and was not for letting me go again to the Wells house.

"I'm afraid of the place," she said. "Not of human things. But, however brave you are, Horace—and you have shown that you are afraid of nothing—what can you do against the powers of darkness?" She had got the phrase, I knew, from Miss Jeremy's cousin.

I quite believe she would have put a bottle of water from the Jordan, which we had brought from our trip abroad, in my pocket. But I saw her eyeing it, and made a hasty escape.

Even this I should not have effected, had I not remembered the detective. I made an excuse of paying the cook, and went to the kitchen. From there I went out the rear door, cut across a lawn to the next street, and happily found that I was not followed.

My stealthy escape had set my blood to tingling. I confess to a spirit of adventure that night. Even the thought of the empty house did not daunt me. It was, also, a comfort to remember that Sperry was a very strong man. I had, as I have said before, none of my wife's belief in the supernatural.

Sperry was waiting on the door-step, as on that night, now exactly fourteen days ago, when we had taken together the same route.

He confided his plan to me. "There is still a chance," he said, "that the overcoat which was exchanged for yours is in the house. The owner may

"KNOCKED OUT, FOR SURE," SAID SPERRY. "A WATCHMAN, EVIDENTLY."

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have feared to go back. Then I have made up my mind to lift the rug of the dressing-room and the carpet outside the door. If he fell in the hall, and was dragged, it is one more proof of a murder."

"I thought we were making a psychic, not a criminal, investigation."

"So we are, as far as prosecution goes. But I've got my mind on this thing now, and I'm going to see it through. There's another point. I want to look at the curtains in that room. I've been reading over my copy of the notes on the sittings. It was said, you remember, that curtains—some curtains—would have been better places to hide the letters than the bag."

I stopped suddenly. "By Jove, Sperry," I said. "I remember now. My notes of the sittings were in my overcoat."

"And they are gone?"

"They are gone."

He whistled softly. "That's unfortunate," he said. "Then the other person, whoever it is, knows what we know!"

The Wells house was dark and forbidding. We walked past it once, as an officer was making his rounds in leisurely fashion, swinging his night-stick in circles. But on our return the street was empty, and we turned in at the side entry.

I led the way with comparative familiarity. It was, you will remember, my third similar excursion. With Sperry behind me I felt confident.

"In case the door is locked, I have a few skeleton keys," said Sperry.

We had reached the end of the narrow passage, and emerged into the square of brick and grass that lay behind the house. While the night was clear, the place lay in comparative darkness. Sperry stumbled over something, and muttered to himself.

The rear porch lay in deep shadow. We went up the steps together. Then Sperry stopped, and I advanced to the doorway. It was locked.

With my hand on the door-knob, I turned to Sperry. He was struggling violently with a dark figure, and even as I turned they went over with a crash and rolled together down the steps. Only one of them rose.

I was terrified. I confess it. It was impossible to see whether it was Sperry or his assailant. If it was Sperry who lay in a heap on the ground, I felt that I was lost. I could not escape. The way was blocked, and behind me the door, to which I now turned frantically, was a barrier I could not move.

Then, out of the darkness behind me, came Sperry's familiar, booming bass. "I've knocked him out, I'm afraid. Got a match, Horace?"

Much shaken, I went down the steps and gave Sperry a wooden toothpick, under the impression that it was a match. That rectified, we bent over the figure on the bricks.

"Knocked out, for sure," said Sperry, "but I think it's not serious. A watchman, evidently. Pretty courageous, to tackle two of us."

The man lay there on the bricks, very quiet. Sperry glanced around.

"Too cold to leave him here," he said. "We'd better see if we can get into the house, and carry him in."

The lock gave way to manipulation, at last, and swung open. There came to us the heavy odor of all closed houses, a combination of carpets, cooked food, and floor wax. My nerves, now taxed to their utmost, fairly shrank from it, but Sperry was cool.

He bore the brunt of the weight as we carried the watchman in, holding him with his arms dangling, helpless and rather pathetic. Sperry glanced around.

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"Into the kitchen," he said. "We can lock him in."

We had hardly laid him on the floor when I heard the slow stride of the officer on the beat. Here my lightness came to my aid. I was able to get to the outer door, reverse the key and turn it from the inside, before I heard him hailing the watchman.

"Hello, there!" he called. "George, I say, George!"

He listened for a moment, then came up and tried the door. I crouched inside, as guilty as the veriest housebreaker in the business. But he had no suspicion, clearly, for he turned and went away, whistling as he went.

Not until we heard him going down the alleyway, absently running his nightstick along the fence palings, did Sperry and I move.

"A narrow squeak, that," I said, mopping my face.

"A miss is as good as a mile," he observed. There was exultation in his voice. He is a born adventurer.

"CUT IN A HURRY, WITH CURVED SCISSORS."

He came out into the passage and quickly locked the door behind him.

"Now, friend Horace," he said. "If you have anything but toothpicks for matches, we will go up-stairs."

It was his idea that we try the servants' staircase, for fear of the light being seen from the street.

The result was a loss of time, as we wandered about. But we brought up, at last, at the head of the main staircase. And the rest was simple enough.

In the haste of closing the house, the upper shutters had been left open. They were inside the windows, and we closed them at once. The result was to shut off the faint lights of the street, and to leave us in absolute darkness. Sperry was humming softly to himself.

"First of all, for the curtains," he said.

We found one of the candles I had left, and lighted it. The table and chair I had placed in the center of the room had been put back to their places.

"*To their places*," I said to Sperry. "Then by some one who knew where they belonged."

He only grunted. He was examining the curtains at the window. Inside the thin lace ones were heavier-figured hangings of what I think my wife calls chintz, with a plain yellow lining. Sperry held the candle close and examined them.

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"Come here, Horace," he said. "Look at this."

In the lining of one of the curtains, near the bottom, a long, ragged cut had been made.

"Cut in a hurry, with curved scissors," was his comment. "Probably manicure scissors."

The result was a sort of pocket in the curtain, concealed on the chintz side, which was toward the room.

"Probably," he said, "the curtain *would* have been better. It would have stayed anyhow. Whereas the bag—" He was flushed with triumph. "How in the world would Hawkins know that?" he demanded. "You can talk all you like. She's told us things that no one ever told her."

The floor came next. The room had a large rug, like the nursery above it, and turning back the carpet was a simple matter. There had been a stain beneath where the dead man's head had lain, but it had been scrubbed and scraped away. The boards were white for an area of a square foot or so.

Sperry eyed the spot with indifference. "Not essential," he said. "Shows good housekeeping. That's all. The point is, are there other spots?"

And, after a time, we found what we were after. The upper hall was carpeted, and my penknife came into requisition to lift the tacks. They came up rather easily, as if but recently put in. That, indeed, proved to be the case.

Just outside the dressing-room door the gray boards beneath the carpet had been scraped and scrubbed. With the lifting of the carpet came, too, a strong odor, as of ammonia. But the stain of blood had absolutely disappeared.

"The poor devil fell here," Sperry said. "There was a struggle, and he went down. He lay there for a while, too, until some plan was thought out. A man does not usually kill himself in a hallway. It's a sort of solitary deed. He fell here, and was dragged into the room."

"HE FELL HERE AND WAS DRAGGED INTO THE ROOM."

We replaced the carpet, without fastening it, of course. We went back into the room. The hole in the ceiling had not been repaired again. I wondered at that, but Sperry shrugged his shoulders.

"They will have paperers and plasterers here in a day or so, mark my words," he said. "The room will be done over. Elinor is a clever woman."

And I may as well mention here that he was right. My wife the next day told me that she had been to a decorator's, and had been shown samples of wall-paper for the Wells house.

"Poor thing!" she said. "No wonder she wants it done over before she gets back."

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We were startled in our investigations by a loud banging below. Sperry seized his hat.

"The watchman," he said. "We'd better get out."

Even then we took the time to glance in at the room from which my overcoat had been taken. But there was nothing there. The room was as I had seen it last, brown paper over the rug and all.

We went down the passage to the kitchen, where the watchman had subsided again into sulky silence. Sperry stopped near the door.

"Open the outer door, Horace," he said. And to the watchman: "We will put the key under the door, and in ten minutes you may come out. Don't come sooner. I've warned you."

By the faint light from outside I could see him stooping, not in front of the door, but beside it. And it was well he did, for the moment the key was on the other side, a shot zipped through one of the lower panels. I had not expected it, and it set me to shivering.

"NOW no more of that," said Sperry calmly. And I wondered again at the foresightedness which had placed him on the side next the entry, where he did not have to pass the zone of fire.

We made a quick escape into the yard, but we were too late for the alleyway. We heard the officer running along it, and Sperry caught my elbow.

"The fence, quick," he said.

I am not very good at fences, as a rule, but I leaped that one like a cat, and came down in a barrel of waste-paper on the other side. Getting me out was a breathless matter, finally accomplished by turning the barrel over so that I could crawl out. We could hear the excited voices of the two men beyond the fence, and we ran. I was better than Sperry at that. I ran like a rabbit. I never even felt my legs. And Sperry pounded on behind me.

We heard, behind us, one of the men climbing the fence. But in jumping down he seemed to have struck the side of the overturned barrel. Probably it rolled and threw him. That part of my mind which was not intent on flight heard him fall, and curse loudly.

"Go to it," Sperry panted behind me. "Roll over and break your neck."

This, I need hardly explain, was meant for our pursuer.

We turned a corner and were out on one of the main thoroughfares. Instantly, so innate is cunning to the human brain, I fell to walking sedately.

"Don't look back," said Sperry. "Here comes a car."

It was the policeman who had followed us, and all he saw was two well-dressed and professional-looking men, one of them rather elderly, who were hailing a street-car. He stared at us very hard, and I had the presence of mind to draw my watch and consult it.

"Just in good time," I said distinctly, and we mounted the car step. Sperry remained on the platform and lighted a cigar. This gave him a chance to look back.

"Rather narrow squeak, that," he observed, as he came in and sat down beside me. "Your gray hairs probably saved us."

I was quite numb from the waist down, from my tumble and from running, and it was some time before I could breathe quietly. Suddenly Sperry fell to laughing.

"I wish you could have seen yourself in that barrel, and crawling out," he said.

We were, as I had said, just in time for the sitting. Miss Jeremy had already arrived, looking rather pale, as I had noticed she always did before a

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séance. The color of the day before had faded, and her eyes seemed sunken in her head.

"Not ill, are you?" Sperry asked her, as he took her hand.

"Not at all. But I am anxious. I always am. These things do not come for the calling, and—I should hate to disappoint you."

"This is the last time. You have promised."

"This is the last time."

It had been our custom to leave the general arrangements for the sittings to Herbert. He liked to fuss about, preparing what he called "test conditions." So it was Herbert who brought the meeting to order shortly after our arrival, by clapping his hands.

"MEMBERS of the Neighborhood Club," he said impressively, "we have agreed among ourselves that this is to be our last meeting for the purpose that is before us. I have felt, therefore, that in justice to the medium this final séance should leave us with every conviction of its genuineness. Whatever phenomena occur, the medium must be, as she has been, above suspicion. For the replies of her 'control,' no particular precaution seems necessary, or possible. But the first séance divided itself into two parts: an early period when, so far as we could observe, the medium was at least partly conscious, possibly fully so, when physical demonstrations occurred. And a second, or trance period, during which we received replies to questions. It is for the physical phenomena that I am about to take certain precautions."

"Are you going to tie me?" Miss Jeremy asked.

"Do you object?"

"Not at all, if you will be careful. That is, you may tie me as tight as you wish, if only it is with nothing rough. Not rope, if you have anything else."

But Herbert had been reading a book on the work of a well-known medium, and was prepared with what he said was the best thing known for the purpose. "I propose," he said, going into his pockets, "to tie Miss Jeremy with silk thread. It can not possibly hurt her, and if we wrap her, chair and all, thoroughly, the slightest movement will snap the thread."

The medium made no objection. But the process was a lengthy one, and what with the tying, and perhaps a fear of failure at this, the last sitting she was ever to give, the girl was plainly nervous.

Herbert finished by placing a newspaper across Miss Jeremy's knees. "If she should move," he said, rather brutally, I thought, "the newspaper will give it away at once."

She had watched his preparations without smiling. Indeed, her grave face and sunken eyes saved the situation from absurdity. We had worked in full light, but at Mrs. Dane's suggestion Clara was not brought in at once.

"Miss Jeremy says the taking of notes worries her," she said. "Clara can wait in the hall until she is in the trance."

"How are we to call her?" I asked. For I had the feeling—we were all novices, remember—that to break the circle would be to destroy the séance.

"Does noise disturb her?"

I thought not, and Sperry corroborated me. "It bothers her," he said. "She speaks fretfully. That is all."

Mrs. Dane reflected. "Bring me my stick from the hall, Horace," she said. "And tell Clara I'll rap with it when I want her."

I found a stick in the rack outside and brought it in. As I have said, the

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lights were still on in the chandelier overhead, and as I gave the stick to Mrs. Dane, I heard Sperry speaking sharply behind me.

"Where did you get that stick?" he demanded.

"In the hall. I——"

"I never saw it before," said Mrs. Dane. "Perhaps it is Herbert's."

But I caught Sperry's eye. We had both recognized it. It was Arthur Wells's, the one which Sperry had taken from his room, and which, in turn, had been taken from Sperry's library.

"You didn't, by any chance," Sperry asked cynically, "stop here on your way back from my place the other night, did you?"

"I did. But I didn't bring that thing."

"Look here, Horace," he said, more gently, "you come in and see me some day soon. You're not as fit as you ought to be."

Herbert had arranged the others about the table and now called to us sharply. "Come on," he said. "Get in this, you two. We're late as it is."

He put the lights out, and we sat as we had on the preceding nights. But I was uneasy and alarmed. Was Sperry right? Had I brought the wretched thing along, as I had brought the coal-tongs? After all my years of clear thinking and clean living, was I now in the first stage of mental decay?

I gave myself a jerk and sat up in my chair. No, I knew better. I had left Arthur Wells's stick on Sperry's table. I had not brought it to Mrs. Dane's. I knew that, as surely as I knew my name, or that my wife sat across from me, tense and rigid with excitement.

Perhaps my excitement had a bad effect on the medium. She was uneasy, and complained that the threads that bound her arms were tight. She was fretful. Sperry's word had been a good one. But after a time she settled down in her chair. Her figure, a deeper shadow in the semi-darkness of the room, seemed sagged—seemed, in some undefinable way, smaller.

Then, suddenly, a bell that Sperry had placed on the stand beyond the black curtain commenced to ring. It rang at first gently, then violently. It made a hideous clamor. I had a curious sense that it was ringing up in the air, near the top of the curtain. It was a relief to have it thrown to the ground, its racket silenced.

Quite without warning, immediately after, my chair twisted under me. "I am being turned around," I said, in a low tone. "It is as if something has taken hold of the back of the chair, and is twisting it. It has stopped now." I had been turned fully a quarter round.

For five minutes, by the luminous dial of my watch on the table before me, nothing further occurred, except that the black curtain appeared to swell, as in a wind.

"There is something behind it," Alice Robinson said, in a terrorized tone. "Something behind it, moving."

IT WAS CLARA WHOM THEY HEARD.

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"It is not possible," Herbert assured her. "Nothing, that is—there is only one door, and it is closed. I have examined the walls and floor carefully."

At the end of five minutes something soft and fragrant fell on to the table near me. I had not noticed Herbert when he placed the flowers from Mrs. Dane's table on the stand, and I was more startled than the others. Then the glass prisms in the chandelier over our heads clinked together, as if they had been swept by a finger. More of the flowers came. We were pelted with them.

And then, at last, silence, and the medium in deep trance, and Mrs. Dane rapping on the floor for Clara.

When Clara came in, Mrs. Dane told her to switch on the lights. Miss Jeremy had dropped in her chair until the silk across her chest was held taut. But investigation showed that none of the threads was broken. Sperry cut the ones around her arms with his penknife, and Herbert took advantage of the interval to go behind the curtain. He returned with a lump of soft putty, which he had placed there.

It had been perfectly smooth. Now it bore three dents, as if made by the ends of fingers. It was I who, picking up the silver bell, found that they fitted to the handle. The bell, then, had been inverted by whatever force had sent it ringing to the floor, and had been rammed, handle first, into the putty.

The second part of the sitting was conducted with all lights on. For:

"Well, well," said the deep voice of the 'control,' "here we are again."

"Here we are indeed," said Herbert. "We hope for great things from you to-night."

"I'll do my best. I'll do my damnedest."

"Are you taking this, Clara?"

"Yes, Mrs. Dane."

"Now," Herbert said, "we want you to go back to the house where you saw the dead man on the floor. You know his name, don't you?"

There was a pause. "Yes. Of course I do. A. L. Wells."

Arthur had been known to most of us by his Christian name, but the initials were correct.

"How do you know it is an L?"

"On letters," was the laconic answer. Then: "Letters, letters, who has the letters?"

"Do you know whose cane this is?"

"Yes."

"Will you tell us?"

Up to that time the replies had come easily and quickly. But beginning with the cane question, the medium was in difficulties. She moved uneasily and spoke irritably. The replies were slow and grudging. Foreign subjects were introduced, as now.

"Horace's wife certainly bullies him," said the voice. "He's afraid of her. And the coal-tongs—the coal-tongs—the coal-tongs!"

"I wish," I said to Herbert, rather sharply, "that you would not ask leading questions. And Miss Clara need not record that last statement. It is absurd."

"Whose cane is this?" Herbert demanded.

"Mr. Ellingham's."

This created a profound sensation.

"How do you know that?"

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I CAN STILL FEEL THE HORROR THAT CAME OVER ME AS I SAW, THROUGH THIS STRANGE VISION OF THE YOUNG WOMAN IN THE CHAIR, THE DETAILS OF ARTHUR WELLS'S LAST MOMENTS.

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"He carried it at the seashore. He wrote in the sand with it."

"What did he write?"

"'Ten o'clock.'"

"He wrote 'ten o'clock' in the sand, and the waves came and washed it away?"

"Yes."

Here an unfortunate incident occurred. Mrs. Dane's cook had cut her hand, and Clara was hurriedly summoned to the kitchen. The distraction evidently fretted the medium, who remained sulkily silent for five minutes. Not until things were going on as before would she reply to any questions, and when she did speak it was to refer to the cook's mishap.

"She was washing a broken glass," she said. "Old fool!"

"Is that true, Clara?"

"Yes, Mrs. Dane."

"Horace," said my wife, leaning forward, "why not ask her about that stock of mine? If it is going down, I ought to sell, oughtn't I?"

Herbert eyed her with some exasperation.

"We are here to make a serious investigation," he said. "If the members of the Club will keep their attention on what we are doing, we may get somewhere. Now," to the medium, "the man is dead, and the revolver is beside him. Did he kill himself?"

"No. He attacked her when he found the letters."

"And she shot him?"

"I can't tell you that."

"Try very hard. It is important."

"I don't know," was the fretful reply. "She may have. She hated him. I don't know. She says she did."

"She says she killed him?"

But there was no reply to this, although Herbert repeated it several times. Instead, the medium reverted to the cook's accident.

"Glass makes a deep cut. It's a nuisance, with the house torn up for cleaning."

Here, the strange deep voice of the "control" began to recite a verse of poetry—a cheap, sentimental bit of trash. It was maddening, under the circumstances.

"Do you know where the letters are?"

"Hawkins has them."

"They were not hidden in the curtain?" This was Sperry.

"No. The police might have searched the room."

"What were these letters?"

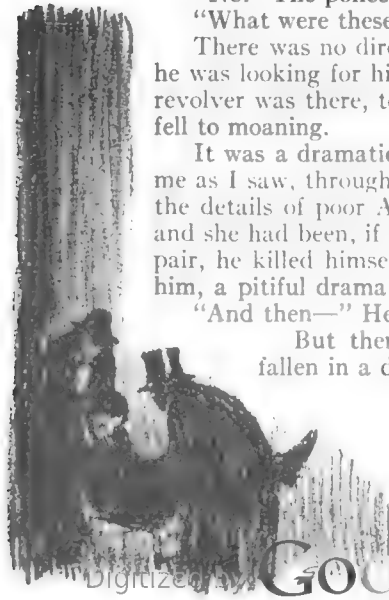
There was no direct reply to this, but instead: "He found them when he was looking for his razor-strop. They were in the top of a closet. His revolver was there, too. He went back and got it. It was terrible." She fell to moaning.

It was a dramatic situation. I can still feel the horror that came over me as I saw, through this strange vision of the young woman in the chair, the details of poor Arthur Wells's last moments. He had loved his wife, and she had been, if not unfaithful, at least disloyal. Whether, in his despair, he killed himself, or whether there was a struggle and his wife killed him, a pitiful drama lay unveiled before us.

"And then—" Herbert began, his voice rather husky. "Then——"

But there was a crash from the end of the room. Clara had fallen in a dead faint.

WE CARRIED HIM IN, HELPLESS AND PATHETIC.



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CHAPTER NINE

CLARA HAD FAINTED.

IN THIS, the final chapter of the record of these séances, I shall give, as briefly as possible, the events of the day following the third sitting. I shall explain the mystery of Arthur Wells's death, and I shall give the solution arrived at by the Neighborhood Club as to the strange communications from the medium, Miss Jeremy, now Sperry's wife.

But there are some things I can not explain.

Do our spirits live on, on this earth plane, now and then obedient to the wills of those yet living? Do they only pass on into higher space, from which, through the open door of a "sensitive" mind, they reach back now and then, to commit the inadequate absurdities of the physical séance?

Or is Sperry right, and do certain individuals manifest powers of a purely physical nature, but powers which Sperry characterizes as the survival of a dying sixth sense in the race?

We do not know. We have had to accept these things as they have been accepted through the ages, and give them either a spiritual or a purely natural explanation, as our minds happen to be adventurous or analytic in type.

On Tuesday morning I wakened after an uneasy night. I knew certain things, knew them definitely in the clear light of morning. Hawkins had the letters that Arthur Wells had found. That was one thing. I had not taken Ellingham's stick to Mrs. Dane's house. That was another. I had not done it. I had placed it on the table and had not touched it again.

The third thing was that the medium's knowledge went to a certain place, and stopped. Whatever her source of information, it had its limitations. She had not been able to tell us who killed Arthur Wells.

Three people might have done it: Elinor, Hawkins, or young Ellingham. The indications pointed to Elinor, acting in self-defense. But Hawkins seemed to be inextricably mixed with the crime. And the presence of Ellingham's stick in the dressing-room looked odd. This last, however, I felt was no more conclusive than if my own umbrella had been found there. The owner might have left it months ago. He was, as we all knew, a frequent visitor to the house.

But the stick bothered me. We had shown it to Miss Jeremy at the private sitting, Sperry and I, and had got nothing. That it bore in some way on the case, however, I felt sure. To suppose it had been taken from Sperry's house and placed openly in Mrs. Dane's hallway by any but purely human methods, was to concede what I would never concede, and do not now—supernatural interference in human affairs.

I was not followed to my office that morning. The detective had disappeared; as a matter of fact, I never saw him again.

To my surprise, Sperry and Herbert Robinson came together to see me that morning at my office. Sperry, like myself, was pale and tired. But Herbert was restless and talkative, for all the world like a terrier on the scent of a rat.

They had brought a newspaper account of an attempt by burglars to rob the Wells house, and the usual police formula that arrests were expected to be made that day. There was a diagram of the house, and a picture of the kitchen door, with an arrow indicating the bullet-hole.

"Hawkins will be here soon," Sperry said, rather casually, after I had read the clipping.

"Here?"

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"Yes. He is bringing a letter from Miss Jeremy. The letter is merely a blind. We want to see him."

Herbert was examining the door of my office. He set the spring lock. "He may try to bolt," he explained. "We're in this pretty deep, you know."

"How about a record of what he says?" Sperry asked.

I pressed a button, and my confidential secretary came in. "Take the testimony of the man who is coming in, Barber," I directed. "Take everything we say, any of us. Can you tell the different voices?"

He thought he could, and took up his position in the next room, with the door partly open.

I can still see Hawkins as Sperry let him in—a tall, cadaverous man of good manners and an English accent, a superior servant. He was cool but rather resentful. I judged that he considered carrying letters as in no way a part of his work, and that he was careful of his dignity.

"MISS JEREMY sent this, sir," he said.

"Thank you, Hawkins. I—Hawkins, we would like to have a little talk with you."

"Very well, sir." But his eyes went from one to the other of us.

"You were in the employ of Mr. Wells. We know that. Also we saw you there the night he died, but some time after the death. What time did you get in that night?"

"About midnight. I am not certain."

"Who told you of what had happened?"

"The governess. She came down-stairs to make Mrs. Wells some tea."

"You had come in, locked the door, and placed the key outside for the other servants?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you expect us to believe that?" Sperry demanded irritably. "There was only one key. Could you lock yourself in and then place the key outside?"

"Yes, sir," he replied impassively. "By opening the kitchen window, I could reach out and hang it on the nail."

"You were out of the house, then, at the time Mr. Wells died?"

"I can prove it by as many witnesses as you wish to call."

"Now, about these letters, Hawkins," Sperry said. "The letters in the bag. Have you still got them?"

He half rose—we had given him a chair facing the light—and then sat down again. "What letters?"

"Don't beat about the bush. We know you have the letters. And we want them."

"I don't intend to give them up, sir."

"Will you tell us how you got them?"

He hesitated. "If you do not know already, I do not care to say."

I placed the letter to A 31 before him. "You wrote this, I think?" I said.

He was genuinely startled. More than that, indeed. For his face twitched. "Suppose I did?" he said. "I'm not admitting it."

"Will you tell us for whom it was meant?"

"You know a great deal already, gentlemen. Why not find that out from where you learned the rest?"

"You know, then, where we learned what we know?"

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"That's easy," he said bitterly. "I guess I'm all in. I give up."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"The letters gave me a hold over somebody. At least I thought they did. But since she's been talking——"

"Will you tell us who the person is? I'd better explain, Hawkins. We are not doing police work. But, owing to a chain of circumstances, we have learned that Mr. Wells did not kill himself. He was murdered, or at least shot, by some one else. It may not have been deliberate. Owing to what we have learned, certain people are under suspicion. We want to clear things up for our own satisfaction."

"Then why is some one taking down what I say in the next room?"

He could only have guessed it, but he saw that he was right, by our faces. He smiled, still bitterly. "Go on," he said. "Take it down. It can't hurt anybody. I don't know who did it, and that's God's truth."

And, after long wrangling, that was as far as we got. He suspected who had done it, but he did not know. He absolutely refused to surrender the letters in his possession, and a sense of delicacy, I think, kept us all from pressing the question of the A 31 matter.

"That's a personal affair," he said. "I've had a good bit of trouble. I'm thinking now of going back to England."

And, as I say, we did not insist.

When he had gone, there seemed to be nothing to say. He had left the same impression on all of us, I think—of trouble, but not of crime. Of a man fairly driven; of wretchedness that was almost despair. He still had the letters. He had, after all, as much right to them as we had, which was, actually, no right at all. And, whatever it was, he still had his secret.

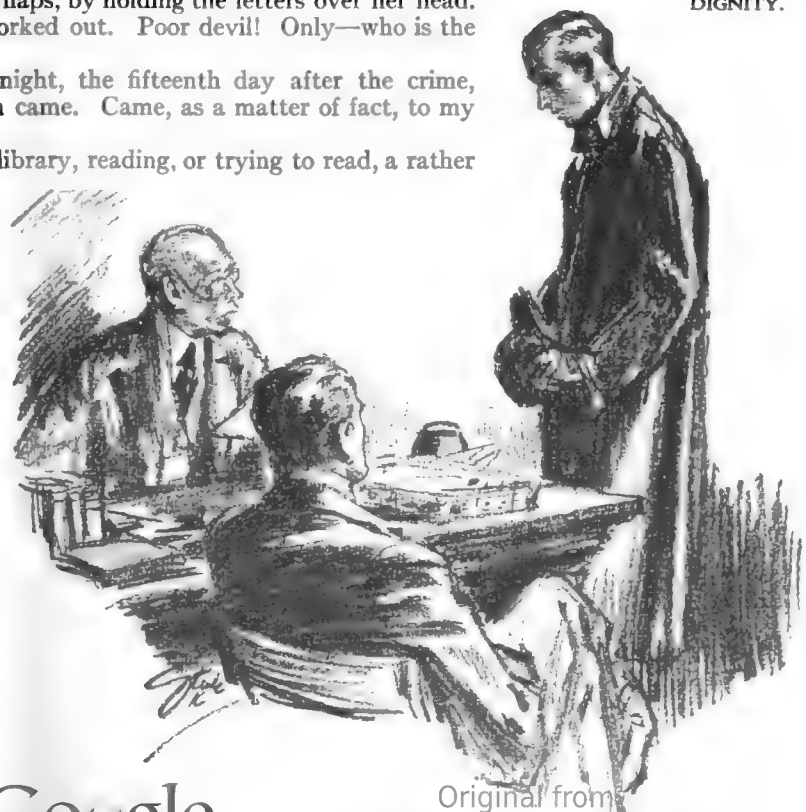
Herbert was almost childishly crestfallen. Sperry's attitude was more philosophical.

"A woman, of course," he said. "The A 31 letter shows it. He tried to get her back, perhaps, by holding the letters over her head. And it hasn't worked out. Poor devil! Only—who is the woman?"

It was that night, the fifteenth day after the crime, that the solution came. Came, as a matter of fact, to my door.

I was in the library, reading, or trying to read, a rather abstruse book on psychic phenomena. My wife, I recall, had just asked me to change a banjo record for "The End of a Pleasant Day," when the bell rang.

In our modest establishment the maids retire early, and it is my custom, on those rare



HAWKINS WAS COOL BUT RATHER RESENTFUL—CAREFUL OF HIS DIGNITY.

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occasions when the bell rings after nine o'clock, to answer the door myself.

To my surprise, it was Sperry, accompanied by two ladies, one of them heavily veiled. It was not until I had ushered them into the reception-room and lighted the gas, that I saw who they were. It was Elinor Wells, in deep mourning, and Clara, Mrs. Dane's companion and secretary.

I am afraid I was rather excited, for I took Sperry's hat from him and placed it on the head of a marble bust which I had given my wife on our last anniversary, and Sperry says that I drew a smoking-stand up beside Elinor with great care.

I do not know. It has, however, passed into history in the Club, where every now and then for some time Herbert offered one of the ladies a cigar, with my compliments.

My wife, I believe, was advancing along the corridor when Sperry closed the door. As she had only had time to see that a woman was in the room, she was naturally resentful, and retired to the upper floor, where I found her, in tears, some time later.

"Elinor wanted you to know, Horace," Sperry said. "We may need a legal mind on this. I'm not sure, or rather I think it unlikely. But just in case—suppose you tell him, Elinor."

I have no record of the story Elinor Wells told that night in our little reception-room, with Clara sitting in a corner, grave and white. It was fragmentary, incoordinate. But I got it all at last.

Young Ellingham had killed Arthur Wells, but in a struggle. In parts the story was sordid enough. She did not spare herself, or her motives. She had wanted luxury, and Arthur had not succeeded as he had promised. They were in debt, and living beyond their means. But even that, she hastened to add, would not have mattered. She had thought she cared for young Ellingham, but the affair had not gone as far as we might think. There were letters, the letters that had been lost. She had met him clandestinely several times, both in the city and at the seashore.

"We walked together," she said, rather pitifully. "I know it was dreadful, but I was not happy, and Arthur—" She almost broke down. She was looking crushed, almost ill.

On the night of Arthur Wells's death they were dressing for a ball. She had made a private arrangement with Ellingham to plead a headache at the last moment and let Arthur go alone. But he had been so insistent that she had been forced to go, after all. She had sent the governess out to telephone Ellingham not to come, but she had missed him. He had already started. She had left the message with a servant.

Elinor was dressed, all but her ball-gown, and had put on a negligée, to wait for the governess to return and help her. Arthur was in his dressing-room, and she heard him grumbling about having no blades for his safety razor.

He got out a case of razors and searched for the strop. When she remembered where the strop was, it was too late. The letters had been beside it, and he was coming toward her, with them in his hand.

She was terrified. He had read only one, but that was enough. He muttered something and turned away. She saw his face as he went toward where the revolver had been hidden from the children, and she screamed.

Young Ellingham heard her. The door had been left unlocked by the governess, and he was in the lower hall. He ran up and the two men grappled. The first shot was fired by Arthur. It struck the ceiling. The second she was doubtful about. She thought the revolver was still in Arthur's

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hand. It was all horrible. He went down like a stone, in the hallway outside the door.

They were nearly mad, the two of them. They had dragged the body in, and then faced each other.

"We'll have to say it was suicide," Ellingham said, rather dazed. "If I did it, I didn't mean to. He was aiming for me, and I turned his hand."

They heard some one in the house, and thought it was the governess. Elinor's first thought was of possible scandal. She sent Ellingham back to the rear of the upper floor, from which he made his escape shortly after. But the governess had not yet come. It was Clara who was in the house.

At the mention of her name the girl, sitting in her corner during the recital, stirred uneasily.

"She had gone from me to Mrs. Dane," Elinor said. "I was fond of her, and I knew I could trust her. She had used the servants' key to come in. Some of her things were still in the house. I told her we had been struggling, and that I was afraid I had shot him. She is quick. She knew just what to do. Clara says you know what we did. We worked fast. She said a suicide would not have fired one shot into the ceiling, and she fixed that. It was terrible. And all the time he lay there, with his eyes half open——!"

THE letters, it seems, were all over the place. Elinor thought of the curtain, but she was afraid of the police. Finally she gave them to Clara, who was to take them away and burn them.

But Clara lost them. Poor Clara, hurrying back to Mrs. Dane's and that first séance! She did not know where she had lost them. They had fallen, in her haste. It might have been then, or on the car. But she was afraid she had left them down-stairs, in the hall, where Hawkins would get them. She was not certain, as her advertisement showed. If Hawkins had them, it was serious.

And here comes in poor Hawkins's story. Clara and he were married, had been married while she was a nursery governess for Mrs. Wells. It was a poor match for her. She was studying stenography, was ambitious. And Hawkins was not of the sort to better himself. They kept the marriage secret, but she had suspected him of an affair, more or less innocent, with a pretty parlor-maid. Finally she left the Wells house, estranged from him.

Even to Clara, Elinor had not told of young Ellingham's part in the affair. She said, truthfully enough, that there had been a quarrel over the letters. That was all Clara knew.

The loss of the letters drove Clara almost frantic. She waited for a few days, expecting if Hawkins had them that he would show his hand, but he did not.

She took up Elinor's story here. "When he did not," she said, "I advertised. But there was no answer. Miss Jeremy had said perhaps he had them. She had been so accurate in the other things that I thought she was right in this too. But since I have not heard from him, I suppose——"

Her voice trailed off. Perhaps I am growing sentimental in my old age, but I fancied there was more in Clara's voice than resentment. There was a note that was more like grief. If she still cared for Hawkins, things were not hopeless. For he was eating his heart out, plainly enough.

To a certain point, except for the loss of the letters, things had gone as well as they could go. The police had accepted the suicide without question, and had made no examination of the room.

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But the investigations of the Neighborhood Club, commenced that very evening of Arthur Wells's death, had been the beginning of the end.

"I had to take it all down," poor Clara moaned. "I lived it all over again. And every Monday evening it has been the same. Sometimes I thought I would faint. I tried to think of other things, but the medium—" She covered her eyes.

It was all tragic enough, tragic and terrible.

"Where is Ellingham?"

"In town, I think," Elinor said. "I have seen him just once. Clara sent for me after the second sitting at Mrs. Dane's house, and said that the medium had described everything, and that you were going on, that you meant to probe the whole thing. I warned him then, and I think he went to the house. The second bullet was somewhere in the ceiling, or in the floor of the nursery. I thought it ought to be found. I don't know whether he found it or not."

She had sat, clasping and unclasping her hands in her lap. She was a proud woman, and surrender had come hard. The struggle was marked in her face. She looked as though she had not slept for days.

"You think I am frightened," she said slowly. "And I am, terribly frightened. But not about discovery. That has come, and can not be helped."

"Then why?"

"How does this woman, this medium, know these things?" Her voice rose, with an unexpected hysterical catch. "It is superhuman. I am almost mad."

And then I knew. I saw that Sperry knew also. Clara had told Elinor of the sittings, and had shown her notes. One after the other, day after day, things that they had held to be buried with Arthur Wells had come to the light. Small wonder that, to the nerves of the two women, a hand that was not human had unearthed them.

To Elinor Wells the hand was that of her dead husband.

"WE'RE going to get to the bottom of this," Sperry said soothingly. "Be sure that it is not what you think it is, Elinor. There's a simple explanation, and I think I've got it. What about the stick that was taken from my library?"

"How did you get it?"

"I took it out of the room that night."

"Mr. Ellingham knew he had left it, but I could not find it. Then he found Mr. Johnson's overcoat. You remember, don't you?"

"I'm not likely to forget it."

"Clara's notes were in it. He called her up and asked her if it was his stick. He described the one he had left in the room. Tell them, Clara."

"I stole it," Clara said, looking straight ahead. "We had to have it. I knew at the second sitting that it was his."

"When did you take it?"

"On Monday morning. I went for Mrs. Dane's medicine, and you had promised her a book. Do you remember? I told your man, and he allowed me to go up to the library. It was there, on the table. I had expected to have to search for it, but it was lying out. I fastened it to my belt, under my long coat."

"And placed it in the rack at Mrs. Dane's?" Sperry was watching her intently, with the same sort of grim smile he wears when examining a chest.

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"I put it in the closet in my room. I meant to get rid of it, when I had a little time. I don't know how it got down-stairs, but I think——"

"Yes?"

"We are house-cleaning. A housemaid was washing closets. I suppose she found it and, thinking it was one of Mrs. Dane's, took it down-stairs. That is, unless—" It was clear that, like Elinor, she had a supernatural explanation in her mind. She looked gaunt and haggard.

"Clara," Sperry said suddenly, "are you color-blind?"

SHE flushed, a triangle of purplish color on her pale cheeks. "I am not very good about colors," she confessed.

"Did you see, the day you advertised for your bag, another similar advertisement?"

"I saw it. It frightened me."

"You have no idea who inserted it?"

"None whatever."

"Did you ever see Miss Jeremy before the first sitting? Or hear of her?"

"Never."

"Or between the séances?"

"No."

Elinor rose and drew her veil down. "We must go," she said. "I—surely now you will cease these terrible investigations. I can not stand much more. I am going mad."

"There will be no more séances," Sperry said gravely.

"And—what are you going to do?" She turned to me, I dare say because I represented what to her was her supreme dread, the law.

"My dear girl," I said, "we are not going to do anything. The Neighborhood Club has been doing a little amateur research work, which is now over. That is all."

Sperry took them away in his car, but he turned on the door-step. "Wait down-stairs for me," he said. "I am coming back."

I was uneasy about my wife, and when he had gone I went to the foot of the staircase and called up to her. Although she must have heard me, she did not reply, so I went to the library and waited. I was not very comfortable. Things were all wrong, I felt: my wife indignant and, I may even say, sulking, and our great mystery solved—by another mystery!

For where were we, after all? We had the medium's story elaborated and confirmed. But the fact remained that, step by step, through her unknown "control," the Neighborhood Club had followed a crime from its beginning, or almost its beginning, to its end.

Was everything on which I had built my life to go? Its philosophy, its science, even its theology? Before the revelations of a young woman who knew hardly the rudiments of the very things she was destroying?

Was death, then, not peace and an awakening to new things, but a wretched and dissociated clutching after the old? A wrench which only loosened but did not break our earthly ties?

It was well that Sperry came back when he did, bringing with him a breath of fresh night air and stalwart sanity. He found me pacing the room.

"The thing I want to know," I said fretfully, "is where this leaves us? Where are we? For God's sake, where are we?"

"First of all," he said, "have you anything to drink? Not for me. For yourself. You look sick."

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WITHDRAWING A VOLUME OF JOSEPHUS, I BROUGHT DOWN THE BOTTLE.

"We do not keep intoxicants in the house."

"Oh, piffle," he said. "Where is it, Horace?"

"I have a little gin."

"Where?"

I drew a chair before the book-shelves, which in our old-fashioned house reach almost to the ceiling, and, withdrawing a volume of Josephus, I brought down the bottle.

"Gin!" said Sperry. "Which does not leave behind it any telltale aura, eh, Horace?"

"Only now and then, when I have had a bad day," I explained. "I find that it makes me sleep."

He poured some out and I drank it, being careful to rinse the glass afterward.

"Well," said Sperry, when he had lighted a cigar, "so you want to know where we are?"

"I would like to save something out of the wreck."

"That's easy. Horace, you should be a heart specialist, and I should have taken the law. It's as plain as the alphabet." He took his notes of the sittings from his pocket. "I'm going to read a few things. Keep what is left of your mind on them. This is from the first sitting.

" 'The knee is very bad. It aches. Knee, knee, knee. A bad knee.'

" 'Arnica is a good thing.'

" 'I want to go out. I want air. The drawing-room furniture is scattered all over the house.' (That is repeated.)

"Now the second sitting:

" 'It is very hard to find places for all the furniture.'

" 'Water, children,' and 'ten o'clock' repeated several times.

" 'If only the pocketbook was not lost. There were so many things in it. Especially car-tickets. Walking is a nuisance.'

" 'It will be terrible if the letters are found!'

" 'Hawkins may have it. He was always hanging round.'

" 'Pest! That's Hawkins.'

"Now the third sitting:

" 'Horace's wife certainly bullies him. He's afraid of her. And the coal-tongs!' "

"Every one who knows us—" I began. But he read on:

" 'She was washing a broken glass. Old fool!'

" 'Glass makes a deep cut. It's a nuisance, with the house torn up for cleaning.'

"At that point," he finished, "Clara fainted, you remember."

"Yes. But what has all this to do with the case?" I demanded. "Every séance has its mass of irrelevant material."

"Irrelevant nonsense!" he snapped. "Wake up, Horace. First of all, one thing has bothered us. The color of the kimono was given as yellow. We knew it was green. Second, at the last sitting, when Clara was called out, things stopped."

"I do not believe she was Miss Jeremy's accomplice," I said firmly.

"Nor do I. Or that she was an ice-water pitcher, or a silk umbrella, or a

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sow's ear. My dear Horace, did you ever hear of mind-reading?"

"Mind-reading!" I said, almost feebly.

"Remember," he said, "I'm not explaining the physical phenomena. We'll never do that. It wasn't extraordinary, as such things go. Our little medium is a clever mind-reader, that's all. And Heaven help me when I marry her!"

AND that is, after all, the explanation of the Wells case. Even Clara's color-blindness, which had so bewildered us, now became a deciding factor in the solution. Poor Clara, her mind full of trouble, and each thought, each agony, reproduced on the retina of the medium's mind, mentally visualized and spoken!

Even her frantic attempts to keep from hysteria by thinking of the drawing-room furniture, her aching knee, when in her haste on the night of the first sitting she had fallen and bruised it, her recollection, when young Ellingham's stick was produced, of having seen him writing in the sand with it—a message to Elinor, no doubt, which the sea promptly erased—her resentful attitude to Hawkins, her terror about the lost letters—everything, dragged to the surface and revealed.

To explain a mystery by a mystery! That is what we have done. For mental waves remain a mystery, acknowledged, as is electricity, but of a nature yet unrevealed. Thoughts are things. That is all we know.

Mrs. Dane, I believe, had suspected the solution from the start.

The Neighborhood Club has recently disbanded. We tried other things, but we had been spoiled. Our Kipling winter was a failure. We read a play or two, with Sperry's wife reading the heroine, and the rest of us taking other parts. She has a lovely voice, has Mrs. Sperry.

But it was all stale and unprofitable, after the Wells affair. With Herbert gone now as a correspondent to the war, and Mrs. Dane at a sanatorium for the winter, we have given it all up.

Clara and Hawkins are living together, but rather stormily, I fear. Alice Robinson took her place with Mrs. Dane.

In the evenings I read, or, as lately, I have been making this record of the Wells case from our notes. My wife is still fond of the phonograph, and even now, as I make this last entry and complete my narrative, she is waiting for me to change the record. I will be frank. I hate the phonograph. I hope it will be destroyed, or stolen. I am thinking very seriously of having it stolen.

"Horace," says my wife, "whatever would we do without the phonograph? I wish you would put it in the burglar-insurance policy. I am always afraid it will be stolen."

Even here, you see! Truly, thoughts are things.

There is a big story by BOOTH TARKINGTON on page 144 of this number. It is the first of a series by Tarkington which sets a high-water mark in the work of America's master short-story writer.

"Brudie's Pickle" is the September story.

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WILSON, PHRASE-MAKER

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ROOSEVELT'S oratorical offensive has compelled our presidents now and hereafter to look to their rhetorical arsenals and prepare. In the estimation of many lovers of fine and forceful speech President Wilson has not "stood apart studiously neutral" in this regard. Some of T. R.'s verbal shots have gone into the dictionary; a few of President Wilson's have been heard around the world. All of the President's speeches and writings have the mellow flavor of the scholar, the dignity and delicacy of the purist, the homely similes and quaint turns that bespeak a mind at home alike in classic tradition and common experience. Here are some random examples:

The feelings with which we face this new age of right and opportunity sweep across our heartstrings like some air out of God's own presence, where justice and mercy are reconciled and the judge and the brother are one.

Inaugural Address, Congress, March 4, 1913.

In every matter in which I have made test of his judgment and point of view, I have received from him counsel singularly enlightening, singularly clear-sighted and judicial, and above all, full of moral stimulation. He is a friend of all just men and a lover of the right, and he knows more than how to talk about the right—he knows how to set it forward in the face of its enemies.—*Letter in support of Brandeis, Washington, D. C., May* 5, 1916.

We can not intelligently talk politics unless we know to whom we are talking, and in what circumstances.—*Notification Address, Seagirt, N. J., August* 7, 1912.

War is only a sort of dramatic representation, a sort of dramatic symbol, of a thousand forms of duty. I fancy that it is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you as when they are shooting at you.

Brooklyn Navy Yard, May 11, 1914.

Some Americans need hyphens in their names, because only part of them has come over; but when the whole man has come over, heart and thought and all, the hyphen drops of its own weight out of his name.

Address at the unveiling of Statue to Memory of Commodore John Barry, Washington, May 16, 1914.

The changing of law by statute seems to me like mending a garment with a patch; whereas, law should grow by the life that is in it, not by the life that is outside of it.—*Continental Hall, Washington, October* 20, 1914.

Young men are generally thought to be arch radicals. As a matter of fact, they are the most conservative people I have ever dealt with. . . .

Almost every vicious man is afraid of society, and if you once open the door where he is, he will run. All you have to do is to fight, not with cannon but with light.—*Address at the Y. M. C. A. Celebration, Pittsburgh, October* 24, 1914.

It does not behoove a nation to walk with its eyes over its shoulder. . . .

Character is a by-product; it is produced in the great manufacture of daily duty.—*Arlington, May* 31, 1915.

I have met many men whose horns dropped away the moment I was permitted to examine their heads. . . .

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The mists and miasmic airs of suspicion that have filled the business world have now been blown away. . . .

We do not want to be in a lonely advance climbing some heights of perfection where there is no good inn to stop at overnight. . . .

There is nothing better for an idea by way of test than exposure to the atmosphere. . . .—*Washington, D. C., January* 29, 1913.

Things that are not so do not match. If you hear enough of them, you see there is no pattern whatever; it is a crazy quilt.

United States Chamber of Commerce, Washington, February 3, 1915.

It is one thing to love the place where you were born, and it is another thing to dedicate yourself to the place to which you go.

Convention Hall, Philadelphia, May 10, 1915.

The example of America must be the example not merely of peace because it will not fight, but of peace because peace is the healing and elevating influence of the world and strife is not. There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right.

Convention Hall, Philadelphia, May 10, 1915.

We have stood apart studiously neutral.

Message to Congress, December 7, 1915.

If I can not retain my moral influence over a man except by occasionally knocking him down, if that is the only basis upon which he will respect me, then for the sake of his soul I have got occasionally to knock him down.

National Press Club, Washington, May 15, 1916.

A friend of mine says that every man who takes office in Washington either grows or swells, and when I give a man an office, I watch him carefully to see whether he is swelling or growing. The mischief of it is that when they swell they do not swell enough to burst. If they would only swell to the point where you might insert a pin and let the gases out, it would be a great delight.—*National Press Club, May* 15, 1916.

The trouble with the Republican party is that it has not had a new idea for thirty years. I am not speaking as a politician; I am speaking as an historian.—*Indianapolis, January* 8, 1915.

Some men are born troublesome, some men have trouble thrust upon them, and other men acquire trouble. I think I belong to the second class.

Cleveland, January 29, 1916.

It is probably a fortunate circumstance that America has been cried awake by these voices in the disturbed and reddened night, when the fire sweeps sullenly from continent to continent, and it may be that in this red flame of light there will rise again that ideal figure of American holding up her hand of hope and of guidance to the people of the world and saying "I stand ready to counsel and to help. I stand ready to assert whenever the flame is quenched those infinite principles of rectitude and peace which alone can bring happiness and liberty to mankind."—*Chicago, January* 3, 1916.

America can not be an ostrich with its head in the sand.

Des Moines, February 1, 1916.

It is just as well to shed your speeches as you go.

Jefferson Hotel, St. Louis, February 3, 1916.

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THE GREAT TEAK DOOR LOOKED AS IF IT HAD BEEN STOLEN FROM SOME HINDU TEMPLE.

KING, *of the* KHYBER RIFLES

by Talbot Mundy

Author of "Hookum Hai!" "The Winds of the World," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL

AT THE outbreak of the war, Athelstan King, a captain in the Indian army, is assigned to Secret Service duty in the Himalayas. India's forces are mostly oversea, and the Hill Tribes, which always take advantage, are threatening to overrun all India in a Holy War. King's orders call for a journey to Khinjan, and the solution of the mystery of Khinjan Caves. Also, he is directed to work with Yasmini, the most fascinating and mysterious woman in all India, who has served the Government, and who claims to have the freedom of Khinjan.

King starts to Delhi to join her. On the train a Hillman attempts to murder him; and King takes from him a knife of ancient make, with a gold hilt in the likeness of a woman who resembles Yasmini. Arrived in Delhi, King is "shadowed" by a native, a Rangar dandy, who proves to be Yasmini's man, Rewa Gunga. The Rangar tells King that Yasmini has already gone North; but he gives him a curious bracelet as his passport to Khinjan, and conducts him to Yasmini's house. Here, with every enchantment that the East commands, Rewa Gunga tries—in vain—to mesmerize him. That night King tricks Rewa Gunga into taking a northbound train; but King remains behind, with the giant Ismail, whom Yasmini has assigned to his service. King meantime has caused the arrest of thirty of Yasmini's picked Hillmen, who had been the instruments of her work in Delhi, and he takes

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them all north with him. On the way he learns that Yasmini is now eager to work with him—which is a new mystery. She is reported to have gone ahead of him up Khyber Pass, and King, with his party, including Rewa Gunga, follows her, entering the gloomy Pass at nightfall. It is an eery journey through pitch blackness, and all nerves are tense. At one point a blue light flashes below them, and King and Rewa Gunga plunge after it, riding like mad—till Rewa Gunga disappears, and King, returning to the road, finds only five men left to him. Below Ali Masjid fort they halt, and, in response to a message, King's brother, who is in charge of the fort, comes out to see him. While the Hillmen are out of sight, his brother helps King assume the disguise of a hakim—a converted Hindu physician. When the Hillmen come back not one of them is able to recognize him. Finally he reveals himself, tells them that hereafter his name is to be Kurram Khan, and that two of them, Ismail and Darya Khan, are to be his assistants.

ISMAIL stared at Darya Khan—Darya Khan at Ismail, and then both of them at King. The little jackals whimpered and complained, and King sat still, waiting for comprehension to be born and grow. Then, as they grew used to the idea, he rubbed it in.

"Henceforward I am Kurram Khan, the dakitar, and ye two are my assistants, Ismail to hold the men with boils, and Darya Khan to heat the irons—both of ye to be my men, and support me with words when need be!"

Ismail danced away, hugging himself, and shouting "Hee-yee-yee!" until the jackals joined him in discontented chorus and the Khyber Pass became full of weird howling.

Then suddenly the old Afridi thought of something else, and came back to thrust his face close to King's.

"Why be a Rangar? Why be a Rajput, sahib? SHE loves us Hillmen better!"

"Do I look like a Hillman of the Hills?" asked King.

"Nay, not now. But he who can work one miracle can work another. Change thy skin once more, and be a true Hillman!"

"Aye!" King laughed. "And fall heir to a blood-feud with every second man I chance upon! A Hillman is cousin to a hundred others, and what say they in the Hills?—'to hate like cousins,' eh? All cousins are at war. As a Rangar I have left my cousins down in India. Better be a converted Hindu, and be despised by some, than have cousins in the Hills! Besides, do I speak like a Hillman?"

"Aye! Never an Afridi spake his own tongue better!"

"Yet—does a Hillman slip? Would a Hillman use Punjaubi words in a careless moment?"

"God forbid!"

"Therefore, thou dunderhead, I will be a Rangar Rajput—a stranger in a strange land, traveling by HER favor to visit her in Khinjan! Thus should I happen to make mistakes in speech or action, it may be overlooked, and each man will unwittingly be my advocate, explaining away my errors to himself and others, instead of my enemy denouncing me to all and sundry! Is that clear, thou oaf?"

"Aye! Thou art more cunning than any *man* I ever met!"

The great Afridi began to rub the tips of his fingers through his straggly beard in a way that might mean anything, and King seemed to draw considerable satisfaction from it, as if it were a sign language that he understood.

More than any one thing in the world just then he needed a friend, and he certainly did not propose to overlook such a useful one.

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"WHO COMES UNINVITED INTO KHINJAN?" HOWLED THE WATCHMAN ON THE PARAPET.

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"And," he added, as if it were an afterthought, instead of his chief reason, "if her special man, Rewa Gunga, is a Rangar, and is known as a Rangar throughout the Hills, shall I not the more likely win favor by being a Rangar too? If I wear her bracelet and at the same time am a Rangar, who will not trust me?"

"True!" agreed Ismail. "True! Thou art a magician!"

But the moon was getting low, and Khyber would be dark again in half an hour, for the great crags in the distance to either hand shut off more light than do the Khyber walls. The mist, too, was growing thicker. It was time to make a move.

King rose. "Pack the mule, and bring my horse!" he ordered, and they hurried to obey with alacrity born of new respect, Darya Khan attending to the trimming of the mule's load in person, instead of snarling at another man.

It was a very different little escort from the one that had come thus far. Like King himself, it had changed its very nature in fifteen minutes!

They brought the horse, and King laughed at them, calling them idiots—men without eyes.

"I am Kurram Khan, the dakitar, but who in the Hills would believe it? Look now—look ye, and tell me what is wrong?" He pointed to the horse, and they stood in a row and stared.

"The saddle?" Ismail suggested. "It is a Government arrficer's saddle."

"Stolen!" said King, and they nodded. "Stolen along with the horse!"

"Then the bridle?"

"Stolen too, ye men without eyes. Ye insects. A stolen horse and saddle and bridle, are they not a passport of gentility this side of the border?"

"Aye."

"Shorten those stirrups, then, six holes at the least! Men will laugh at me if I ride like a British arrficer!"

"Aye!" said Ismail, hurrying to obey.

"Aye! Aye! Aye!" agreed the others.

"Now," he said, gathering the reins and swinging into the saddle, "who knows the way to Khinjan?"

"Which of us does not!"

"Ye all know it? Then ye all are border thieves, and worse! No honest man knows that road! Lead on, Darya Khan, thou Lord of Rivers! Do thy duty as *badragga*, and beware lest we get our knees wet at the fords! Ismail, you march next. Now I. You other two and the mule follow me. Let the man with the bellyache ride last on the other horse. So. Forward, march!"

So Darya Khan led the way with his rifle, and King's face glowed in cigarette light not very far behind him, as he legged his horse up the narrow track that led northward out of the Khyber bed.

It would be a long time before he would dare smoke a cigar again, and his supply of cigarettes was destined to dwindle down to nothing before that day. But he did not seem to mind.

"*Cheloh!*" he called. "Forward, men of the mountains! *Kuch dar nahin hai!*"

"Thy mother and the spirit of a fight were one!" swore Ismail just in front of him, stepping out like a boy going to a picnic. "SHE will love thee! Allah! She will love thee! Allah! Allah!"

The thought seemed to appal him. For hours after that he climbed ahead in silence.

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Dear is the swagger that takes a man in,
Helmeted, clattering, proud;
Sweet are the honors the arrogant win,
Hot from the breath of a crowd;
Precious the spirit that never will bend—
Hot challenge for insolent stare!
But—talk when you've tried it!—to win in the end,
Go ahsti! Be meek! And beware!*

CHAPTER EIGHT

EVEN with the man with the stomach-ache, mounted on the spare horse for the sake of extra speed (and he was not suffering one-fifth as much as he pretended); with Ismail to urge, and King to coax, and the fear of mountain death on every side of them, they were the part of a night and a day, and a night and a part of another day, in reaching Khinjan.

Darya Khan, with the rifle held in both hands, led the way swiftly, but warily; and the last man's eyes looked ever backward, for many a sneaking enemy might have seen them and have judged a stern-chase worth while.

The animals grew weary to the verge of dropping, for the "road" had been made for the most part by mountain freshets, and where that was not the case it was imaginary altogether. They traveled upward, along ledges that were age-worn in the limestone; downward where the "hell-stones" slid from under them to almost bottomless ravines, and a false step would have been instant death; up again between big, edged boulders that nipped the mule's pack and let the mule between; past many and many a lonely cairn that hid the bones of a murdered man (buried to keep his ghost from making trouble)—ever with a tortured ridge of rock for skyline, and generally leaning against a wind that chilled them to the bone, while the fierce sun burned them.

At night and at noon they slept fitfully at the chance-met shrine of some holy man. The Hills are full of them, marked by fluttering rags that can be seen for miles away; and though the Quran's meaning must be stretched to find excuse, the Hillmen are adept at stretching things and hold those shrines as sacred as the Book itself. Men who would almost rather cut throats than gamble regard them as sanctuaries. So a man may rest in temporary peace even on the road to Khinjan, although Khinjan and peace have nothing whatever in common.

It was at such a shrine, surrounded by tattered rags tied to sticks, which fluttered in the wind three or four thousand feet above Khyber level, that King drew Ismail into conversation, and deftly forced on him the rôle of questioner.

"How canst thou see the caves?" he asked, for King had hinted at his intention; and for answer King gave him a glimpse of the gold bracelet.

"Aye! Well and good! But even SHE dare not disobey the rule. Khinjan was there before she came, and the rule was there from the beginning, when the first men found the caves! Some—hundreds—have gained admission, lacking the right, but who ever saw them again? Allah! I for one would not chance it!"

"Thou and I are two men!" answered King. "Allah gave thee qualities I lack. He gave thee the strength of a bull and a mountain goat in one, and HER for a mistress. To me he gave other qualities. I shall see the caves. I am not afraid."

"Aye! He gave thee other gifts indeed! But listen! How many Indian servants of the British Raj have set out to see the caves? Many, many—ay, very many! Again and again the Sirkar sent its loyal ones. Did any

*slowly.

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return? Not one! Some were crucified before they reached the place. One died slowly on the very rock whereon we sit, with his eyelids missing and his eyes turned to the sun! Some entered Khinjan, and the women of the place made sport with them. Those would rather have been crucified outside, had they but known. Some, having got by Khinjan, entered the caves. None ever came out again!"

"Then, what is my case to thee?" King asked him. "If I can not come out again, and there is a secret, then the secret will be kept, and what is the trouble?"

"I love thee," the Afridi answered simply. "Thou art a man after mine own heart. Turn! Go back before it is too late!"

King shook his head.

"Be warned!" Ismail reached out a hairy-backed hand that shook with half-suppressed emotion. "When we reach Khinjan, and I come within reach of HER orders again, then I am HER man, not thine!"

King smiled, glancing again at the gold bracelet on his arm. "I look like HER man too!"

"Thou!" Ismail's scorn was well feigned if it was not real. "Thou chicken running to the hand that will pluck thy breast feathers! Listen! Abdurrahman—he of Khabul—and may Allah give his ugly bones no peace!—Abdurrahman of Khabul sought the secret of the caves. He sent his men to set an ambush. They caught twenty coming out of Khinjan on a raid. The twenty were carried to Khabul, and put to torture there. How many, think you, told the secret under torture? They died cursing Abdurrahman to his face, and *he* died without the secret! May God recompense him with the fire that burns forever, and scalding water, and ashes to eat!"

"Had Abdurrahman this?" asked King, touching the bracelet.

"Nay! He would have given one eye for it, but none would trade with him! He knew of it, but never saw it."

"I am more favored. I have it. It is HERS, is it not? Does not SHE know the secret?"

"She knows all that any man knows, and more!"

"Was she seen to slay a man in the teeth of written law?" asked King, and Ismail stared so hard at him that he laughed. "I was in Khinjan once before, my friend! I know the rule! I failed to reach the caves that other time because I had no witnesses to swear they had seen *me* slay a man in the teeth of written law. I know!"

"Who saw thee this time?" Ismail asked, and began to cackle with the cruel humor of the Hills, which sees amusement in a man's undoing, or in the destruction of his plans. His sense of humor forced him to explain. "The price of an entrance has come of late to be the life of an English arrficer! Many a one the English have dubbed Ghazi, because he crossed the border and buried his knife in a man on church parade! They hang and burn them, knowing our Muslim law that denies heaven to him who is hanged and burned. Yet the man they miscall Ghazi sought but the key

IT IS MARKED "STREET OF THE DWELLINGS" ON THE SECRET ARMY MAPS, AND IT HAS BEEN BURNED REPEATEDLY BY KHINJAN RIOTERS.

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to Khinjan Caves, with no thought at all about heaven! Thou art a British arrficer. It may be they will let thee enter the caves at HER bidding. It may be, too, that they will keep thee in a cage there, for some chief's son to try his knife on when the time comes to win admission! Listen—man o' my heart!—so strict is the rule that boys born in the caves, when they come to manhood, must go and slay an Englishman, and earn outlawry before they may come back!"

"Whom did SHE kill to gain admission?" King asked him unexpectedly.

"Ask her!" said Ismail. "It is her business."

"And thou? Was the life of a British officer the price paid?"

"Nay. I slew a mullah."

The calmness of the admission, and the satisfaction its memory seemed to bring the owner, made King laugh. He found lawless satisfaction for himself in that Ismail's blood-price should have been a priest, not one of his brother officers. He liked Ismail. He could not have liked him in the same way if he had known him guilty of English blood; which is only proof, of course, that sentiment and common justice are not one. But sentiment remains. Justice is an ideal.

"Be warned, and go back!" urged Ismail.

"Come with me then!"

"Nay, I am HER man. She waits for me!"

"I imagine she waits for me!" laughed King. "Forward! We have rested in this place long enough!"

So they went on, climbing and descending the naked ramparts that lead eastward and upward and northward to the Roof of Mother Earth—Ismail ever grumbling into his long beard, and King consumed by fiercer enthusiasm than had ever yet burned in him.

THEY HELD THEIR ARMS UP TILL THEY ACHED.

"Forward! Forward! Cast bounds forward! Forward in any event!" says Cocker. It is only regular generals in command of troops in the field who must keep their rear open for retreat. The Secret Service need think only of the goal ahead.

It was ten of a blazing forenoon, and the sun had heated up the rocks until it was pain to walk on them and agony to sit, when they topped the last escarpment and came in sight of Khinjan's walls, across a mile-wide rock ravine—Khinjan the unregenerate, which has no other human habitation within a march, because none dare build.

They stood on a ridge, and leaned against the wind. Beneath them a path like a rope-ladder descended in zigzags to the valley that is Khinjan's dry moat; it needed courage as well as imagination to believe that the animals could be guided down it.

"Be warned a last time, sahib," advised Ismail—"little hakim—be warned and go back!"

"Thou bird of ill omen!" laughed King. "Must thou croak from every rock we rest on? Forward and downward! She must have crossed this valley. Therefore there are things worth while beyond! Forward!"

The animals, weary to death anyhow, fell rather than walked down the track. The men sat and scrambled. And the heat rose up to meet them from the waterless ravine as if its floor were Tophet's lid, and the devils busy under it, stoking.

It was midday when at last they stood on bottom, and swayed like men in a dream, fingering their bruises and scarcely able for the heat-haze to see the tangled mass of stone towers and mud-and-stone walls that faced them

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a mile away. Nobody challenged them yet. Khinjan itself seemed dead, crackled in the heat.

They sheltered their eyes and faces from the glare with turban-ends, and odds and ends of clothing. The animals swayed behind them, with hung heads and drooping ears, and neither man nor beast had sense enough left to have detected an ambush. They were more than half-way across the valley, hunting for shadow where none was to be found, when a shotted salute brought them up all-standing in a cluster. Six or eight nickel-coated bullets spattered on the rocks close by, and one so narrowly missed King that he could feel its wind.

Up went all their hands together, and they held them so until they ached. Nothing whatever happened. Their arms ceased aching, and grew numb.

"Forward!" ordered King.

After another quarter of a mile of stumbling among hot boulders, not one of which was big enough to afford cover, or shelter from the sun, another volley whistled over them. Their hands went up again, and this time King could see turbaned heads above a parapet in front. But nothing further happened.

"Forward!" he ordered.

They advanced another two hundred yards, and a third volley rattled among the rocks on either hand, frightening one of the mules, so that it stumbled and fell, and had to be helped up again. When that was done, and the mule stood trembling, they all faced the wall. But they were too weary to hold their hands up any more. Thirst had begun to exercise its sway. One of the men was half delirious.

"Who are ye?" howled a human being whose voice was so like a wolf's that the words at first had no meaning. He peered over the parapet, a hundred feet above, with his head so swathed in dirty linen that he looked like a bandaged corpse.

"What will ye? Who comes uninvited into Khinjan?"

King bethought him of Yasmini's talisman. He held it up, and the gold band glinted in the sun. Yet, although a Hillman's eyes are keener than an eagle's, he did not believe the thing could be recognized at that angle and from that distance. Another thought suggested itself to him. He turned his head, and caught Ismail in the act of signaling with both hands.

"Ye may come!" howled the watchman on the parapet, disappearing instantly.

King trembled—perhaps as a race-horse trembles at the starting-gate, though he was weary enough to tremble from fatigue. The Hills, which numb the hearts of many men, had not cowed him, for he loved them, and in love there is no fear. Heat and cold and hunger were all in the day's work; thirst was an incident; and the whistle of lead in the wind had never meant more to him than work ahead to do. But a greyhound trembles in the leash. A boiler trembles when word goes down the speaking-tube from the bridge for "all she's got." And so the mild-looking hakim Kurram Khan, walking gingerly across hot rocks, donning cheap, imitation-shell-rimmed spectacles to help him look the part, trembled even more than the leg-weary horse he led.

But that passed. He was all in hand when he led his men up over a rough stone causeway to a door in the bottom of a high, battlemented wall, and waited for somebody to open it.

The great teak door looked as if it had been stolen from some Hindu temple, and he wondered how and when they could have brought it there,

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"MANY WENT IN," SANG THE LASHLESS MULLAH IN A SINGSONG CHANT. 'NOT ALL CAME OUT AGAIN BY THIS ROAD!"

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A SECTION OF THE MOSQUE WALL BEGAN TO MOVE SMOOTHLY AWAY, DISCLOSING A ROCK TUNNEL, SPLIT IN TWO BY AN ISLAND.

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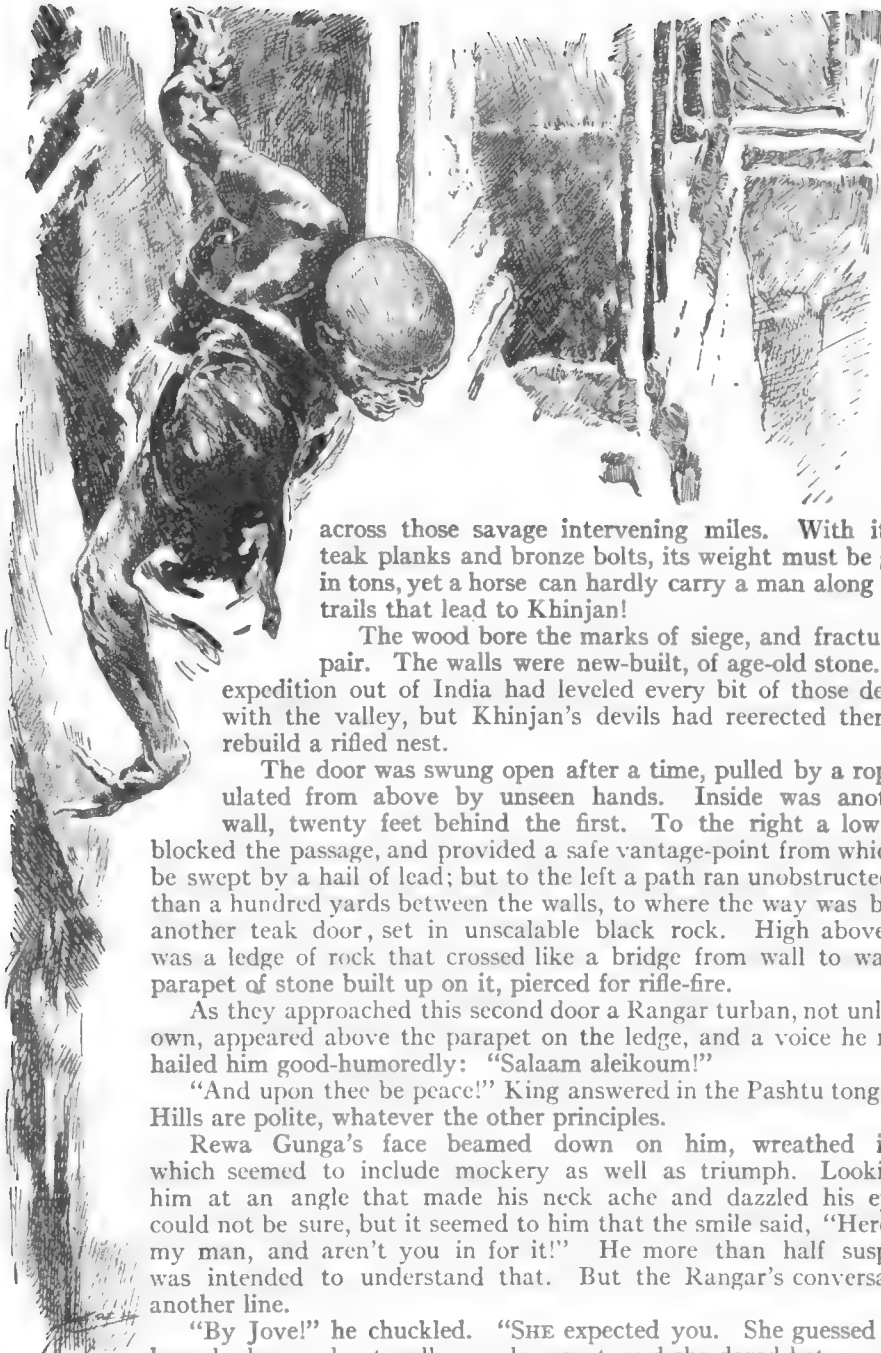

THE MULLAH, IN THE GAP OF THE MOSQUE WALL, CHANTED MALICIOUSLY.

across those savage intervening miles. With its six-inch teak planks and bronze bolts, its weight must be guessed at in tons, yet a horse can hardly carry a man along any of the trails that lead to Khinjan!

The wood bore the marks of siege, and fracture, and repair. The walls were new-built, of age-old stone. The last expedition out of India had leveled every bit of those defenses flat with the valley, but Khinjan's devils had reerected them, as ants rebuild a rifled nest.

The door was swung open after a time, pulled by a rope, manipulated from above by unseen hands. Inside was another blind wall, twenty feet behind the first. To the right a low barricade blocked the passage, and provided a safe vantage-point from which it could be swept by a hail of lead; but to the left a path ran unobstructed for more than a hundred yards between the walls, to where the way was blocked by another teak door, set in unscalable black rock. High above the door was a ledge of rock that crossed like a bridge from wall to wall, with a parapet of stone built up on it, pierced for rifle-fire.

As they approached this second door a Rangar turban, not unlike King's own, appeared above the parapet on the ledge, and a voice he recognized hailed him good-humoredly: "Salaam aleikoum!"

"And upon thee be peace!" King answered in the Pashtu tongue, for the Hills are polite, whatever the other principles.

Rewa Gunga's face beamed down on him, wreathed in smiles, which seemed to include mockery as well as triumph. Looking up at him at an angle that made his neck ache and dazzled his eyes, King could not be sure, but it seemed to him that the smile said, "Here you are, my man, and aren't you in for it!" He more than half suspected he was intended to understand that. But the Rangar's conversation took another line.

"By Jove!" he chuckled. "SHE expected you. She guessed you are a hound who can hunt well on a dry scent, and she dared bet you will come in spite of all odds! But she didn't expect you in Rangar dress! No, by Jove! You jolly well *will* take the wind out of her sails!"

King made no answer. For one thing, the word "hound," even when

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translated into English, is not essentially a compliment. But he had a better reason than that.

"Did you find the way easily?" the Rangar asked. But King kept silence.

"Is he parched? Have they cut his tongue out on the road?" That question was in Pashtu, directed at Ismail and the others, but King answered it.

"Oh, as for that," he said, salaaming again in the fastidious manner of a native gentleman, "I know no other tongue than Pashtu and my own Rajasthani. My name is Kurram Khan. I ask admittance!"

He held up his wrist to show the gold bracelet, and high over his head the Rangar laughed like a bell. "*Shabash!*" he laughed. "Well done! Enter, Kurram Khan, and be welcome, thou and thy men. Be welcome in HER name!"

Somebody pulled a rope and the door yawned wide, giving on a kind of courtyard whose high walls allowed no view of anything but hot, blue sky. King hurried under the arch, and looked up, but on the courtyard side of the door the wall rose sheer and blank, and there was no sign of window or stairs, or of any means of reaching the ledge from which the Rangar had addressed him. What he did see, as he faced that way, was that each of his men salaamed low and covered his face with both hands as he entered.

"Whom do ye salute?" he asked.

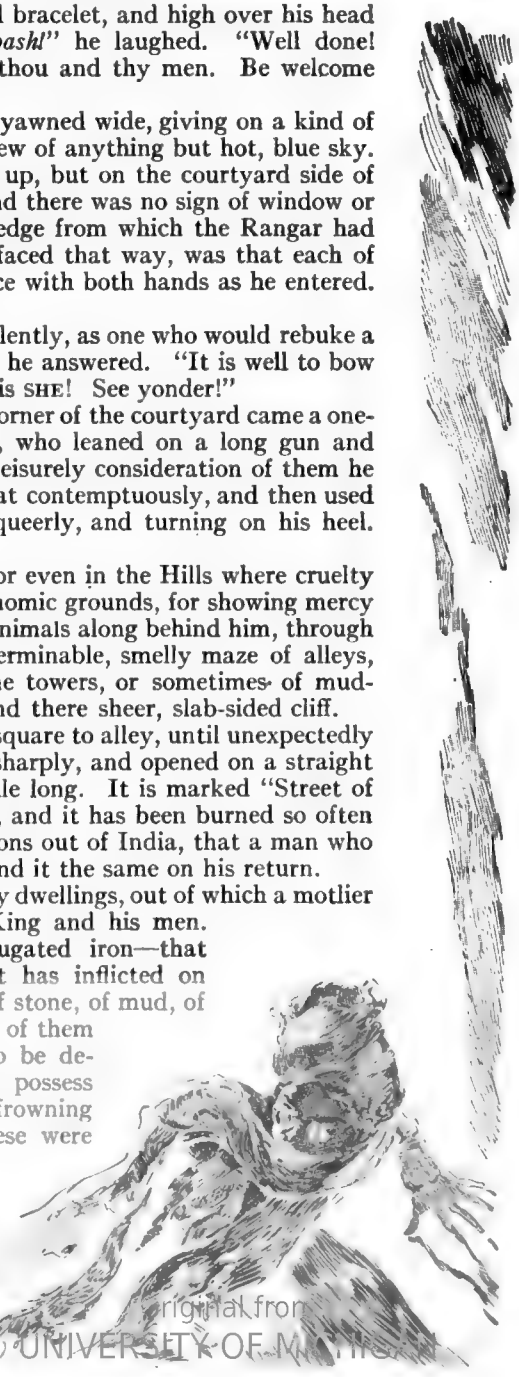
Ismail stared back at him, almost insolently, as one who would rebuke a fool. "Is this not HER nest these days?" he answered. "It is well to bow to her. She is not as other women. She is SHE! See yonder!"

Through a gap under an arch in a far corner of the courtyard came a one-eyed, lean-looking villain in Afridi dress, who leaned on a long gun and stared at them under his hand. After a leisurely consideration of them he rubbed his nose slowly with one finger, spat contemptuously, and then used the finger to beckon them, crooking it queerly, and turning on his heel. He did not say one word.

King led the way after him on foot, for even in the Hills where cruelty is a virtue a man may be excused, on economic grounds, for showing mercy to his beast. His men tugged the weary animals along behind him, through the gap under the arch, and along an interminable, smelly maze of alleys, whose sides were the walls of square stone towers, or sometimes of mud-and-stone-walled compounds, and here and there sheer, slab-sided cliff.

Alley gave on to courtyard, and filthy square to alley, until unexpectedly at last a seemingly blind passage turned sharply, and opened on a straight street, of fair width, more than half a mile long. It is marked "Street of the Dwellings" on the secret Army maps, and it has been burned so often by Khinjan rioters, as well as by expeditions out of India, that a man who goes on a long journey never expects to find it the same on his return.

It was lined on either hand with motley dwellings, out of which a motlier crowd of people swarmed to stare at King and his men. There were houses built of stolen corrugated iron—that cursed, hot, hideous stuff that the West has inflicted on an all-too-willing East; others of wood, of stone, of mud, of mats, of skins—even of tent-cloth. Most of them were filthy. Scarcely a house was fit to be defended, for Khinjan's fighting men all possess towers that are plastered about the overfrowning mountain like wasp-nests on a wall. These were



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the sweepers, the traders, the loose women, the mere penniless, and the more-or-less-useful men—not Khinjan's inner guard, by any means.

Perhaps a thousand souls came out to watch, all told. Not an eye of them all missed the Government marks on King's trappings, or the Government brand on the mules. They classified King correctly, exactly as he meant they should. As a hakim—a man of medicine—he could fill a long-felt want; but by the brand on his accouterments he walked an openly avowed robber, and that made him a brother in crime. Somebody cuffed a child who picked up a stone to throw at him.

HE KNEW the street of old, although it had changed perhaps a dozen times since he had seen it. It was a cul-de-sac, and at the end of it, just as on his previous visit, there stood a stone mosque, whose roof leaned back at a steep angle against the mountainside. The fact that it was a mosque, and that it was the only building used as such in Khinjan, had saved it from being leveled to the ground by the last British expedition.

It was a famous mosque in its way, for the bedsheet of the Prophet is known to hang in it, preserved against the ravages of time and the touch of infidels by priceless rugs before and behind, so that it hangs like a great thin sandwich before the rear stone wall. King had seen it. Very vividly he recalled his almost exposure by a suspicious mullah, when he had crept nearer to examine it at close range. For the Secret Service must probe all things.

There had been an attempt since his last visit to make the mosque's exterior look more in keeping with the building's use. It had been smeared with whitewash. A platform had been built on the roof for the muezzin. But it still looked more like a fort than a place of worship.

Toward it the one-eyed ruffian led the way, with the long, leisurely-seeming gait of a mountaineer. At the door, in the middle of the end of the street, he paused and struck on the lintel three times with his gun-butt. And that was a strange proceeding, to say the least of it, in a land where the mosque is a public resting-place for homeless ones, and all the "faithful" have a right to enter.

A mullah, shaven like a mummy for some unguessable reason—even his eyebrows and eyelashes had been removed—pushed his bare head through the door and blinked at them. There was some whispering, and more staring, and at last the mullah turned his back.

The door slammed. The one-eyed guide grounded his gun-butt on the stone, and the procession waited, watched by the crowd, which had lost its interest sufficiently to talk and joke. In two minutes the mullah returned, and threw a mat over the threshold. It turned out to be the end of a long, narrow strip that he kicked and unrolled in front of him all across the floor of the mosque. After that it was not so astonishing that the horses and mule were allowed to enter.

"Which proves I was right, after all!" murmured King to himself.

In a steel box at Simla is a memorandum, made after his former visit to the place, to the effect that the entrance into Khinjan Caves might possibly be inside the mosque. Nobody had believed it likely, and he had not more than half favored it himself; but it is good, even when the next step may lead into a death-trap, to see one's first opinions confirmed.

He nodded to himself as the outer door slammed shut behind them, for that was another most unusual circumstance. A faint light shone through

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slit-like windows, changing darkness into gloom, and little more than vaguely hinting at the Prophet's bedsheet. But for a section of white wall to either side of it the relic might have seemed part of the shadows. The mullah stood with his back to it, and beckoned King nearer. He approached until he could see the pattern on the covering rugs, and the pink rims round the mullah's lashless eyes.

"What is thy desire?" the mullah asked—as a wolf might ask what a lamb wants.

Supposing Yasmini to be jealous of invasion of her realm, King did not doubt she would be glad to have him break down at this point. Until he had actually gained access to her, nobody could reasonably charge her with his safety. If he had been done to death in the Khyber, the Sirkar would have known it in a matter of hours. If he were killed here they might never know it.

"Answer!" said the mullah. "What is thy desire?"

"Audience with HER!" he answered, and showed the gold bracelet.

The red eye-rims of the mullah blinked a time or two, and though he did not salute the bracelet, as others had invariably done, his manner underwent a perceptible change. "That is proof that she knows thee. What is thy name?"

"Kurram Khan."

"And thy business?"

"Hakim."

"We need thee in Khinjan Caves! But none enter who have not earned right to enter! There is but one key. Name it!"

King drew in his breath. He had hoped Yasmini's talisman would prove to be key enough. The nails of his left hand nearly pierced the palm, but he smiled pleasantly. "He who would enter must slay a man before witnesses in the teeth of written law!" he said.

"And thou?"

"I slew an Englishman!" He is a gentleman. The boast made his blood turn cold.

"Whom? When? Where?"

"Athelstan King—a British arrficer—sent on his way to these Hills to spy!" It was like having spells cast on himself, to order.

"Where is his body?"

"Ask the vultures! Ask the kites!"

"And thy witnesses?"

HOPING against hope, King turned and waved his hand. As he did so, being quick-eyed, he saw Ismail drive an elbow home into Darya Khan's ribs, and caught a quick interchange of whispers.

"These men are all known to me," said the mullah. "They all have right to enter here. They have right to testify. Did ye see him slay his man?"

"Aye!" lied Ismail, prompt as friend can be.

"Aye!" lied Darya Khan, fearful of Ismail's elbow.

"Then, enter!" said the priest resignedly, as one who admits a communicant against his better judgment. He turned his back on them, so as to face the Prophet's bedsheet and the rear wall, and in that minute a hairy hand gripped King's arm from behind, and Ismail's voice spoke hot-breathed in his ear:

"Ready of tongue! Ready of wit! Who told thee I would lie to save thy skin? Be thy kismet as thy courage, then—but I am HERS, not thy

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man! HERS, thou light o' life—though God knows that I love thee!"

The mullah seized the Prophet's bedsheet and its covering rugs in both hands, with about as much reverence as salesmen show for what they keep in stock. The whole lot slid to one side by means of noisy rings on a rod, and a wall lay bare, built of crudely cut but very well-laid stone blocks. It appeared to reach unbroken across the whole width of the mosque's interior. On the floor lay a mallet, a peculiar thing of bronze, cast in one piece, handle and all. The mullah took it in his hand and struck the stone floor sharply once, then twice again, then three times, then a dozen times in quick succession. The floor rang hollow at that spot.

After about a minute there came one answering hammer-stroke from beyond the wall. Then the mullah laid the mallet down, and though King ached to pick it up and examine it he did not dare. Excitement now was probably the least of his emotions. It had been swallowed in interest. But in his guise of hakim he had to beware of that superficial Western carelessness which permits folk to acknowledge themselves frightened, or excited, or amused. His business was to attract as little attention to himself as possible; and to that end he folded his hands and looked reverent, as if entering some Mecca of his dreams. Through his horn-rimmed spectacles his eyes looked far-away and dreamy. But it would have been a mistake to suppose that a detail was escaping him.

The irregular lines of the masonry began to be more pronounced. All at once the wall shook and they gaped by an inch or two, as happens when an earthquake has shaken buildings without bringing anything down. Then an irregular section of wall began to move quite smoothly away in front of him, leaving a gap through which eight men abreast could have marched.

As it receded he observed that the lowest course of stones was laid on a bronze foundation that keyed into wide bronze grooves. There was oil enough in the grooves to have greased a ship's ways, and there was neither squeak nor tremor as the tons of masonry slid back.

At the end of perhaps three minutes that section of the wall had become the fourth side of a twenty-foot-wide island, which stood fair in the middle of a rock tunnel, splitting it in two to right and left. Judging by the angle of the two divisions, they became one again before going very far.

The mullah stood aside and motioned King to enter. But the one-eyed guide who had led them to the mosque thrust himself between Darya Khan and Ismail, pushed King aside, and took the lead.

"Nay!" he said, "I am responsible to HER!" It was the first time he had spoken, and he appeared to resent the waste of words.

The tunnel that led to the left was pierced in twenty places in the roof for rifle-fire; a score of men with enough ammunition could have held it forever against an army. But the right-hand way looked undefended. Nevertheless, the guide led to the left, and King followed him, filled with curiosity.

"Many have entered!" sang the lashless mullah in a singsong chant. "More have sought to enter! Some who remained without were wisest! I count them! I keep count! Many went in! Not all came out again by this road!"

"Then there is another road?" King wondered, but he held his tongue, and followed the guide.

It proved to be fifty yards through part natural, part hand-hewn tunnel to the neck of the fork where the left- and right-hand passages became one

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again. He stopped at the fork, and looked back, for none of his men was following. He caught the sound of scuffling—of clattering hooves, and grunts, and shouted oaths—and started to run back, since even a native hakim may protect his own, should he care to, even in the Hills.

For the sake of principle he chose the other passage, for Cocker says "Look! Look! Look!" But the guide seized him by the arm from behind, and swung him back again. "Not that way!" he growled. But he offered no explanation.

In the Hills it is not good to ask "why" of strangers. It is good to be glad one was not knifed, and to be obedient until more suitable occasion. King started to run again, but this time along the same defended passage down which they had come.

And now the guide made no objection, but leaned on his long gun and waited.

King's horse proved to be making the trouble. The terrified brute was refusing to enter the passage, and all the men, including Ismail and the mullah, were shoving, or else tugging at the reins. At the moment King appeared, the united strength of six men was beginning to prevail. The mullah let go the reins, and in that instant the horse saw King advance toward him out of the tunnel; so, after the manner of horses, he chose the other passage.

King ran at full speed round the corner after him, remembering that the guide had admitted responsibility, and therefore that the chances were he would be rescued if he ran into a trap.

SUDDENLY, ten yards in the lead down the dark tunnel, the horse threw his weight back with a clatter of sparks, and screamed as only a horse can.

After that there was neither sight nor sound of him.

Creeping forward, with both arms outstretched against the left-hand wall, King reached the spot where the horse had been and shuddered on the smooth, dark edge of a hole that went the full width of the floor. There came whispering up out of it, and a dank, wet smell, as if there were running water a mile away below. He could feel that a little air flowed downward into it. Twenty yards away on the far side the path resumed, but there was neither hand- nor foot-hold on the smooth, damp walls between. He went back to his men with a shiver between his shoulder-blades, and the mullah, standing in the gap of the mosque wall, blinked at him with lashless eyes.

"Many have entered!" he chanted maliciously. "Some went out by a different road!"

"Come!" Ismail growled at the other men, seizing the mule's bridle himself, and leading to the left. "The ghosts will have a charger now for their captain to ride! Lead on, hakim sahib!"

"Come!" called the one-eyed guide, from the neck of the fork ahead. And as they all pressed forward after King, the hairless mullah gave a signal and the great stone door slid slowly into place. It was like a tombstone. It was as if the world that mortals know were a thing of the forgotten past, and the underworld lay ahead.

"Lead along, Charon!" King grinned. He needed pleasantry to steady his nerves.

But even so, he found time to wonder what the nerves of India would be like if her millions knew of this place.

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Oh, Abdul trod with a martial tread,
Swinging his scimitar's weight.
"I am overlord here," he said,
"And he who wishes may chance his head,
For my blade is long, and my arm is strong,
And the goods of the world to the bold belong!"
So Abdul guarded the gate.

Many a head did Abdul cleave,
Turban and crown and chin,
For all the 'venturers sought to know
What it could be he guarded so.
And since none give but eke receive,
A thrust in his ribs made Abdul grieve
For good blood outpourin'.

His men wept, watching Abdul bleed
And life's light waning dim,
Till he cursed them—"Open the fort gate wide!
To saddle, and scour the countryside
For a leech!" he swore. "God rot ye, ride!"
'Twas thus, in the guise of a friend in need,
His enemy came to him.

CHAPTER NINE

THE second the gap closed up behind them the tunnel began to echo weirdly. The mule was the next to be panic-stricken. The noise of his plunging increased the echoes a thousand times, and multiplied his fright, until the poor brute collapsed into meek obedience at last. But the guide strode on unconcerned, with his easy Hillman gait, neither deigning to glance back nor making any verbal comment.

Over their heads, at irregular intervals, there were holes that, if they led, as King presumed, into caves above, left not an inch of all the long passage that could not have been swept by rifle-fire. It was impregnable; for no artillery heavy enough to pound the mountain to pieces could ever be dragged within range. Whatever hiding-place this entrance guarded could be held forever, given food and cartridges!

The tunnel wound to right and left like a snake, growing lighter and lighter after each bend; and soon their own din began to be swallowed in a greater one that entered from the farther end. After two sharp turns they came out unexpectedly into the blaze of blue day, nearly stunned by light and sound. A roar came up from below them like that of an ocean in the grip of a typhoon.

When his wits recovered from the shock, King struggled with a wild desire to yell; for before him was what no servant of British India had ever lived to tell about; and that is an experience more potent than unbroken rum.

They had emerged from a round-mouthed tunnel—it looked already like a rabbit-hole, so huge was the cliff behind—on to a ledge of rock that formed a sort of road along one side of a mile-wide chasm. Above him, it seemed a mile up, was blue sky, to which limestone walls ran sheer, with scarcely a foothold that could be seen. Beneath, eyes could not guess how deep, yawned the stained gorge of the underworld, many-colored, smooth, and wet. And out of the great jagged slit in the side of the cliff, perhaps a thousand feet below them, there poured down into thunderous dimness a waterfall whose breadth seemed not less than half a mile. It spouted seventy or eighty yards before it began to curve, and its din was like the voice of all creation.

Ismail came and stood by King in silence, taking his hand, as a little child might. Presently he stooped, and picked up a stone, and tossed it over.

"Gone!" he said simply. "That, down there, is Earth's Drink!"

"And this is the 'Heart of the Hills' men boast about?"

"Nay! It is not!" snapped Ismail.

"Then where——"

But the one-eyed guide beckoned impatiently, and King led the way after him, staring as hakim or prisoner or any man had right to do on first admission to such wonders. Not to have stared would have been to proclaim himself an idiot.

The least of all the wonders was that the secret of the place should have been kept all down the centuries; for it was the hollow middle of a limestone

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mountain, which could neither be looked down into from above, because the heights were not scalable, nor guessed at from the conformation of the country. The river that flowed out of the rock and went plunging down into the chasm must be snow from the Himalayan peaks, on its way to swell the sea. There was no other way to account for that; but that explanation did explain why at least one Indian river is no greater than it is.

The road they followed was a fold in the natural rock, rising and falling and curving like a ribbon, but tending on the average downward. It looked to be about two miles to the point where it curved at the chasm's end and swept round and downward, to be lost in a fissure in the cliff.

They soon began to pass the mouths of caves. Some were above the road, now and then at crazy heights above it, reached by artificial steps hewn out of the stone. Others were below, reached from the road by means of ladders that swayed over the dizzying waterfall. Most of the caves were inhabited, for armed men and sullen women came to their entrances to stare.

Ears grow accustomed to the sound of water sooner than to almost anything else. It was not long before King's ears could catch the patter of his men's feet following, and the shod clink of the mule. He could hear when Ismail whispered:

"Be brave, little hakim! There be worse things to wonder at than this! She loves fearless men!"

As the track descended, caves became more numerous. In one there were horses, for as they passed there came a whiff of unclean stables, and the litter of fodder and dung was all about the entrance. The mouths of other caves were sealed, with great wax disks, strangely stamped, affixed to stout wooden doors. One cave smelt as if oil were stored in it, and King wondered whence the oil was brought (for the Sirkar knows to a pint and an ounce what products travel up and down the Khyber).

At last the guide halted, in the middle of a short, steep slope, where the path was less than six feet wide, and a narrow cave mouth gave directly on to it. "Be content to rest here!" he said, pointing.

"Thy cave?" asked King.

"Nay. God's! I am the caretaker!" (The Hills are very pious and polite, between the acts of robbing and shedding blood.)

"Allah, then, reward thee, brother!" answered King. "Allah give sight to thy blind eye! Allah give thee children! Allah give thee peace, and to all thy house!"

The guide salaamed, half-mockingly, half-wondering at such eloquence, pausing in the passage to point into side-caves that debouched to either hand. There was a niche of a place, where a man might lie on guard, near the entrance; another cave in which horses could be stabled, with plenty of fodder piled up ready; another beyond that for servants and baggage, with a fireplace and cooking-pots; and at the last, at the rear of all, a great cavern full of eery gloom that opened out from the end of the passage like a bottle at the end of a long neck.

Peering about him into vastness, King became aware of frame beds, placed at intervals in a row, each with a mat beside it. And there were several brass basins, and ewers for water. Also, there were some little bronze lamps; the guide lit three of them, and King took up one to examine it. As he did so, involuntarily his

HE EYED KING AS A TIGER EYES ITS PREY.

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hand almost went to his bosom, where the strange knife still reposed that he had taken from the would-be murderer in the train to Delhi. There was no gold on the lamp; but the handle by which he lifted it had been cast, the devils of the Himalayas only knew how many centuries ago, in the form of a woman dancing; her size, and her shape, and the art with which she had been fashioned were as the handle of the knife.

Watching him as a wolf eyes another one, the strange guide found his tongue: "How many such hast thou ever seen?" he asked.

"None!" answered King, and the guide cackled at him, like a hen that has laid an egg.

"THERE be many strange things in Khinjan, but few strangers!" he remarked; and then, as if that were enough for any man to say on any occasion, he turned on his heel and stalked out of the cavern. It was the last King ever saw of him. He followed down the passage to the entrance, and watched him until his back disappeared round the first bend.

King turned back and looked into the other caves; saw the weary horse and mule fed, watered, and bedded down; took note of the running water, which rushed out of a rock fissure and gurgled out of sight down another one; examined the servants' cave, and saw that they had been amply provided with blankets. There was nothing lacking that the most exacting traveler could have demanded at such distance from civilization. There was more than the most exacting would have dared expect.

"Why isn't it damp in here?" he wondered, returning to his own cave. And then he noticed long fissures in the cavern walls, and that the smoke from the lamps drifted toward them. He could not guess what made it do that, unless it were the suction of the enormous river hurrying underground; and then he remembered that at the entrance air had rushed downward into the hole down which the horse had disappeared, which partly confirmed his guess.

"Ismail!" he shouted, and jumped at the revolver-crack-like echo of his voice.

Ismail came running.

"Make the men carry the mule's packs into this cave. You and Darya Khan stay here and help me open them. Remember, ye are both assistants of Kurram Khan, the hakim!"

"They will laugh at us! They will laugh at us!" clucked Ismail, but he hurried to obey, while King wondered who would laugh.

Within an hour a delegation came from no less a person than Yasmini herself, bearing her compliments, and hot food, savory enough to make a brass idol's mouth water. By that time King had his sets of surgical instruments, and drugs, and bandages all laid out on one of the beds, and covered from view by a blanket.

It was only one more proof of the British Army's everlasting luck that one of the men, who set the great brass dish of food on the floor near King, had a swollen cheek, and that he should touch the swelling clumsily as he lifted his hand to shake back a lock of greasy hair. There followed an oath like flint struck on steel ten times in quick succession.

"Does it pain thee, brother?" asked Kurram Khan the hakim.

"Are there devils in Tophet! Fire and my veins are one!"

The man did not notice the eagerness beaming out of King's horn-rimmed spectacles, but Ismail did; it seemed to him time to prove his virtues as assistant.

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"This is the famous hakim Kurram Khan," he boasted. "He can cure anything, and for a very little fee!"

"Nay, for no fee at all in this case!" said King.

The man looked incredulous, but King drew the covering from his row of instruments and bottles. "Take a chance!" he advised. "None but the brave win anything!"

The man sat down, as if he would argue the point at length, but Ismail and Darya Khan were new to the business and enthusiastic. They had him down, held tight on the floor, to the huge amusement of the rest, before the man could even protest; and his howls of rage did him no good, for Ismail drove the hilt of a knife between his open jaws, to keep them open.

A very large proportion of King's stores consisted of morphia and cocaine. He injected enough cocaine to deaden the man's nerves, and allowed it time to work. Then he drew out three back teeth in quick succession, to make sure he had the right one.

Ismail let the victim up, and Darya Khan gave him water in a brass cup. Utterly without pain for the first time for days, the man was grateful as a wolf freed from a trap.

"Allah reward thee, since the service was free!" he smirked.

"Are there any others in pain in Khinjan?"

"DOES IT PAIN THEE, BROTHER?" ASKED KURRAM KHAN.

"ARE THERE DEVILS IN TOPHET? FIRE AND MY VEINS ARE ONE!".

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"Listen to him! What *is* Khinjan? Is there one man without a wound, or a sore, or a scar, or a sickness?"

"Then, tell them," said King.

The man laughed. "When I show my jaw, there will be a fight to be first! Make ready, hakim! I go!"

He left the cave like a gust of wind, followed by the three who had come with him. King sat down to eat, but he had not finished his meal—he had made the last little heap of rice into a ball with his fingers, native style, and was mopping up the last of the curried gravy with it—when the advance-guard of the lame and halt and sick made its appearance. The cave's entrance became jammed with them, and no riot ever made more noise.

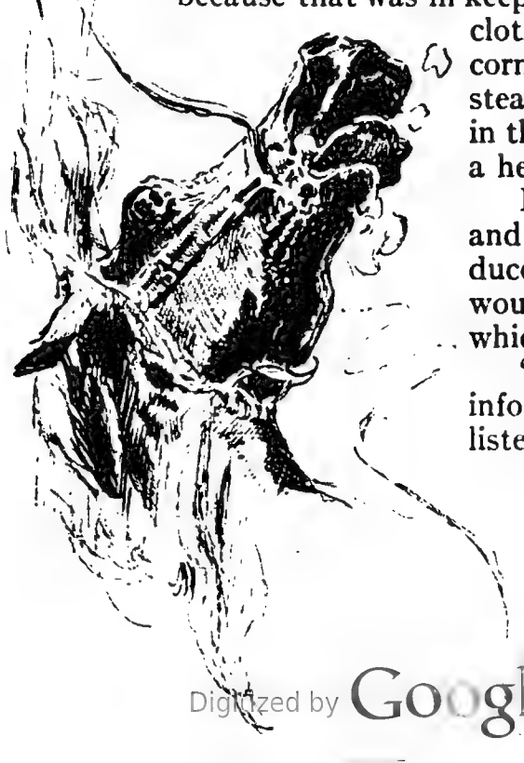
"Hakim! Ho, hakim! Where is the hakim who draws teeth? Where is the man who knows *yunani*?"

TEN men burst down the passage all together, all clamoring, and one man wasted no time at all but began to tear away bloody bandages to show his wound. The hardest thing now was to get and keep some kind of order, and for ten minutes Ismail and Darya Khan labored, using threats where argument failed, and brute force when they dared. It was like beating mad hounds from off their worry. What established order at last was that King rolled up his sleeves and began, so that eagerness gave place to wonder.

The hills are not squeamish in any particular; so the fact that the cave became a shambles upset nobody. The surgeon's thrill that makes even half-amateurs oblivious of all but the case in hand, coupled with the desperate need of winning this first trick, made King horror-proof; and nobody, waiting for the next turn, was troubled because the man under the knife screamed a little, or bled more than usual. When they died—and more than one did die—men carried them out and flung them over the precipice into the waterfall below.

Ismail and Darya Khan became choosers of the victims. They seized a man, laid him on the bed, tore off his disgusting bandages, and held their breath until the awful resulting stench had more or less dispersed. Then King would probe, or lance, or bandage as he saw fit, using anesthetics when he must, but managing mostly without them.

They almost flung money at him. Few of them asked what his fee would be. Those who had no money brought him shawls, and swords, and even clothing. Two or three brought old-fashioned firearms; but they were men who did not expect to live. And King accepted every gift without comment, because that was in keeping with the part he played. He tossed money and clothes, and every other thing they gave him, into a corner at the back of the cave, and nobody tried to steal them back, although a man suspected of honesty in that company would have been tortured to death as a heretic.



For hour after gruesome hour he toiled over wounds and sores such as only battles and evil living can produce, until men began to come at last with fresh wounds, all caused by bullets, wrapped in bandages on which the blood had caked but had not grown foul.

"There has been fighting in the Khyber," somebody informed him, and he stopped with lancet in midair to listen, scanning a hundred faces swiftly in the smoky

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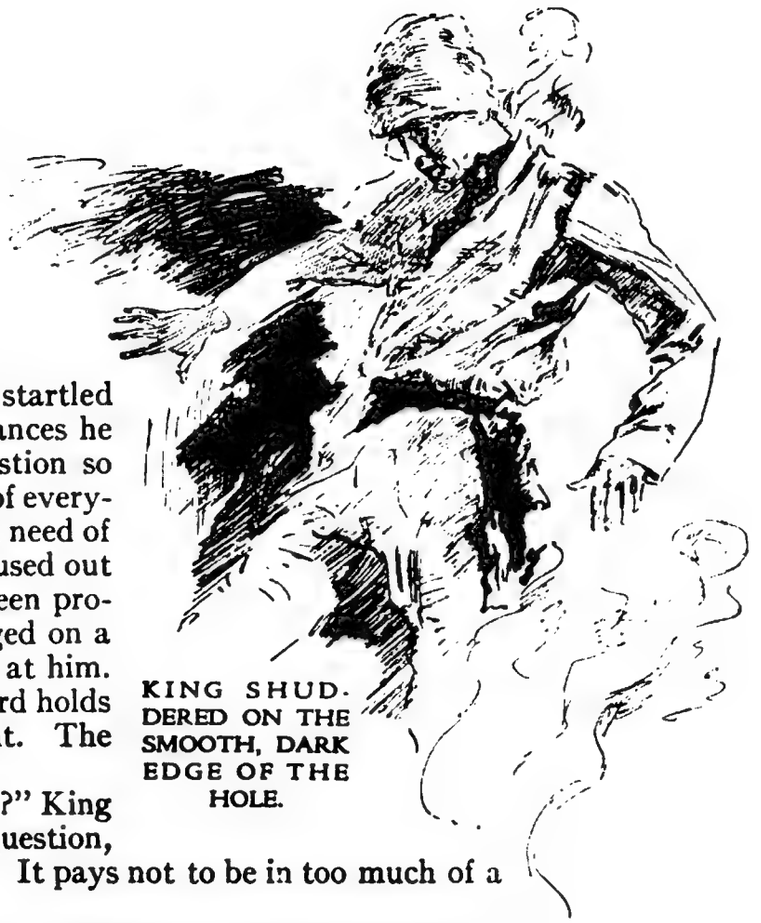
lamplight. There were ten men who held lamps for him, one of them a newcomer, and it was he who spoke.

"Fighting in the Khyber! Aye! We were a little lashkar, but we drove them back into their fort! Aye! We slew many!"

"Not a jihad yet?" King asked, as if the world might be coming to an end. The words were startled out of him. Under other circumstances he would never have asked that question so directly; but he had lost reckoning of everything but these poor devils' dreadful need of doctoring, and he was like a man roused out of a dream. If a Holy War had been proclaimed already, then he was engaged on a forlorn hope. But the man laughed at him.

"Nay, not yet! Bull-with-a-beard holds back yet. This was a little fight. The jihad shall come later!"

"And who is 'Bull-with-a-beard'?" King wondered; but he did not ask that question, because his wits were awake again. It pays not to be in too much of a hurry to know things in the Hills.



KING SHUDDERED ON THE SMOOTH, DARK EDGE OF THE HOLE.

As it happened, he asked no more questions, for there came a shout at the cave entrance, whose purport he did not catch, and within five minutes after that, without a word of explanation, the cave was left empty of all except his own five men. They carried away the men too sick to walk, and vanished, snatching the last man away almost before King's fingers had finished tying the bandage on his wound.

"Why is that?" he asked Ismail. "Why did they go? Who shouted?"

"It is night!" Ismail answered. "It was time."

King stared about him. He had not realized until then that without aid of the lamps he could not see his own hand held out in front of him; his eyes had grown used to the gloom, like those of the surgeons in the sick-bays below the water-line in Nelson's fleet.

"But who shouted?"

"Who knows? There is only one here who gives orders. We be many who obey!" said Ismail.

"Whose men were the last ones?" King asked him, trying a new line.

"Bull-with-a-beard's."

"And whose man art thou, Ismail?"

The Afridi hesitated, and when he spoke at last there was not quite the same assurance in his voice as once there had been. "I am HERS! Be thou hers too! But it is night. Sleep against the toil to-morrow."

King made a little effort to clean the cave, but the task was hopeless. For one thing, he was so weary that his very bones were water; for another, Ismail pretended to be equally tired, and when the suggestion that they should help was put to the others, they claimed their *izzat* indignantly. *Izzat* and *sharm* (honor and shame) are the two scarcely distinguishable enemies of honest work, into whose teeth it takes both nerve and resolution to drive a

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Hillman at the best of times. Nerve King had, but his resolution was asleep. He was too tired to care.

He appointed them to two-hour watches, to relieve one another until dawn, and flung himself on a clean bed. He was asleep before his head had met the pillow; and for all he knew to the contrary, he dreamed of Yasmini all night long. It seemed to him that she came into the cave—she, the woman of the faded photograph the General had given him in Peshawur—and that the cave became filled with the strange, intoxicating scent that had first wooed his senses in her reception-room in Delhi. He dreamed that she called him by name. First, "King sahib!" Then, "Kurram Khan!" And her voice was surprisingly familiar. But dreams are strange things.

"He sleeps!" said the same voice presently. "It is good that he sleeps!" And he thought that a shadowy Ismail grunted an answer.

AFTER that he was very sure in his dream that it was good to sleep, although a voice he did not recognize, and that he was quite sure was a dream-voice, kept whispering to him to wake up and protect himself. But the scent grew stronger, and he began to dream of cobras that danced with a woman, and struck at her so swiftly that she had to become two women in order to avoid them; and Rewa Gunga came and laughed at both, and called them amateurs, so that the woman became angry and drew a bronze-bladed dagger with a gold hilt.

Then intelligible dreams ceased altogether, and he slept like a dead man, but with a vague suggestion ever with him that Yasmini was not very far away, and that she was interested in him to a point that was actually embarrassing.

When he awoke at last it was after dawn, and light shone down the passage into his cave. "Ismail!" he shouted, for he was thirsty. But there was no answer. "Darya Khan!" Again there was no answer. He called each of the other men by name, with the same result.

He got up, and realized then for the first time that he had not undressed himself the night before. His head felt heavy, and although he did not believe he had been drugged, there was a scent he half-recognized that permeated the cave, and even overcame the dreadful atmosphere that the sick of yesterday had left behind. He decided to go to the cave mouth, summon his men, who were no doubt sleeping as he had done, sniff the fresh air outside, and come back to try the scent again; he would know then whether his nose were deceiving him.

But there was no Ismail near the entrance—no Darya Khan, nor any of the other men. The horse was gone. So was the mule. So was the harness and everything he had, except the drugs and instruments and the presents the sick had given him.

"Ismail!" he shouted at the top of his lungs, thinking they might all be outside.

He heard a man hawk and spit close to the entrance, and went out to see. A man whom he had never seen before leaned on a magazine rifle, and eyed him as a tiger eyes its prey.

"No farther!" he growled, bringing his rifle to the port.

"Why not?" King asked him.

"Allah! When a camel dies in the Khyber do the kites ask why? Go in!"

He thought then of Yasmini's bracelet, which had always gained him at least civility from every man who saw it. He held up his left wrist, and knew that instant why it felt uncomfortable. The bracelet had disappeared!

The next instalment of ***"King, of the Khyber Rifles"*** *will appear in the September number.*

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

WITH SKETCHES BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB.

A CHESTNUT GHOST. BY PETER NEWELL

A MAIL-ORDER house recently received the following letter from a customer:

"I am returning the twin-baby carriage I ordered last month. Please send a single carriage in its place. This is an argument against preparedness."

A farmer's son wished to become a famous lawyer. He went to Springfield, Illinois, and accepted employment at a small sum from an attorney. At the end of three days' study he returned to the farm.

"Well, Bill, how'd ye like the law?" asked his father.

"It ain't what it's cracked up to be," replied Bill gloomily. "I'm sorry I learned it."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

"Get down out of that tree!" General Pershing ordered a Yankee trooper whom he saw up in a persimmon tree. "Those green persimmons aren't fit for food!"

"I'm not using them for food," replied the private. "I'm eating them to draw my stomach up to fit my rations."

Among the guests at a Washington function were a professor attached to one of the scientific bureaus of the Government and a prim old dame. When the professor found that it devolved upon him to talk to this lady, he was at a loss at first. Eventually, however, he took a chance and ventured to speak of his work.

"You see," he observed after a while, "the science of chemistry depends on the discovery of certain affinities——"

"You will pardon me," said the prim old lady. "I trust the conversation may proceed without drifting into scandal."

A colored minister down South was conducting a revival without much success. At last, however, he awakened his congregation by asking:

"Does yo' know what eternity is? Well, bredren, I tell yo'. If one of dem li'l' sparrows what yo' see roun' yo' garden bushes was to dip his bill in de 'Lantic Ocean an' take one hop a day and hop across de country an' put dat drop of water into de 'Cific Ocean, an' den hop back to de 'Lantic Ocean—jes' one hop a day—an' if he keep dat hoppin' up 'twell de 'Lantic Ocean wuz dry as a bone, it wouldn't be break o' day in eternity!"

"Dar now," said one of the brethren, "yo' see foh yo'self how long eternity is."

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A member of Congress from one of the rural districts of Wisconsin was ambitious to distinguish himself by his oratory, and watched for a favorable opportunity. A motion was made in the House for enforcing the execution of some statute, whereupon the would-be orator rose and, after solemnly gazing upon the House in silence for a moment or so, addressed it as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, have we laws, or have we not laws? If we have not laws, and they are not observed, to what end are those laws made?"

So saying, he sat down, his chest inflated with conscious consequence. Instantly Jim Mann, of Illinois, rose and delivered this thought in these words:

"Mr. Speaker: Did the honorable gentleman who last spoke speak to the purpose, or did he not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?"

A Russian Jew was arrested in Boston not long ago, and when he was taken to the police station his condition was found to be so unclean that he was ordered to take a bath.

"Vot! Go in de vater?" he asked.

"Yes, take a bath. You need it. How long is it since you had a bath, anyway?"

With his hands aligned upward and outward he answered, "I never was arrested before!"

"Do you believe that awful story they're telling about Mr. Pierce?"

"Yes; what is it?"

A Philadelphian was in New York for the first time, determined to see the sights and test every novelty, even in the gastronomic line.

The sign "SNAIL SOUP" outside a Broadway restaurant caught his eye; he entered. "What's this snail soup?" he queried. "Have you really got it?"

"Sure." The waitress questioned him with her eyes.

"I'll take a chance on a plate," he ordered.

He ate with gusto—down to the last morsel—and smacked his lips over the new luxury. "Is it really *snail* soup?" he asked. "Made from snails?"

The waitress nodded. "Didn't you ever eat it before?"

"Never heard of it."

She glanced at him pityingly. "Where are you from, anyway?" she asked, some country village in her mind's eye.

"Philadelphia—the city of brotherly love, Liberty Bell, and John Wanamaker."

"Don't you have snails there?"

"Certainly we do," he replied, reaching for his hat. "We do—but we can't catch them."

Wealth is variously estimated in different parts of the country. "Bud" Bowers had grown to manhood in one of the most inaccessible communities in southern Missouri. Wearying at last of the monotony of his life, he grew eager to leave the hills. His father, who was a hunter and a trapper of much local renown, stoutly opposed him.

"But what chanst has a young fella got to git ahead here, I'd like to know?" gloomily demanded "Bud."

"What chanst?" ejaculated his father. "Why, jest look at me, son. When I fust come here from Kaintucky I didn't have nothin'—not nothin'. And jest look at me now—*I got nine dawgs!*"

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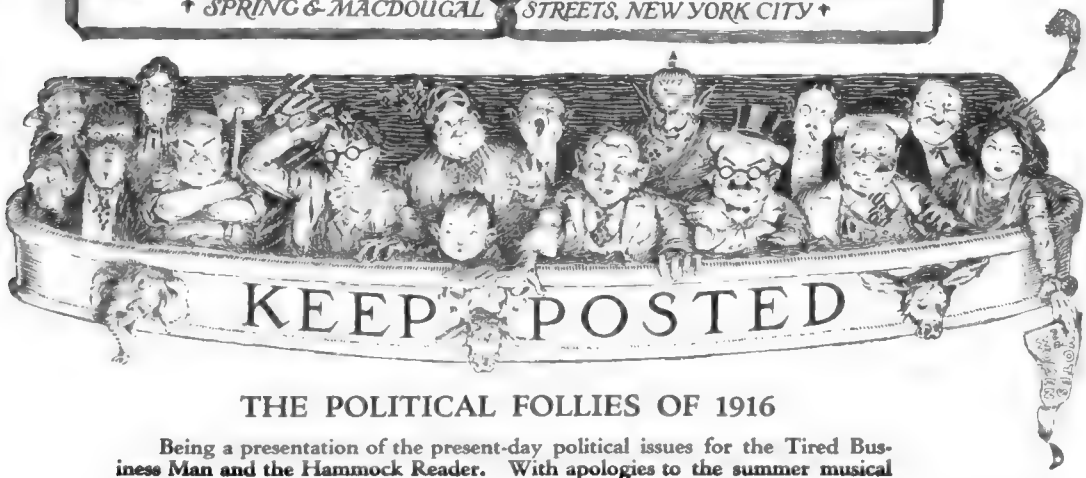

THE POLITICAL FOLLIES OF 1916

Being a presentation of the present-day political issues for the Tired Business Man and the Hammock Reader. With apologies to the summer musical shows.

HEADING AND SKETCHES BY GEORGE M. RICHARDS

THE most awful thing about the Follies this year is the number of its choruses. The Pacifists used to think they were doing well if they were allowed to sing in the highbrow cabarets. Now they flirt with the stars in the Grand Quadrennial Revue. So do the Suffragists and the Laborists and the Armamentists and the Foes of the Demon Rum, to say nothing of the German-Americans and the Pro-Allies and (most numerously of all) the Semi-Pro-Allies. No management could keep the peace on that stage.

All of which is said to be highly advantageous to Mr. Wilson. His friends claim for him that he can be on good terms with more chorus girls who hate one another than any other political star that ever lived. It may be so. Certainly his great act of chucking the Armamentists under their chins and then winking at Mr. James Hay, of Virginia, who in turn winks at the Pacifists who thereupon surround Mr. Wilson with gestures of entranced confidence, is one of the screaming successes of the piece.

The difference between him and other gay deceivers is that each girl, instead of being dead certain that he is deceiving her, is dead certain that he is deceiving the other girl.

The Laborists.

THE Laborists love him for it and are going to vote for him heavily. He used to have a song against exempting trade unions from the Sherman Law. He sang it for quite a while. Then, suddenly, one evening he replaced it with a much better one which now appears in the Democratic Platform. It is entitled "Labor is Not a Commodity." Under the influence of this song he signed the Clayton Bill, which gives the trade unions the Sherman Law exemption they want. Their argument now is:

"He doesn't naturally sing any of our favorite songs; but he is a quick learner of new lines between acts."

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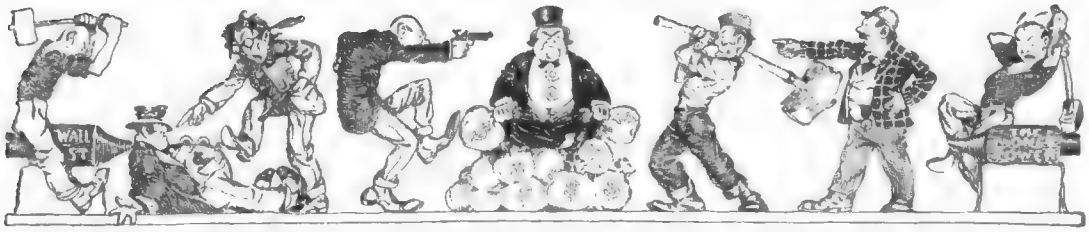
These Laborists are going to be stronger this year than ever before. They have gained more political self-consciousness since 1912 than in the whole previous generation. They are on their way to making a real Labor Party, as in England. In the mean time, this year, they lean strongly toward Wilson. At a recent great meeting of a powerful union there were not only large numbers of Republicans but also many Socialists who declared their intention of voting the Democratic ticket in November.



The Socialists.

THE Socialists are going to lose labor votes by the thousand. They have ceased to nominate Mr. Debs, who was a real Labor man. They have taken Allan Benson, who is no Labor man at all. The Socialist Party is now a Proletarian Party led by a Rough Writer who is a member of the National Arts Club. Further, Mr. Benson's principal interest seems to be not so much in planning Karl Marx's Cooperative Commonwealth as in counting everybody in the United States who (1) owns a share of stock in any company manufacturing rivets, and (2) contributes to the Navy League in order to persuade the United States to buy more battle-ships to put the rivets into.

This record and this policy will take a lot of the natural labor color out of the girlish complexion of the Socialist Party and will paint it over with a promiscuous street-walking Radical Reform Rouge, designed to attract the passing attention of middle-class Revolters of all sorts. And she used to be an honest girl, this party, before she got into the Big Time on Broadway and started getting flowers from Johnnies who don't rightfully belong to her. Her problem now is to grab two or three Pacifists for every Laborist she is losing.

The Pacifists.

MR. BENSON will doubtless succeed in getting the votes of a fairly considerable number of non-Socialist middle-class Anti-Militarists and Anti-Imperialists and Believers in the Principle of Mexico (and some of Texas) for the Mexicans. But most middle-class Pacifists would rather take war than the Cooperative Commonwealth. Between Marx and Mars, they would choose Mars. Moreover, when it comes to immediate politics instead of remote cooperative commonwealth ideals, Mr. Benson is simply no match for the greatest political ventriloquist and prestidigitator in existence.

Mr. Wilson can dandle Haiti and Santo Domingo on his knees, in plain sight of the audience, and spank them till the blood comes, and take their guns away from them and hand them over squalling to a U. S. Marine to be put to bed; and yet, all the time, he can throw his voice so skilfully into his beautiful ballad, "All These Foreign States, No Matter How Small, No Matter How Weak, Are Equally Sovereign, Equally Sacred, to Me," that you can actually see and hear Haiti and Santo Domingo themselves standing up and joining proudly in the Great Pan-American Perfect-Equality Hands-Off Anthem.

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This is Art. All people are either Realists or Idealists. You please the Realists by conquering and pacifying and improving Haiti and Santo Domingo. You please the Idealists by singing for them.

It works. Mr. Wilson is keeping all the Democratic peace-lovers and he is snaking out quite a bunch of peace-loving votes from among the Republicans and ex-Progressives who distrust the Big-Business Foreign-Trade element in the Republican Party; and he is doing this in his leisure moments while not engaged in sending orders to the United States troops which he maintains in three different foreign countries. If Mr. Hughes can entertain us more than that, he will have to be a good actor.

Charles Evans Hughes.

IN 1908 Mr. Hughes received a visit from a messenger sent to him by Mr. Taft or by Mr. Taft's friends. Mr. Taft was seeking the Republican nomination for the Presidency. Was Mr. Hughes seeking it, too? Mr. Hughes replied that he would rather have a Republican nomination than anything else in the world. The messenger was downcast. Mr. Hughes replied further that he would never seek a Republican nomination, directly or indirectly, with a posse or with a dark lantern. He would wait till it crept up behind him and fell on his neck. The messenger was uplifted with joy. He hastened back to the Taft camp and reported that Mr. Hughes had been overworking and overtaxing his brain and was not bound for Washington but for Matteawan. Mr. Taft proceeded in comfort to trail the nomination and to bag it.

Later, when Mr. Hughes was offered a place in the Supreme Court by Mr. Taft, he was also offered the following honest advice: "Don't accept this place without reflection. If you decline it and stay in politics, things look as if you might get the Republican nomination in 1912."

Mr. Hughes wiped away a tear and said: "You know, I would rather have it than anything else. But I have come to see that I can never get it without seeking it. And I will never seek it. So hand me the prussic acid and the judgeship."

The present smile on Mr. Hughes's face is because he honestly thought he was dead and because he now finds himself propelled into the political scene with an entrance-act of precisely the sort he had long dreamed of and had then put out of his mind as totally impossible.

Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson.

THE first thing the audience says about the two stars, is that they are ringers for each other in temperament. We venture to guess that they may turn out to be almost exact opposites.

Mr. Hughes, after all, comes from the party and the state and the city of Alexander Hamilton. When he was elected Governor of New York, he had a mandate from the people to regulate the railways. He regulated them. He busied himself with building up Public Service Commissions having strong regulative powers. Then the legislature, under great popular pressure, passed that two-cent fare law and Mr. Hughes vetoed it. His theory, the true Hamiltonian theory, was:

"My General Orders from the people are 'Regulate.' I know that the Public-Service-Commission method of Regulation is right. I know that the Two-Cent-Fare-Law method is wrong. Let the people rage. When I see them ignorantly going counter to their own interests and their own permanent principles, I will instruct them. If necessary, I will defy them. They can then vote me down and out at the next election. But I will go down telling them what I believe to be the truth."

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The Jeffersonian theory is altogether different. Jefferson denounced war in general, made war on the Barbary States, demanded reduced armaments, demanded increased armaments, opposed the fight with England, justified the fight with England on the ground that a "majority" had come to want it. Under the Jeffersonian theory the captain changes the course of the ship of state whenever the crew says so. Under the Hamiltonian theory the crew chooses between a captain who wants to go to Rio and a captain who wants to go to Lisbon, and if it chooses the Rio captain it gets taken to Rio no matter how much seasickness or how many mutinies may occur on the way.

Both theories can be cogently defended. Our point is only that we guess Mr. Hughes to be a Hamiltonian, and we know Mr. Wilson to be not only a Jeffersonian but a super-Jeffersonian. We call his tariff song the greatest feat in super-Jeffersonianism that was ever presented to the American public.

A DEMOCRATIC-REPUBLICAN TARIFF

A Tariff, a Tariff,
A Revenue Tariff—
That's the thing for you!
But you also want a Tariff Board
To study the cost of twine and cord
In Germany and Peru!
Oh! Yes!
Because it's a wonderful, wonderful world
When you get its wrinkles all uncurled.

And if you fix the tariff line
To just protect our cord and twine,
It also just exactly breeds
The revenue the country needs!!!

(A very happy circumstance,
Well calculated to enhance
My native passion for the dance.
So! Now!)

A Tariff, a Tariff,
A Revenue Tariff,
A Foreign Cost Tariff,
A most providential,
Coincidential,
Free Trade Tariff,
Stop Trade Tariff—
That's the Tariff for you!

DO THEY SING THE SAME TUNE?

Can you beat it? It means, really: "I will cook up the tariff with Democratic sauce and with Republican sauce in the precise proportions which the people at any given time may seem to crave." This is the Wilsonian improvement on Jeffersonianism. Jefferson used to pass the buck to the voters of the Democratic Party. Mr. Wilson passes the buck to the whole people. The Federalists hated Jefferson's every word and act. The Republicans have voted in large numbers in Congress for almost all of

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Mr. Wilson's legislation. How could they help it? It is part of Mr. Wilson's new super-Jeffersonianism to refrain as much as possible from suggesting any legislation that is not in complete safe accord with general public sentiment in both parties put together.

Mr. Hughes's best bet.

AGAINST such an antagonist Mr. Hughes will not get very far by talking airy nothings to the choruses. He can not be more devoted to Peace in general than Mr. Wilson is—or to Preparedness. He can not flirt with the Suffragists who want a Federal Amendment; because on that point the Republican Party has become a states-rights party. He can not flirt with the Anti-Liquorists, who also want a Federal Amendment; because he would then lose New York. He will have to denounce the Hyphens, but Wilson can denounce them with a more practised tongue. As for the Laborists, what good can it do him to say that he is in favor of the general principle of "Social Justice" when Mr. Wilson can say that he gave them the Clayton Law and also the La Follette Law? In fact, what good can it do him to say that he is in favor of any general principle? Mr. Wilson is in favor of all general principles.

Mr. Hughes has got to get down to brass tacks, to cases, to definite concrete propositions. He can not possibly outclass Mr. Wilson in the general-principle game. Mr. Wilson is a great intuitive genius at divining public *sentiment* and at interpreting it sincerely and patriotically. He is no genius at carrying that sentiment forward into *administration*. Let Mr. Hughes talk administration, action, the real doing of things.

If he is in favor of Preparedness, let him say how many ships and how many regiments and what kind of organization for the army and navy.

If he is in favor of International Peace, let him show us his sketch of his International Peace-Making Machinery.

If he is in favor of Conservation, let him cut out all that platform bunk about "use without abuse" and paint us a picture of what he would actually do at the sites of our great unused waterfalls.

If he is in favor of a different policy in Mexico, let him not stop with saying that it would be "strong," but go on to say when and where and how.

If he is in favor of Social Justice, does that mean Health Insurance? Unemployment Insurance? A Federal Woman-Labor Law? Minimum Wages? Recognition of Trade Unions? Legal Restriction of Working Hours for Men as well as for Women? What? What is his *program* for giving the United States a more effective and a more contented and loyal and patriotic working-class?

This, we believe, is Mr. Hughes's cue. To the extent that he is a real Hamiltonian, he will take it. Then the show will get really good. We shall see a contest not merely between two great men, but between two great conceptions of statecraft—the conception of choosing the destination before starting, and the conception of improvising the destination as the ship moves along.

What is the most profane act ever done in the United States? Mr. Bryan's, when he took swords that had been used in our War between the States (in the bloody cementing of this Union) and melted them down into toy paper-weights to give away to foreign diplomats with copies of his Peace Treaties.

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Amy Lowell: A Lowell but an Imagiste.

IN THE TENTH GENERATION CAME AN IMAGISTE POET.

MR. A. LAWRENCE LOWELL, President of Harvard, may be against Brandeis, and a hopeless conservative; but this is all made up for by the performances of his sister Amy. We have just read her poems. Why was it reserved for a Lowell to be the fearless leader of the ultra-radical poets of this "imagiste" day?

> I will mix me a drink of stars—
> Large stars with polychrome needles.

Such is an "imagiste" thirst. It also needs

> Small stars jetting maroon and crimson.

And, let us be thankful, a few

> Cool, quiet, green stars.

But, in spite of these less irritating stars, we are sure that Miss Lowell is quite accurate in adding

> It will lap and scratch
> As I swallow it down.

We also agree with Miss Lowell's statement in another poem where she says

> I have whetted my brain until it is like a Damascus blade,
> So keen that it nicks off the floating fringes of passers-by.

We hadn't a fringe left after six hours of reading. Just the same—perhaps in consequence—we found ourselves getting hypnotized. This "imagiste" dope is deadly. We now regard the following words as constituting a very beautiful poem, and we can not help it:

> When I go away from you
> The world beats dead
> Like a slackened drum.
> I call out for you against the jutted stars
> And shout into the ridges of the wind.
> Streets coming fast,
> One after the other,
> Wedge you away from me.
> And the lamps of the city prick my eyes
> So that I can no longer see your face.
> Why should I leave you,
> To wound myself upon the sharp edges of the night?

We are thrilled by it. And when we first read it, before we fell for the "imagiste" way of analyzing everything into the external physical impressions it actually makes on one's mind, we thought it rotten. Yet now we admit that the night does have "edges."

Anyway, just to prove that one can be an "imagiste" and yet be capable of ordinary humdrum useful tasks, we record the fact that Amy Lowell often writes sonnets that are faultless in their rhythm and their rhyme. Further, she is highly esteemed in France for a book she has written on Six French Poets. As befits a Lowell, she is something of a scholar.

There have been ten generations of Lowells in America. The very first one of them, a merchant, who landed in 1639 at the age of sixty-eight—some pep there—wrote a poem on "The Death of the Memorable and

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Truly Honorable John Winthrop." The family has improved poetically since then. Percival Lowell, the first Lowell, wrote—at least veraciously:

Here you have Lowell's loyalty
Penned with his slender skill
And with it no good poetry
But certainly good will.

The present Percival Lowell is the astronomer who established the Flagstaff Observatory and made such an implacable pursuit of the people who build the canals in Mars. He is brother to Amy and to A. Lawrence Lowell. The Lowells are not petering out. This is, in fact, the most notable generation of them since the one that produced James Russell Lowell, who was Amy Lowell's grandfather's cousin. But we would hate to tell James Russell that Amy was drinking

Large stars with polychrome needles.

There is one place where Congress is economical—salaries of Government employees at Washington. We were looking over the pay-roll of the Washington offices of the State Department. Two-thirds of the salaries are less than $1,800. More than half are less than $1,500. Only ten salaries in the whole long list are more than $3,000.

The most human bureaucrat in the world.

WE BELIEVE that Franklin K. Lane could run a Museum of Assyriology and make it draw more crowds than the movie-theatre right across the street. Now suppose that you, instead of Mr. Lane, were Secretary of the Interior. You say to yourself:

"Those Red Indians in my care out on the Reservations are, many of them, perfectly fit to be full American citizens instead of wards of the Government. I will have the Indian Service pick out the fit ones; and I will then sign over to each one of them a full title to his land; and he will begin to own that land just like any other farmer, and pay taxes, and vote; and his period of tutelage will be over; and he will stand up and be a man and a citizen of the republic! He is ready for it and I am going to do it."

A great idea! A historic decision! It means that the Indians, who are actually more numerous now than when the first white man landed in Virginia, are going to be thrown at last into the Melting-Pot along with the Anglo-Saxon and the Teuton and the Latin and the Slav. But what then? The Indian Service picks the Indians out and draws up a land-title for each one of them and brings that paper into your office and puts it before you, and you lift your pen and sign it, and go out to lunch. That is, *you* would. Or *I*. But not Franklin K. Lane.

Franklin K. Lane has to get up out of his chair and out of Washington and go west two thousand miles to where that Indian is and look at him and talk to him personally and individually and then have a heap-big-time ceremony and ritual (written by Franklin K. Lane himself) to celebrate and consecrate his promotion from Indianship and alienship and his entrance into the white man's full free Stars-and-Stripes citizenhood.

"Joseph T. Cook!" says Mr. Lane, standing before a large group of Sioux on the Greenwood Reservation in South Dakota. "What was your Indian name?"

Joseph T. Cook answers and says: "Tunkansapa."

"Tunkansapa," says Mr. Lane, "I hand you a bow and arrow. Take this bow and shoot the arrow." The Indian does so. Then:

"Tunkansapa," says Mr. Lane, "you have shot your last arrow. That

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means that you are no longer to live the life of an Indian. You are from this day forward to live the life of the white man. But you may keep that arrow. It will be to you a symbol of your noble race and of the pride you may feel that you come from the first of all Americans."

Mr. Lane continues, addressing Tunkansapa now by his white name:

"Joseph T. Cook, take in your hands this plow. [Cook does so.] This act means that you have chosen to live the life of the white man. The white man lives by work. From the earth we all must get our living, and the earth will not yield unless man pours upon it the sweat of his brow." And:

"Joseph T. Cook, I give you a purse. It will always say to you that the money you gain must be wisely kept. The wise man saves his money so that when the sun does not smile and the grass does not grow, he will not starve." Finally:

"I give into your hands the flag of your country. [The new citizen and Mr. Lane hold the flag together.] This is the only flag you ever will have. It is the flag of free men, the flag of a hundred million free men and women, of whom you are now one. That flag has a request to make of you, Joseph T. Cook, that you repeat these words:"

The new citizen speaks as follows:

"FORASMUCH as the President has said that I am worthy to be a citizen of the United States, I now promise to this flag that I will give my hands, my head, and my heart to the doing of all that will make me a true American citizen."

It is the high moment. Yet, to keep that moment living, there is one more keen and wise act. A trinket, a sacred trinket, bearing our colors and an eagle, is brought out; and Mr. Lane says:

"And now, beneath this flag, I place upon your breast the emblem of citizenship. Wear this badge always, and may the eagle that is on it never see you do aught of which the flag will not be proud."

He is a curious man, Franklin K. Lane—a man with the driving brain of the administrator and the quick heart of the artist.

Why should he not be empowered to write a similar ceremony to be used for the naturalization of our new citizens from Europe? And he wouldn't only write it. He would stay up all night to shake hands with every Sicilian and Croatian that was ready to be his brother. If we were all Lanes, our Americanism would soon be what we hope it to be—the spirit of intense nationality uplifted and transfigured by the spirit of an all-inclusive humanity.

When it comes to America First, the names of four hundred odd citizens of Ripon, Wisconsin, lead all the rest. Congress recently appropriated $75,000 for a building in Ripon. Ripon was joyful. Now these loyal Badgers have asked Uncle Sam to divert this money to military use—"Preferably in the aviation service." Will this conversion of pork into patriotism get under the Congressional skin?

ERNEST POOLE

Begins in the September Everybody's a powerful serial story that drives clear to the heart of modern city life. Mr. Poole's novel, "The Harbor," was one of the big books of 1915. "His Family" is even bigger and better. It will grip your interest from the start.

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